

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

MARCH 1919

10¢





His fragile dresses-his delicate woolens -how to keep them sweet and fresh



How to wash his woolens, his blankets and afghans

His flannels, so expensive, so hard to keep from shrinking! They must be washed so often!

To wash them like new, use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a bowlful of water. Dissolve in boiling or *very hot* water, whisk into a thick lather and add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Put the woolens in, and work them up and down

in the suds to expel the dirt. Then squeeze the suds through the garments. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear water, the same temperature as the water in which you washed the garments, dissolving a little Lux in the last rinsing water. Squeeze the water out. *Do not twist.* Dry in a moderate temperature. Press with a warm iron.



To launder his fine dresses

For his fine white garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of Lux in a gallon of boiling or *very hot* water and whisk into a thick lather. Put the clothes in and souse thoroughly. Squeeze the suds through—*do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, hot water, and dry in the sun. Dampen, then press with a hot iron. Air until thoroughly dry before putting away.



His delicately-tinted silks

For his dainty silk things, whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of boiling or *very hot* water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly, squeezing the suds through the garments. *Do not rub.* Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze the water out—*do not wring.* Dry in the shade. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX



Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.
—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lux won't hurt anything
pure water alone won't injure.

-MARCH-

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MAGAZINE



Experiment

MR. America has learned to look upon his brother, and he likes him. He has seen that his brother has black eyes and flaxen hair and that he speaks in many tongues. But that does not disturb him. There is a curious admixture in his own being. It is a wholesome melding of people and forces that has given him his national flavor. The American flavor!

A Frenchman is French, a Chinaman, Chinese, but who can call the American anything but international?

He marches down the avenue, row after row, shoulder to shoulder. What breed runs his elbow? Whatever it is, it is in his own kind—American.

Mrs. America hangs gay flags before her house, flags of many colors. She leans from her window and nods to her neighbors hanging flags from the balcony next door. They look down into their crowded street where the band plays, and they smile contentedly at the younger Americans. They have a whole world in common—these Americans.

What can it all mean? This conglomerate, vari-faced people who with all their mysterious heritages are somehow one-American? It would seem to mean that we are a league of nations, a living experiment in Internationalism, an experiment to be sure, for we are in the making, but one which should make of us a people capable of sympathy and understanding with all the peoples of the world.

Promise and Fulfilment

YOUTH never lacks reminding of the respect it owes to Age. There is a duty which seems to me still more sacred—the duty of Age to Youth. Youth has its dignity, too, its cherished dream, its hidden hope, its sacred fire. The older person who truly understands, is a rare and wonderful human being.

To grow old beautifully is an achievement. People are a little like things. New England homes are full of old mahogany more valuable than any new and shiny furniture the shops can offer. There was real quality in the beginning, simple, beautiful lines fashioned from solid wood by hands that had a feeling for beauty. The years have softened, toned and richened them.

There is other furniture, cheap, tawdry and ornate in the beginning, with shiny varnish lavishly applied to hide inferior materials and poor workmanship. A brief hour of pretense and the varnish cracks, the wood warps and the thing is exposed in all its ugliness for what it is.

The other day I mended a bit of old brocade picked up in a shop on the other side of the world. There was a strip of golden braid across one end. Curious to see what this precious bit of cloth had been two centuries ago, I ripped it off. Shining gold and bright rose color lay beneath. It was beautiful as it came from the needle so many years ago, but not nearly so beautiful as now when age had mellowed and blended its tones.

It is so with people. I have seen the old women and old men of many lands. They are pretty much the same the world over.

I have spent an hour with one and come away feeling as though I had been on a mountain top and seen a big view. I have come away eager for all the joys and sorrows of life that I, too, might be tried and made strong. I have come away from another, shuddering, afraid of the years.

Most of us treasure among our friends some dear older person to whom youth was only yesterday. She is a banner of hope, a promise of life. We know others to whom life is a hideous complaining, waiting for the end. They have begrudged the price they paid for life. They have forgotten youth. They wither every young thing that comes near them in the blast of their bitterness.

Beautiful youth is fine, but beautiful old age is far more precious, for it is both promise and fulfilment. It is during periods of chaos such as this that Youth's demands upon Age are most severe. Age clings to familiar ways, Youth plunges down untrodden paths. To march, to keep abreast, to understand the changing vocabulary of the times, to sympathize even though it cannot applaud—this is the debt Age owes to Youth.

Settin'-Rooms

THE War Camp Community Service suggests that our homage to those who went out so gallantly to die, take a frankly utilitarian turn. This is good modern thought and we are for it. Beauty, poised on anything but a sound and practical base, is apt to fall and shatter. But build the sound and practical base, and beauty of its own accord may light thereof.

Necessity mothers many things besides invention. A common grief is the greatest of all barrier breakers. We have swept aside a horde of artificial standards in the months just past. We must sweep away still more and see to it that no busybodies go about building them up again.

Where they stood we must build a memorial for those who are gone, by giving comfort to those who remain, and we must work to create a world where there may be no recurrence of the colossal disaster.

There is a big idea fermenting. Manhattan, Kansas, has perhaps the best demonstration of it in its "Municipal Sitting-Room and Parlor," a war growth, but, we hope, a peace fixture. Why not? A community "Settin'-Room!" Let's have one for each city; one for the state, the nation—yes, one for the world, too. What wrong or alien thoughts could be fostered if we all sat comfortably "a-rockin'" in the Settin'-Room" talking things over in amity and peace?

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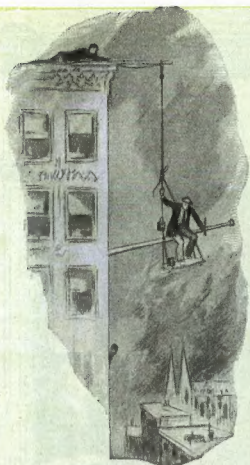
Advertisements

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

Being Re-Absorbed Into Industry

Our Hero on the Job Again

By C. F. Peters



A suggestion for our "Aces" who wish congenial work



Private Regt van Stuyvesant unexpectedly meets his buddy, Corporal Murphy, on the Avenue

Ex-Army doctor visiting patient suffering from nerves. "What's up, nurse, shell shock or shrapnel?"



Former war correspondent who must get inspiration for an article on "Community Kitchens"



The eminent miniature painter who went over with the camouflage corps, finds it impossible to get anything but the broadest effects

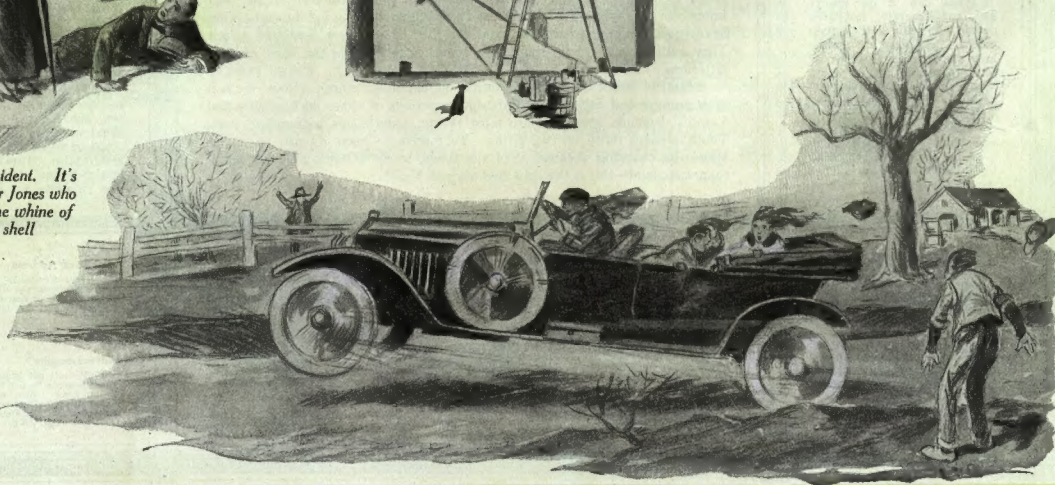


Ex-bear-cat, croix de guerre, distinguished service cross, etc., doing some early-morning patrol duty again



No, it's not an accident. It's just despatch-bearer Jones who thought he heard the whine of a 77 shrapnel shell

She lives over again those glorious days when she was driving a staff car over there





for a "FRESH START"

The world is going to be a fresher, brighter place to live in.

But you'll need help! And whatever saves work for womankind on the *inside* of the home, gives her more peace—and more liberty for *outside* work.

That's where Gold Dust saves work—inside the home.

Here are a few uses for Gold Dust which women themselves have suggested to us. Perhaps some of these uses will give you a fresh start, and help, too, when you come to spring cleaning this year.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY



GOLD DUST

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work

For FLOORS
cheerfully clean

* *

For shining smooth
TILING

* *

For easy
modern DISHWASHING

* *

For bright
SILVER-CLEANING

* *

For greaseless
KITCHEN RANGE

* *

For fresh
sanitary MOPS

* *

For keeping
BROOMS clean

* *

For glistening
CUT GLASS

For purified
DRAINPIPES

* *

For softening
HARD WATER

* *

For "sweet"
DAIRY UTENSILS

* *

For spotless
KITCHEN CHAIRS

* *

For white
unspotted DRAINBOARD

* *

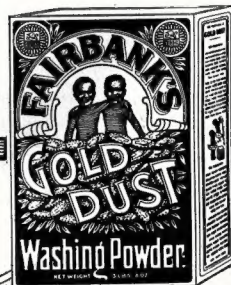
For cleansing
FIRELESS COOKERS

* *

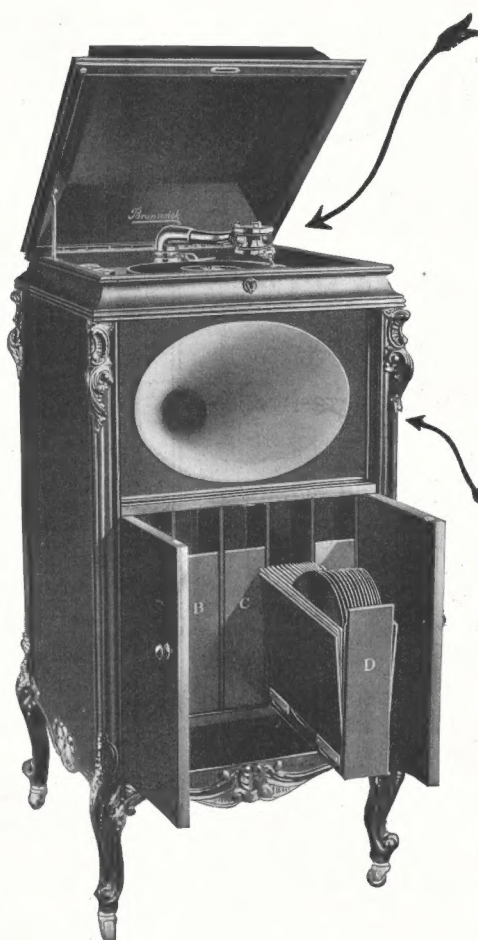
For bright
NICKEL FITTINGS

* *

For brightening
STONE HEARTHES



Why the Brunswick Method of Reproduction Insures a Superior Phonograph



Reason No. 1 The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

Reason No. 2 Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat."

But the Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

Make comparison. Let your ear decide. Try to find an equal to Brunswick tone.

You're bound to end such a search at a Brunswick Shop, where every opportunity will be given you to decide for yourself.

Hear this remarkable instrument before you decide. And you'll avoid regrets.



The *Brunswick*
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

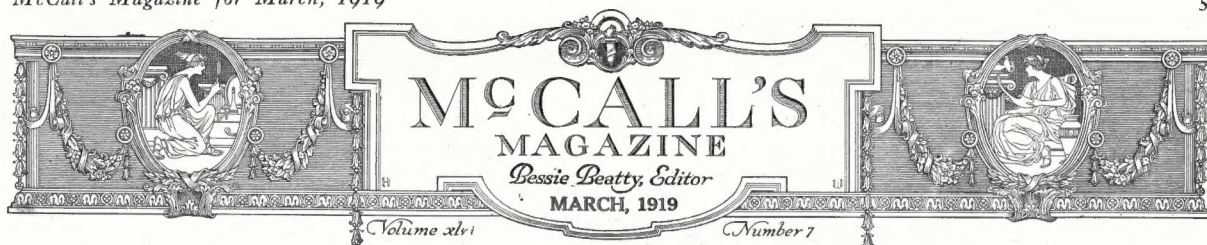
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Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto





Through the Hawthorn Hedge

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

MRS. CORVIN'S boarding-house stood dark and silent, its windows lighted palely by the cold glimmer of the street lamp. Only one gleam of yellow light, hidden by the black bulk of the house on the corner, fell upon the snowy roof of the side porch, and in its ray stood a girl.

She was a distractingly pretty girl, in a soft, rose-colored kimono and the most frivolous of gray suede slippers. A thick braid of fluffy brown hair hung to her waist, and the band of white flannel around her neck detracted nothing from the rose-pink of her cheeks or the Irish blue of her wide eyes.

"Mrs. Watson!" she called in a voice that had seen lusty service in basket-ball. "Mrs. Wa-AT-son!" But no window in the next house gave forth a glimmer. Everyone had gone to the lecture. An automobile rolled swiftly by on the paved street at the front, the purring of the engine dying away in the distance, and silence closed upon her again.

Something clammy lighted on her nose. Horrors! It was beginning to snow again! "Hoo-hoo-oo!" she called. Her voice came back to her thinly, echoing from the heedless walls. No answer came from the deserted street. She was beginning to shiver, and a cough strangled her voice in her throat.

She ran once more to the edge of the roof. She could jump. "Yes, and break my ankles," she thought, "and faint and be covered with snow when the girls come home. They'd think I was the wood-pile." She laughed nervously, and shivered again.

So this was the way they all felt, was it?—Babes in the Wood—Princess in the Tower—and she, on the roof of the porch of a boarding-house! Irrepressible laughter bubbled again, tangled with something like a sob. Ages went past, it seemed, while she huddled there.

The sound of steps on the side street at last seemed to stun her, so that she made no sound. A man was passing quickly with long, swift strides. Through the muffling sensation of nightmare she struggled for her voice. "Hoo-oo," she called frantically. "Help me—please—hoo-oo! Help me, won't you?"

The man stopped immediately, turned, and came gingerly through the snowdrifts in the Watsons' back yard. "What is it?" he asked a bit impatiently, stopping under the clothes-line and looking up at the girl. "What's wanted?"

The girl leaned down toward him. "I'm so sorry to bother you—but everyone has gone to the lecture—and I feel so silly to tell you—but—I got out on the roof to cool some candy—and it locked—the window, you know—and I've got a sore throat—and I'm so cold—" Her voice trailed off.

The man said something to himself. She caught an astonished exclamation. Then—"Where can I get a ladder?"

"There's one in the barn. I think—but you see—even if I get down—I can't get in—for the night latches are on."

"Couldn't you go into some friend's house until your people come home?"

She waved a despairing hand. "Look at them! Everybody's gone to the lecture. I suppose you were going too?"

"I had intended to," he admitted, "but that's all right. Say, I have it—I'll get you down and take you over to the Auditorium and you can find your parents."

"GOODNESS gracious!" she laughed hysterically. "I have on a kimono—and my hair is hanging down my back—and I'm a public-school teacher."

He threw back his head and laughed, too. "I beg your pardon. You look like a little girl, up there."

He began trying doors and windows. "I guess you'll have to come up and break my window," she called as he came back from a fruitless trip.

"If we are going to break windows," he suggested, "it might better be downstairs here. You'll want your own room as warm as it can be."

He strode off to the barn, from which he returned with a long ladder balanced across his shoulder. He placed it in a snowdrift by the kitchen wall and held it firmly.

"Come on," he called. "Be careful."

When she was halfway down, one of the inadequate slippers dropped.

"See here," he said, "you can't walk in this wet snow. I'm going to carry you around to that porch."

"You'll be sorry," she warned him. "I smell awful listerine."

He took her off the ladder and rounded the corner of the house to a small, built-in porch, where he set her on her feet between the refrigerator and a washing-machine. She couldn't see his face. There had only been time for the fleeting impression of his fur-lined coat and his muscular strength—and a certain sense of confidence in his personality. She wondered vaguely if it was true—that a person radiated character like that so one could tell—even a stranger—and in the dark—

"Now then!" he had the big coat off and was putting it around her. "Isn't this a tub? Sit here. Draw that around you. Keep your feet warm. Is there a hatchet here—or an ice-pick?"

"There's a hammer on top of the refrigerator, I think. I'll get it."

"You sit still."
"You're kind of bossy!"
"And it strikes me that you need a little bossing," he retorted. Crack! Crack! The girl shuddered and put her hands to her ears. Crash!

"Now!" he said decidedly. The girl stood up. "I've been so much trouble. I'll be good all the rest of my life. I'm so sorry you've missed part of the lecture."

"But you're missing it all."
"Maybe it's just as well," she laughed. "Redfern's a great author, but he's a rank pessimist and a cynic and he might have converted me. Well, I must go in. Three Fiends are haunting me—Tonsillitis, Bronchitis and Pneumonia; and the greatest of these is Pneumonia."

"Promise me you'll take quinine and a hot bath."

"I promise."
Safely inside, the girl touched a nearby switch and flooded the room with light, then turned toward the porch. The

She caught an astonished exclamation. Then—"Where can I get a ladder?"



effect was of a painting framed by the broken window—one of Reynolds' languid ladies turned mischievous. The gay, chrysanthemum-covered kimono unfolded a winsome maiden whose fluffy hair was as wind-blown and tangled as Fanchon the Cricket's. She held out her hand from the picture frame to the man standing in the shadow. He took the little cold hand in his left one.

"I don't know whom to thank." Her eyes questioned him. "You can thank—John Smith—who was just in town between trains. And it's lucky for you that he was. What's your name, Miss Imprudent?"

"Jane Jones." She made a laughing grimace, so that he knew she was not telling the truth. "Thank you again. Good-by, John Smith."

"Good-by, Jane Jones."
Upstairs again she gave herself a hot bath, took quinine, rubbed her abused throat with evil-smelling drugs—libations on an altar to appease the wrath of the Three Imps—and went to bed. But not to sleep. She loved to entertain the

girls with funny anecdotes—and this was rich! How they would laugh! She had her amusing story all ready when they came.

Her roommate opened the door cautiously and tiptoed in. "How's your throat, Honey?"

She sat up, stifling a manufactured yawn. "Fierce. How was John Bruner Redfern?"

PERFECTLY grand. He looks just like his pictures.

It's mighty queer he's escaped matrimony. His talk was immense! But he was horribly late—we sat and sat—and he had his right hand—his gesturing hand you know—bandaged—and he made no explanation—

But wide-eyed—wild-eyed—the girl in the bed had dropped back on the pillow and pulled the blankets over her head.

The doctor came on Saturday morning. After he had gone, the girl, propped up in bed with two and three-fifths degrees of temperature to her discredit, told the other teachers about her adventure, the names that had been exchanged—everything. They were incredulous. She was fibbing, they told her, but the yawning window, the author's bandaged hand, his late arrival, all attested to the truth of the story.

"Now, isn't that just your luck?" Dora, the roommate, was disgusted. "I could have fallen off the kitchen roof and cracked my head and either the

janitor of our school or that foolish Perkins boy would have found me."

All day long the girl lay and paid, in fever, for her escapade. In the late afternoon, after those throbbing, drug-scented hours, a florist's box arrived, directed to Miss Jane Jones, 1424 Sycamore Street.

With that naive interest in each other's affairs which women who are living together, display, four excited girls bore the box upstairs to the touching accompaniment of "Here Comes the Bride."

"You silly things!" the girl greeted them, and for the first time resented the old familiarity.

THERE were roses—a mass of them—Caroline Testout roses, their silvery-rose petals just showing the cherry-red of their hearts. The card bore the magic name, "John Bruner Redfern." Tucked among the flowers was this brief note written in a very piratical hand:

Which Fiend is it? I earned the right to know. I'm in Mill City over Sunday—at the Hawkeys—and being "kind of bossy" expect an answer soon. JOHN B. REDFERN.

How should a school-teacher address Genius? Remembering, with mortification, how a school-teacher had addressed Genius, she wrote several ladylike notes—formal, stilted

[Continued on page 34]

For Sale—Second Hand—100,000 Kitchen Stoves

By Mary Heaton Vorse

"Man's work's from sun to sun,
But woman's work is quickly done"

That's Mrs. England's new motto—National Kitchens, National Restaurants and Traveling Kitchens are ringing the knell of the old cooking range. Will Mrs. America follow suit?



THE last conversation I had before I left home was with my neighbor, Mrs. Nickerson. The subject was food.

"What," she inquired, "will we be eating next? Little did I dream I'd live to see the day when Isiah ate fish four times a week and at that, whitening—I'll always call 'em whitening, no matter if they do call 'em silver perch in the market." For Captain Isiah Nickerson owns a forty-five foot fishing sloop and, like many other fishermen, gets sick of the sight of fish and will only eat meat. "But," she went on, "with the price of meat what it is, and beans dearer every minute, and butter going up all the time, and buying Liberty bonds, and the Allies to feed and all, we can't any of us live like we used to."

Every single one of us knows this. None of us—what with Liberty bonds and the Allies to feed—live as we used to, and it's going to be a long time before we can again live as we did, because we have now a world to feed. We have Belgium, Poland, the Balkan States, Russia perhaps. The people of the new Central Republics must be fed also. Not only must they be fed, but these countries will have to be restocked with live stock of every kind. Until this is done, Mrs. Nickerson, on the New England coast, and all the women like her, east and west, will not be able to go back to the old careless all-the-bacon-you-want days—those days of riotous rib roasts and porter-house steaks and unlimited cake—real cake—not war cake.

So my old friend, the High Cost of Living, saw me off and he was waiting for me in England, for the first thing I heard spoken of when I got there was food. If he was waiting for me on the very shore, some of his most outstanding qualities had been changed. His mysteriousness, for instance, had vanished. Prices with us have been as elastic as rubber bands and as uncertain as mercury and the weather. No one seemed to be getting anything out of it either. The farmer didn't nor the retailer and certainly not the consumer.

The staid English Government, which, we believe, has a passion for doing things as it has always done them, has tampered with the courses of the stars. It has taken over the whole question of the fixing of the prices of foodstuffs, which meant cutting out unnecessary middlemen and changing the former helter-skelter method of distribution to an orderly and economical one.

HAD England kept on with the old ways of doing things, large portions of English people to-day would be starved—some would be starving. Instead of this, England never has been so well fed. There was a time when the immutable laws of supply and demand were still active and chaos reigned in England. Housewives spent half the day standing in queues before the markets. Butchers and grocers held back meat and groceries for their favorite customers. Working women had to spend hours in the queues before going to work, if their families were to eat. This was before the Government interfered with what is called the "natural laws."

The first thing it did was to tackle the bread question. A four-pound loaf of bread is now sold in England for 9 cents. This has been the price ever since the Government has regulated bread, but flour is dear, and so every loaf of bread eaten in an English family is partly paid for by the Government. The English loaf is subsidized. It costs England two million dollars a year to keep the large loaf down to 9 cents.

Then the Government began fixing other prices, especially the price of meat, but it was soon found that for prices to be fixed it was necessary to take over the question of distribution. So presently England was in the meat business. When Mrs. Nickerson of Plymouth, England, goes out to buy meat for her steak and kidney pie, the wholesale dealer is her Government and there is no mysterious "THEY" juggling with the price of life's necessity.

At first it may seem a strange occupation for an imperial government, but every government in the world has been in the

meat business, or that part of government which supplies its armies, but until this war it has not been customary to interfere with the meat industry for the good of all the people. In this war, however, where all the people were mobilized, it obviously became the business of government to see that the nation as a whole was kept healthy. It was bad for the country that their working women should waste their strength standing in a line for hours, or that the professional women who kept house should live for months without butter because they had no time to stand waiting to buy it.

ONE cannot but wonder why we should wait for the urgent business of war to arrive at the idea that the people of a nation must be fed. A nation consists of its people—its strength and health cannot be divided from theirs. The draft figures showed us how many of our young men were not fit for military service. A very large majority of these were unfit through bad early conditions, especially faulty nutrition during childhood.

After the Government became established in the provisioning business, the next step was rationing. The retail dealer was rationed. He got as much beef as his trade warranted. The grocer was rationed in sugar, tea, fats, and so on. Mrs. Nickerson and all the consumers of England were rationed. They got as much beef per head as England could let them have. When Mrs. Nickerson goes to market at present she takes with her her rationing book, which is printed in six colors. But she cannot trade anywhere; a dealer is assigned to her. The ration book has coupons for six months for meat, sugar, jams, tea, lard and butter. All these she gets with her little coupons.

And here is an interesting thing. There was a time when England, since she was the largest ship owner, was better fed than her Allies, France and Italy, but presently in order that America's troops might be fed the Governments pooled the ships of the world. (A thing like this has never happened before. What this means is too great for the imagination.) So it came about that Mrs. Nickerson of Plymouth, and Madame Gautier, in her little village in France, could be on terms of equality.

By the system of rationing, a fair distribution of food was arrived at. Many of the luxuries were cut down. The people in England are still on a very short sugar ration. Unless

They come for their "penn'orth o' rice puddin' "

you bring your sugar with you, you cannot get a sweetened cup in a restaurant. This is not so much that there is a sugar shortage in the world, but that England voluntarily limited herself in the luxury of sugar to save tonnage—tonnage which was used to carry the very best of every kind of ration to our boys fighting in France. The contrast between us is interesting to note. We voluntarily limited ourselves in wheat and fat and some in sugar, and it took quite a good deal of scolding from Mr. Hoover to make us do it. England did not appeal to the chivalry of its people. "Pooh-pooh," it said. "People will do quite as well without all this sweet—they can have just so much." Children under six get a larger ration and have their own food books like the grown-up food book with "child" marked across it, and with the intimidating notice on the book:—

It is a summary offense punishable by fine up to £100 or imprisonment or both for any person to deface the ration book.

Perhaps English children under six do not scribble the way American children do.

This system of rationing has been very popular in England because of its democracy. People of every class fare alike. There were some cases of favoritism of course, but these were summarily punished. For instance, you may read that Florence Boreman was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment for using a ration book to which she was not entitled. Emma Denman, Camberwell, was condemned to a month's imprisonment for falsely obtaining and using a child's ration book, and there was George S. Troppell fined \$200 for selling meat without coupons to an unregistered customer. And the profiteer gets it too. Albert Smith had to pay a \$2,200 fine for selling wholesale meat to the Stockport Cooperative Society at a price above the maximum, and Messrs. Carr and White paid a fine of \$5,300 for selling jam to a retailer at excessive prices. For the English people do not evade their laws with the same airy gestures with which we do.

IN a hundred ways the health of the nation has been safeguarded through food rationing. What is known as the milk priority scheme, which gives milk to expectant mothers, has been brought in. Every baby gets 1½ quarts of milk and extra sugar from the day it is born.

Women doing the heavy work in mines, quarries, manufacturing, pit women, and so on, get fifty per cent more than the man's food ration. Women in indoor trades, too, get a supplementary ration. Boys of thirteen to eighteen get twenty-five per cent more meat than grown-ups, unless their fathers happen to be doing the very heavy work. Invalids have special rations, and if you are a vegetarian or a Jew, and do not eat pig-meat, you get special fat rations.

Spreading out the food so that it would go around and fixing its prices was not all that England did. Having gone into the food business, it went into it thoroughly. It began to establish National Kitchens. These kitchens are dotted all over England, and the Government sells to its people food at cost prices. A system of such accurate reckoning is kept that sometimes, after having served thousands of people, a kitchen turns in a budget of \$10 surplus for the week. There are kitchens everywhere in London, and those in the poorest part of the town have as good an equipment as good cooks and as good meat as the one in Chelsea which is patronized largely by the artist colony and professional people.

On the top of a bus I went for miles out from London the Magnificent to the London of mean, drab streets. A town of hopeless and monotonous sordidness, of a different temper from anything I have seen with us. If I could find one word for it, it would be hopelessness. There was hopelessness in the sag of the slatternly women's skirts, hopelessness in the children's torn clothes. You imagine they come from homes where women were too discouraged to use a needle and thread. After miles, it seemed, of such streets, we came to a kitchen which had been built over a swimming bath. There, in this poor part of the town, food is cooked and steamed and roasted in

[Continued on page 35]



The Day the Clock Was Set Ahead

By Jennette Lee

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT K. RYLAND

MRS. CYRUS TRUEFOOT sat by the window shelling peas. She was a tall, fair woman with faded blue eyes and a little droop to the corners of her mouth that made her face, as it bent above the peas in her lap, seem meek and subdued. But when the eyes raised themselves swiftly to the clock it was evident that the face was critical as well as meek. A faint anxious line came between her eyes as she looked at the clock and her fingers hurried.

The clock pointed to twenty minutes to eleven. A step sounded on the stone door-step outside. She started. A soft dull color came flooding into her sagging face. Her eyes, fixed on the peas, did not look up. Her fingers moved with steady swiftness, flashing at the peas and back.

Cyrus Truefoot, in the doorway, did not glance at her. He crossed to a desk on the other side of the room and sat down, reaching for a pen. For a few minutes there was only the sound of his heavy-moving pen and the soft rustle of pea-pods. Then he folded the letter and stamped it.

"Where is Asa?" he asked over his shoulder. She gave a little jump that became a half startled, placating smile as she looked up.

"Why, I don't know—just where he is," she said. It seemed to her that the clock was ticking very loud.

"I want he should drive over to the station and meet Ellen when she comes," said the man. He got up, taking the letter from the desk.

His wife's eyes followed him across the room. He was tall and strongly built and he carried himself with an air of authority.

"Aren't you going to use the horses for the oats?" she asked.

"No." His hand, on the catch of the screen-door, paused. "You tell Asa—"

He lifted his eyes to the clock and stopped—his hand dropped from the door.

"Who—?" He pulled his watch from its fob pocket and looked at it sharply, and again at the clock.

"Who's been meddling with that clock?" he said. She glanced at it meekly—as if she saw the clock for the first time. She hesitated a minute.

I GUESS maybe Asa turned it ahead." She gathered up the pea-pods in her apron as if for flight. But a figure moving across the open window beside her caught her eye and she sank back in her chair, glancing almost breathless, it seemed, at the screen-door.

The face outside looking in and smiling was a little blur of haze to her. Something clouded her gaze.

The boy flung open the door and came in. He looked quickly at his father.

"Say, Father!" He stopped.

The man, with the open-faced watch in his hand, motioned to the clock.

It pointed to five minutes to eleven.

"Did you—?" He moved the watch sternly. The hand holding it trembled a little.

The boy's glance flashed to the clock and then to his father's set face. But it did not lose its smiling, unflinching confidence.

"I turned it ahead—yes, sir—standard time. I thought maybe you'd forgotten." He spoke easily, almost defiantly. But the brightness in his face flushed clearly. He did not look at his mother.

Her fingers were fussing at the empty pods, picking them up and crushing the juicy shells with tense grip. Her eyes were looking down. The man glanced at her sharply. He looked back to the boy. There was something almost contemptuous in his gaze.

"How many times do I have to tell you not to touch things that don't belong to you!" He spoke as if to a child. But the eyes that flashed back a look of watchfulness were on a level with his own.

"I didn't suppose you wanted to be an hour behind everyone else," said the boy. "I thought you'd just—forgot." But he faltered a little at the last word. His father's authoritative eye was on him, and a year in college had not made him forget that his father's word was law.

The woman by the window stirred slightly.

"I don't think he meant any harm, Cyrus—" He silenced her with a gesture. His glance was on the boy.

"If I choose to keep the right time, that's my affair. Do you understand?" The boy bit his lip. . . . Then the habit of years asserted itself.

"Yes, Father."

The man nodded. "Just because a few folks are so lazy that before they can get out of bed they have to follow themselves with the clock—that's no reason why I should be always chopping and changing, is it?" Something in the boy's quiet gaze seemed to nettles him—something almost like a smile that lurked in it as if his father seemed to him a little absurd. The man's face flushed dully. He glanced at the clock—almost with a look of veneration it seemed.

"That clock was running before you or me, or anybody that's living now," was born!" he said solemnly. "And years before that. . . . It is a tradition in our family that it shall never be allowed to run down." The boy stirred, as if something restive awoke in him.

"Your great grandfather, Asa Truefoot, the one you are named after, bought it and wound it up and set it going for the first time. And it has never stopped since!" The old man stood gazing at the brass face.

The boy's look stole to the clock almost sullenly. Something of the veneration in his father's face seemed to pass to his—but not quite. He straightened himself.

"You can turn it back any time you want to," he said.

"You can not turn back a clock like that!" replied his father.

The woman gathered up her apron of pea-pods and stole from the room. As if with her going the two faced each other a little more firmly.

"It's right with the rest of the world anyway," muttered the boy.

"Don't answer back!" said his father sharply.

"When you are older you will have more sense!"

The boy shrugged his shoulders—almost imperceptibly. He did not mean to shrug them. He did not want to irritate his father. Especially this morning he wanted not to irritate him. . . . He had come in, glowing with dreams, to ask something of him. And now the world seemed tumbling and everything he wanted in it was tumbling about his ears.

His father glanced at the clock. "I want you to drive over to the twelve o'clock train to meet your sister when she comes." He spoke quietly as if nothing untoward had passed between them. But his face was white, and it looked a little tired the boy thought as he glanced at it quickly. Perhaps after all he might speak now—and have it over with.

"I wanted to ask you something, Father—"

"Well?" A certain benignity returned to the tone.

"I know you don't want me to enlist,"

he hurried on.

"Not unless you are drafted," corrected his father.

"And they won't draft me till I'm eighteen—so of course that doesn't mean anything!" He spoke a

little impatiently as if the subterfuge irritated him. Then his voice became conciliating again.

"But I want to do something else—I'd like to leave college if you don't mind, sir, and begin my life work now." He spoke with a kind of wistful firmness. But he stopped, taking breath. His father's face smiled a little coldly.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked.

The boy's glance sought the window. Great clouds were sailing by outside in the June sky. The dazzling light seemed to touch his spirit. He drew himself up.

"I want to learn to fly," he said simply.

His father was silent. The clock ticked very loud.

"I don't mean just for the war," went on the youth eagerly. He hurried a little. "I mean—forever! After the war is over. There will be flying things to do—all over the world. I want to be an airman, Father!" His voice rose with a lilt. He seemed to be rapt in a vision. . . .

The clock ticked another round.

Then his father's voice broke in.

"You'd better hurry or you'll be late for the train," he said casually.

The boy sailed slowly down from the clouds—and blinked.

"May I, sir?"

"Go to the train? Yes!" The man laughed grimly.

"May I learn to fly?" The boy's hands were clenched at his sides.

YOU certainly may not!" said his father. He paused a moment as if wrestling with something. "When your sister left home I kept still and let her go and said nothing—"

"She was twenty-one!" broke in the boy.

"Your mother has missed her terrible," said his father rebukingly.

"Mother's a strong, hearty woman!"

"She's strong maybe. I didn't say she'd give out, did I? But she misses Ellen sorely. I don't know where you both got such notions! Not from me, I hope! I want you to understand once for all—You will stay in college until you graduate—if you are not drafted. Then I expect you to come back here and run the farm as I have done. There's more than one way to serve your country. You'll help the country to eat. . . . Everyone of us Truefoots has

left the farm a little better than he found it. I shall leave you a better farm than my father left me." He said it with proud consciousness of merit.

"Grandfather was something besides a farmer," muttered the boy.

"He was Judge of the Superior Court, yes. But he did not leave the farm."

"And his father was Governor," persisted Asa.

THE man's face flushed as if the boy were covertly accusing him of failure. "They took what came to them," he said sternly. "The honor sought them out. They didn't go highfalutin' around, flying off to the ends of the earth." A little gleam came to the boy's face and he laughed out suddenly.

"I'll bet you if great-grandfather Truefoot was alive today he'd be flying over the house this minute!" He said triumphantly. He laughed again.

"Be quiet!" said his father sternly. "Don't you know better than to speak like that of—of the dead!" he finished lamely. He was annoyed that he could not find a better word to end with. He walked with slow dignity to the clock and opened the long narrow door where the pendulum swung. It was as if he opened a shrine. As he opened it the clock began to strike. He reached out a hand to the pendulum and touched it reverently. It quivered through its slender length and remained motionless. The striking ceased. He closed the door and faced his son, who was watching with curious, fascinated gaze.

"In an hour I shall start it again and set it right," he said.

"Now hurry or you'll be late for the train!"

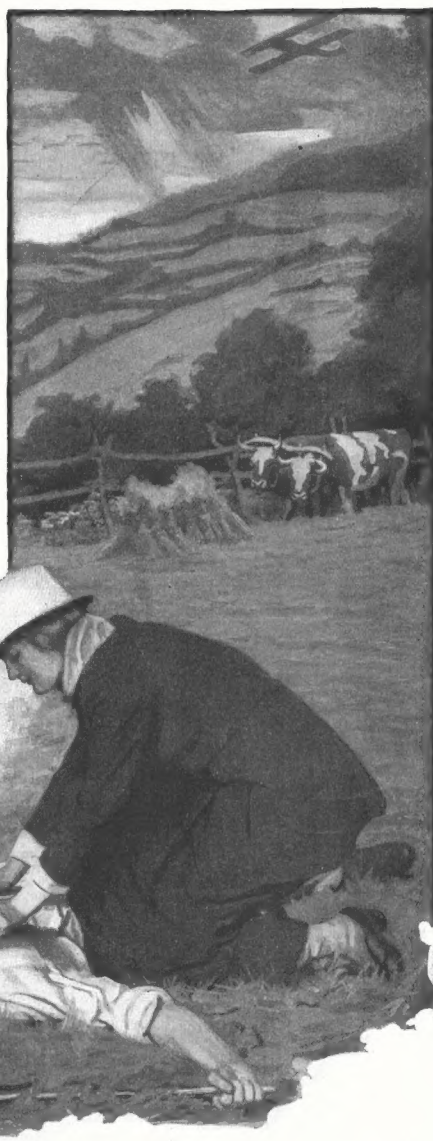
Cyrus Truefoot passed through the kitchen. He still held the letter in his hand. "You tell Asa I want he should mail that when he goes by the office." He laid it on the table.

"Don't you need the horses for the oats?" she asked timidly. "Ellen can come in the stage all right."

"She's not going to come in the stage!" retorted the man. "I'm not going to have her traveling up here in all that dust! We've always met our folks at the depot. I reckon we can yet for awhile. Where are my gloves?"

He stepped to the door. Baxter, the hired-man was crossing the yard.

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Robert K. Ryland

High above her hovered a dot that swung and turned in hesitating circles and came nearer the ground. . . . She bent above him and scanned the face, and her hands loosened the wet clothing

A Woman's Story of Her Dash Across the Border in Search of American Prisoners

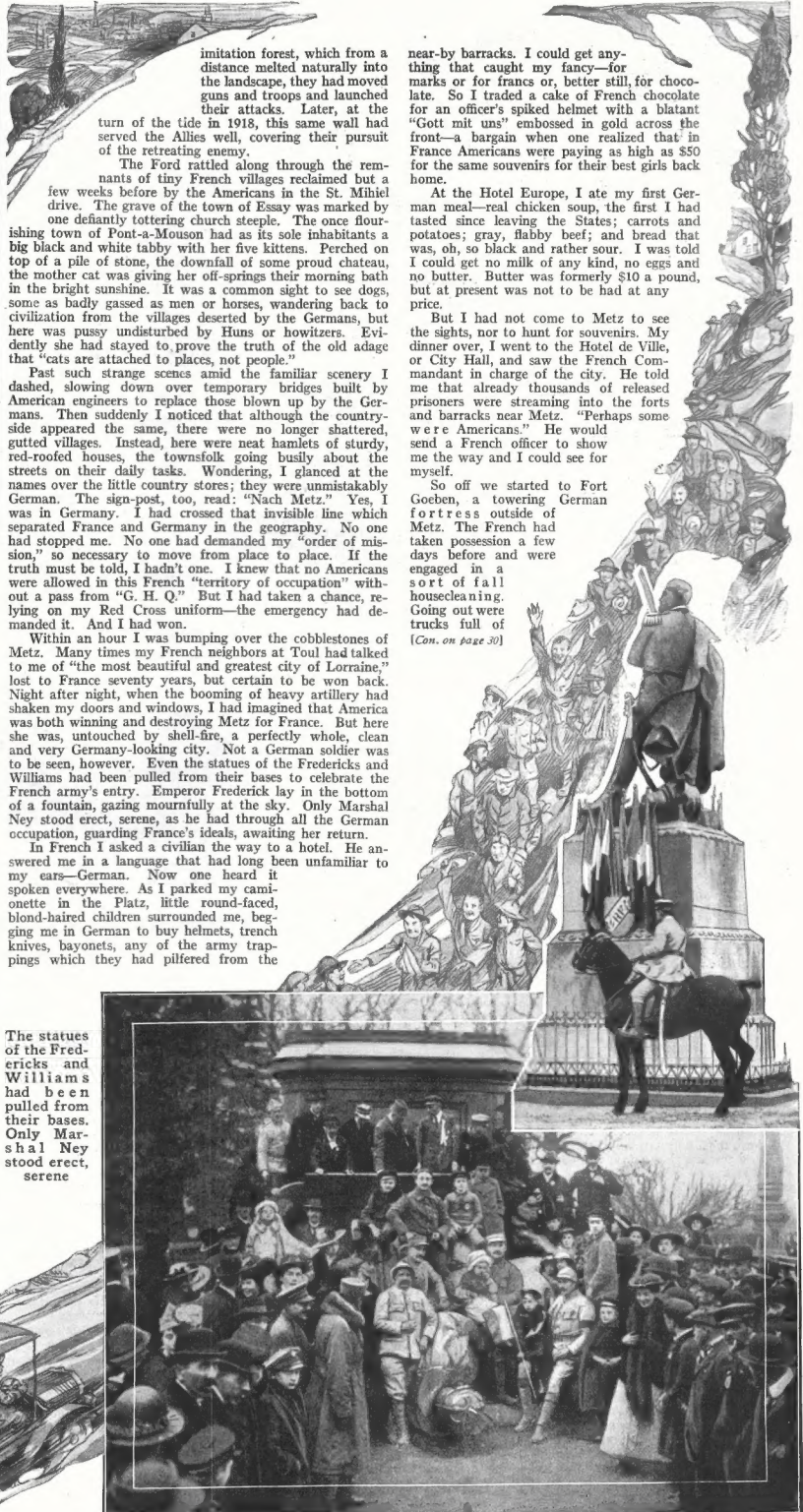

A black and white photograph of a young woman in a military-style uniform. She is wearing a wide-brimmed hat with a dark band and a small emblem. Her uniform consists of a dark, double-breasted jacket with large pockets and a matching skirt. She is standing against a dark background, framed by a white border.

During their four years of occupation, the Germans had lined these white French highways with one long wall of slender twigs interlaced with leaves, seven or eight feet high. Hidden behind this

The statues of the Fredericks and Williams had been pulled from their bases. Only Marshal Ney stood erect, serene

So off we started to Fort Goeben, a towering German fortress outside of Metz. The French had taken possession a few days before and were engaged in a sort of fall housecleaning. Going out were trucks full of

(Con. on page 30)





Why, good heaven! They were almost of an age. And I—well, I was Uncle Hubert

For Synopsis, see page 56

CHAPTER IV

YOUTH FOR YOUTH

Second Instalment of the Big New Serial

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

I'D have pressed him to change his mind and spend the evening with me, but for a conviction that he didn't want that any more than I did; that he was as anxious to escape from me as I was to escape from him. My suggestion that he go to a show somewhere, brought clearly to my mind exactly what I wanted—two hours, including dinner, with Jane Page.

Jane's piece, an emotional drama called *A Night in May*, had turned out to be the big success of the season. Having come to town in March, it was now, in August, still packing them in and turning them away; this will give you an idea of the sort of thing it was—a regular three-handkerchief affair. And it was Jane's, in the complete sense indicated on the bill-boards by the preposition "in" following her name, as distinguished from the preposition "with" preceding it.

Jane, then, was an actress. A great many sorts of people get spoken of in the newspapers as actresses—chorus girls who run away from home only last week, cabaret singers, ladies who, having murdered their husbands and been duly congratulated by the jury, have got a month's engagement in vaudeville. But Jane was a real, hundred per cent actress, as her mother had been before her. She had been playing parts ever since she could remember. The stage was more than her profession; it was her world, her school of life, her point of view.

It had never been romantic to her. It was her profession, just as a sailor's profession is the sea. And, just as the traditional sailor regards the landlubber with an aversion tempered by curiosity, as an incomprehensible being, actuated by strange motives, possessed of strange ideas, and addicted to the asking of preposterous and blankly unanswerable questions—a being, in short, to be sheered off from and given as wide a berth as possible—so Jane regarded, though she didn't altogether relish my telling her so, the sort of persons she called "outsiders," who scraped introductions to her, or presented themselves at her dressing-room door without any, who tried to rope her in for teas and supper parties, who couldn't understand when she was hungry or sleepy, or what she regarded as a good time, who mingled an excited curiosity about her and a regard for her as a celebrity, with the disposition to patronize which one bestows, let us say, on a lioness in the zoo.

WHERE did I come in then? For certainly I was a rank outsider, if ever there was one. Well, that was, we agreed, just a bit of luck for both of us, due, if you're curious for the concrete explanation, to the interposition of an acquaintance we happened to have in common, who persuaded her to come to me rather than to one of the regular theatrical lawyers for legal advice about one of her contracts.

My friendship with Jane led, of course, to my forming other acquaintances among her colleagues, and, as time went on, I accumulated quite a circle, so that more often than not, there would be somebody in town to whom I'd be expected to send flowers on her opening night, whom I should take out to supper occasionally at one of the roof gardens, or with whom I should have the sort of nursery-tea-dinner that their profession imposed upon them.

I may say that almost the only point upon which Letty and the Baldwins were completely agreed, was in looking

decidedly askance at this branch of my social activities. It was regarded as the maculate page in my otherwise fairly written ledger of life. It was what came of being a middle-aged bachelor. Not quite incomprehensible, perhaps, men being what they undeniably were, but regrettable, certainly.

I SUPPOSE it is only a paradox, and not a real contradiction, that a part of their indictment against me lay in the fact that I would never lend myself to schemes for securing Jane, or any of her lesser sisters, to be the ornamental celebrities at teas, nor rope them in to give monologues at entertainments for charity. My refusal personally to conduct box parties "behind the scenes" to stars' dressing-rooms on opening nights, was simultaneously interpreted as mere selfish obstinacy and as an admission that my friends of the stage were not the sort that nice people could meet. But I didn't try to explain any of them, let alone Jane.

It was a great piece of luck for me that this was one of her matinee days, which meant that she would be in town, on tap, as it were, after those two distressing scenes with Letty and her son. Except for the matinee, she would have been more inaccessible, for she was living that summer in a garage—really a sort of combined porter's lodge and garage, miles up the shore near High Forest, on the sort of place the newspapers speak of as an estate. Its owner had gone off to be a dollar-a-year man at Washington.

Jane had the run of three or four acres of lawn, flower gardens, tennis-court, swimming-pool—all the accessories of a palace, without the inconvenience of living in one, thanks to the failure of the owner to get for the palace itself the enormous rental for which he had held out.

The garage (that was how Jane always spoke of it) afforded all the room she wanted, and was not more than her paid companion, an elderly cousin of hers, and a general housemaid, could keep up. She said it was almost too good to be true, and I agreed with her, but with the reservation that it kept me from seeing as much of her as I should have done had she been living in town.

But this, as I have mentioned, was a matinee day, which meant that the hours from six until eight were mine for the asking. And a couple of hours with Jane was just what I wanted.

We were awfully fond of each other. I was as confident of the stability of her affection for me as I was of the permanence of mine for her. On both sides it was, or seemed to be, a static thing, not leading us anywhere. We began, after long, letterless periods of absence, exactly where we had left off. And, what is perhaps more to the point, we left off, after good, long visits, where we had begun.

likely, I suppose, to take this assurance of mine with incredulity. But I ask you to remember my statement that she was that comparatively rare bird, a really trained actress, which means that she did not rely upon an extemporized, whipped-up, emotional excitement for the production of her dramatic effects. During the preparation of a part, indeed, she did live at high tension, getting inside, to the best of her imaginative ability, the character she meant to project. And yet she kept incorruptibly and objectively outside it, looking on, seeking, rejecting, at last finding and completing the minutiae of bodily movement and vocal inflection which would create the illusion she sought.

But once this series was complete, and the technique of it mastered, she could murder her husband every night, go on trial for her life, swing through the whole gamut of terror, fury, remorse, despair, and the ecstatic bliss of acquittal at the end, with no more expenditure of physical or emotional energy than I put into a reasonably fast set of tennis.

From her earliest childhood, she had seen too much of the manifestations of erotic emotions to be the victim of curiosity—the falling in love with love, the sentimental substitute for the real thing, which leads, I believe, so many young girls to marry. Remember, too, that marriage was not an end in itself to her, not the alternative either to a frustrated life of dependence, or to an uncongenial economic struggle. To Jane, on the contrary, marriage was the rock on which a promising career might easily enough split. She had confided to me her resolution never to marry outside her profession, until and unless she was prepared to abandon it, and never to fall in love inside her profession as long as she could possibly avoid it. She indulged no false sense of security here. She knew well enough that it could happen to her. Often, indeed, and with quite amazing candor, she discussed "symptoms" with me. But so far, she had escaped.

THOSE beautiful leading men whom you have seen play opposite her, were always, don't forget, her competitors for your favor. She had the well-behaved actor's exact sense of what was every man's due as well as what was her own, and when it came to authority, she tolerated no transgressions. Often, then, when you, in your orchestra seat, have seen her the object of a love-making which seemed to you irresistible, Jane herself has been viewing this rapturous lover as the poaching, pilfering thief of your applause.

I'm aware that I have taken an unconscionable amount of space talking about Jane, without answering either of the two questions you will long ago have asked. "What does she look like?" and "How old is she?" As it happens, neither of the answers is very important. And both are, to a certain extent, misleading.

Neither of us worried about the other's intentions. For the first year or so of our friendship, Jane had kept, standing in type as it were, a gentle sisterly refusal against the possibility of my breaking loose and showing a disposition to make love to her. But this probationary period was now safely passed. She knew the main facts of my emotional history, just as I knew hers.

Hers, I may say—for you who don't know it—had been incredibly uneventful. Having seen her on the stage, surrendering with passionate abandon to a lover's embrace at the end of two hours, during which she had been tempest-racked by more emotions than fall to the lot of an average person in a lifetime, you are

She is of that middle stature which enables her to look upon the stage, tall and terrible when she likes, and equally, at will, small and helpless. She's generally spoken of as, and considered, a beauty. And I, at least, am not the man to deny it. Yet, certainly, that quality, if she has it, resides in no Praxitelean perfection of any of her features. And her hair, though abundant, is merely the typical American brown. In summer time, if you enjoy the privilege of looking very close, you will see a powder of freckles over the bridge of her nose. The texture of her skin is very fine and has a lovely bloom upon it. But that is true, I guess, of most actresses.

Of course the thing that draws your gaze to her and holds it fast, the stirring thing, the thing you tingle with, has nothing to do with any of these mechanical details. It's more nearly related to her perfect roundness of trunk and limb, the poise of neck and head upon her lovely, sloping shoulders, and the blending of power with grace in her face. But mostly, of course, it is her eyes—or, rather, what looks out of them. A clear Northern blue, they happen to be.

As to her age, I hesitate to reveal it, from a fear of discrediting my pretense to speak with authority about her, for fear of hearing you say, "He doesn't know as much about Jane Page as he thinks he does." But she went on the stage when she was six years old, she gave her five-thousandth performance in New York just before she came on to Chicago. And, to the best of my knowledge and belief, corroborated by the access I have enjoyed to Jane's very complete collection of photographs of herself, she was, when I first met her, just half my age.

All of which demonstrates the absurdity of reckoning age by years. In the extent and variety of her experience, and in her tolerant, realistic way of taking life, she has the power, now and then, of making me feel a mere schoolboy, though I own that I have known her to do things from which a sensible child of twelve would refrain.

In two syllables, then, after all these lines, she's a darling.

AND it was a wonderful comfort on that distressing afternoon to know, after noting by my watch that it was twenty-five minutes to six, that if I hurried down the street a block or two, walked along a corridor beside the entrance to the Liberty theater, nodded to a respectfully familiar stage-door keeper and called her name through a certain red door to the right of the proscenium opening, I was as sure as human certainty can be, to hear her voice, in a tone of pleased surprise, telling me either to come in, or to wait half a minute, as the case might be.

The moment was propitious, so I hadn't even to wait the Pickwickian half a minute, but was called straight in and enthusiastically kissed (I hadn't seen her of course since my return to town) and my coat of tan duly admired.

"I wish I could have gone along," she said, and I indulged in a private gripe over the notion of Jane on a thirty-five-foot motor-boat with Rollin Hunt and me, up there in the wilds of Georgian Bay. It was a piquant idea.

She had backed into the hands of her maid for the completion of her hooking up. "I'm specially glad you came to-day," she went on, "because you're just in time to rescue me from a dinner. Some St. Louis people—a man and his wife. They're at the Congress. They've kept after me to come to dinner with them, until finally I gave in and said to-night. What time is it? They were going to call for me at six."

I told her it was quarter to, and she said cheerfully that that was all right then. She'd just scratch a note and leave it with the stage-door man. "That I had to have a conference with my lawyer. You see that's true. You are my lawyer, aren't you?"

I found myself without a word to say to her and, for the moment, no more words had she

"Entirely and always," I said. "It's true, Jane, dear, but it's thin. I warn you they won't like it a bit."

"Well, it's their own fault," she said. "They could have seen I wanted to get out of it, the first time they asked me. People like that always try to give you about six courses, and generally are late starting. And I have to stuff to be polite, and rush and get to the theater, ten minutes late, and feel as if I had swallowed a paper-weight, and give a perfectly rotten performance."

I EXPECT we'd better go out through the alley," she concluded, as she pinned on her hat and caught up her knitting-bag. "It would be just like them to come about fifteen minutes too early. There's a letter on the table there I want you to read. Put it in your pocket and come along."

I asked her if she wasn't even going to scratch the note she had spoken of, but she said there wasn't time. They might be appearing any minute now. An oral message with the doorman would do just as well.

Well, I wasn't the keeper of Jane's conscience. I had abandoned pretensions to that job long ago. A dozen disappointed hosts and hostesses, in various quarters of the city, might be gnashing their teeth to-night over carefully prepared dinners in her honor, for all I cared.

"Who's the letter from?" I inquired, as we sneaked along, comfortably arm in arm, down the alley.

Jane laughed. "It's from Sindbad," she said. "He's just landed in San Francisco."

Now, as Jane hadn't heard from the gilded barbarian to whom she applied that nickname, for more than a year, I had attained the hopeful conviction that he was either dead or locked up somewhere. It would have been equally serviceable, of course, if his diversion from the pursuit of Jane had turned out to be due to some other beautiful lady's having become the object of his amorous siege—some lady, perhaps, less indomitable. Though this didn't seem likely.

I shouldn't have minded the recrudescence of Sindbad so much, had Jane taken it in the proper spirit. But the levity with which she recalled certain outrageous performances of this turbulent suitor of hers in the past, and speculated as to what would ensue upon his promised arrival, within a few days, in Chicago, annoyed me.

"He isn't a joke," I grumbled.

"Even his name's a joke," Jane retorted. "Elmer Elmore." At which bit of frivolity I shut up, until we were seated in Jane's favorite corner of her favorite restaurant, and a dinner ordered utterly unlike the six course one she had defaulted. But when these details were arranged, and Jane, getting a sock out of her knitting-bag and sedately going to work, commanded me to read Sindbad's letter, I launched, instead, upon my argument to the jury. There was no need of my reading his letter. Jane had already communicated its contents to me.

But now was as good a time as any, I felt, to tell her what I really thought about the situation and the serious mistake she was making in treating it thus lightly.

"If you persist in regarding him as an amusing diversion . . ."

Jane reached over and patted my hand. "But, honey, child, that's just exactly what he is. You never know what he's going to take out of those pockets of his next—a handful of diamonds or a cannibal's nose-ring."

But this time the effect of her little caress was not—nor, I think, was it meant to be—soothing. I went on, rather more warmly than before, with my argument. This Elmore was the sort of person that we idiotically permitted to be at large, and went on laughing at for a nut, because, in the first place, he was rich enough to buy his way out of the consequences of his outrageous escapades, and because, in the second place, he hadn't yet—done anything tragic. "We wait with a man like that until he kills somebody, and then let his lawyers get up in court and prove that he's been a dangerous paranoiac for years. That's why I want you to let him alone. It's just a question of time before he breaks out and does some hideously insane thing. And I don't want you to be the person he does it to. Why, Jane, you might as well carry a bottle of nitroglycerine around in your knitting-bag, as play with a man like that. It gives me the creeps, when I think of the possibilities. And yet you go on treating him like a joke."

"Will you tell me what other way there is of treating him?" she asked me quietly, and her tone brought me up with a jerk. "I can't avoid him, can I? He can find out, any time, what city

I am playing in, and if he wants to come to that city, he can find what theater I'm in. He can come to the theater and buy a seat, and he can wait for me outside. What's to prevent him from doing that?"

"I can't have him shut up in an asylum; at least, as you say, not yet. And if I try to make a fuss, what can I do? Get him put under bonds to stop molesting me? A lot he'd care for that! If I treat him as a joke, it isn't because I haven't thought."

"Of course if I wanted to start imagining the possibilities, as you call them, wondering, every time I went out on the stage, whether he mightn't be in the audience and get up and begin making a scene, or expecting him to grab me every time I stepped out the stage-door, why, I could get nervous and hysterical enough about it to satisfy—anybody. But I don't see what good that would do, so I try not to think about it. I'd rather be shot than live half dead with fear that I was going to be."

Well, if I had sought out Jane to-night for diversion—for the disentanglement of my mind, for a while, from the plight of the distracted mother I had talked to in the afternoon, and the white-faced boy I had found at the open window in my partner's office—Jane had given me what I wanted. But that remark of hers, concerning her refusal to live in terror of a thing she couldn't help, brought it all back.

I COMPLIMENTED her on her philosophy, retracted all my complaints, and then tried to change the subject by asking her what she had been doing, the last two weeks, to win the war. Jane is a great patriot, for, in addition to knitting a couple of pairs of socks a week, selling Liberty bonds and soliciting contributions for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., she also takes seriously, and furthers all she can, the maintenance of the morale of our land and naval forces. She dances with Jacks Sunday afternoons. I don't know how many boys at the front she writes letters and sends photographs to. She's constantly having beautiful little sentimental adventures that spring from quite casual acquaintances, from her habit, for example, whenever she sees a man in uniform struggling along with a suit-case, of picking him up in her taxi and taking him where he wants to go. I'd hate to try to estimate the number of hearts, under the khaki or the blue, that think they beat as one with Jane's, here and in France.

So, when I demanded a recital of her patriotic activities during the fortnight that I had been out of town, it was in the natural expectation that for the next hour Jane would do the talking, and that I, listening, amused and touched at once, would have leisure to get my nerves in tune again after the impact of young Arthur's white-faced despair.

But my inquiry must have rung a little flat. Or the expression of my face betrayed me. For Jane, after enumerating an item or two, and searching my face with an affectionate, penetrating gaze, accused me of not listening, and demanded to know what was on my mind.

Well, after all, it must have been this rather than distraction for which I had unconsciously come to Jane. Because it was with a sensation of immense relief that I began telling her the story.

I hadn't the slightest misgivings about it, no sense that I was violating a confidence, for I identified the lady only as the son of a client of mine and, as she had explained, I had never attempted to amalgamate Jane with what I may call my family circle. She had no gossiping curiosities whatever and wouldn't even think of trying to guess the identity of the boy whose story I was telling her. But she was—as always, bless her heart—good to talk to. You can see every light and shade of a story reflected from her face. She gets not only the point of it, but the background of it, the implications, the—pardon this—highbrow word—harmonics. When she is so interested, this is to say, when she makes as bad a job of trying to listen intelligently as anybody I ever saw.

But this story of Arthur's got her, and, long before it was concluded, brightened her eyes with tears. She smiled over my recital a minute or two, then looked up at me as if about to speak, but checked herself.

"Oh, go ahead!" I told her. "If you've got any idea at all, you're better off than I am. Let's have it."

"Oh, it wasn't an idea exactly," she said. "And all it would do, if I told you, would be to make you say that I was never anything but a sn actress."

I suppose I betrayed my enlightenment with a rather wry grin. Jane was seeing a play in it.

WELL, she said defensively, and with a faint flush, "I can't help it. When you hear about things that have happened, don't you wonder, sometimes, what sort of lawsuits they'd make? But that doesn't mean you're heartless—nothing but a lawyer."

I instantly acknowledged she was right, but still I couldn't see how Arthur's predicament made a play.

"Well, of course," she said, "there'd be a girl who was in love with him, all the time."

"That would be you, I suppose."

She nodded absently, this being too obvious to call for comment. "In love with a coward. In love with him, you see, before I found it out. And then, too much in love for it to make any difference. That would be nice and horrible, wouldn't it? Especially if I was the only person who knew he was a coward, and was trying to keep other people from finding out. I'd have to do some terribly dangerous thing—take his place, don't you see? And pretend it was he that had done it. And then, at the end, I'd have to find out that he was really brave after all. And he'd find out that I thought he was a coward. And I'd have to plead with him to forgive me."

I wasn't much interested in Jane's play. "It ought to be a hit," I said caustically. "That formula has been sure fire for at least a hundred years."

She stared. Then, after a moment's reflection, acknowledged, with a rueful smile, the justice of my criticism.

"Oh, I wish," she sighed, "that something would happen that wasn't worn out before I was born!" Then, a moment later, "Do you suppose he really is brave after all? Your boy, I mean."

"It took a certain sort of courage," I acknowledged, "to come and tell me, in so many words, what was the matter with him, instead of trying the noble, humanitarian bluff. But whether it's the sort one needs for going after a Boche with a bayonet . . ."

We both sank away into a sort of reverie about it over our coffee. She had no practical suggestions to offer, of course, as to what was to be done about it, and she had no much good sense to irritate me with impracticable ones. We were still sitting that way, silent and thoughtful, and warmly content with each other's society, as we were wont to be when settled down for an uninterrupted hour together, when Arthur himself, alone, came into the restaurant.

CHAPTER V

JANE saw him before I did. What I noted was a sudden focussing to attention of those thoughtful eyes of hers, so that I said: "Who is it?"

"I don't know," she answered. "He looks like somebody. Turn around and see if you recognize him."

I turned, and it was my movement that caught Arthur's eye. He flushed and stood stock still. Whereupon I did the only thing there was to do and, with a nod, invited him over to our table. Then, as he began making his way toward us, I turned back to Jane.

More must have been legible in my face to her penetrating eye than I had supposed. I must have started and flushed at the recognition just as the boy did, because, in Jane's eyes there was the flash of an unspoken question, and in mine there was an affirmative answer to it.

It was obvious enough, of course. The coming into the restaurant of no other young man than the one who was so completely in our thoughts, would have constituted a startling coincidence like that.

By the time he got over to our table, I had recovered my normal manner toward him, introduced him casually enough to Jane, and asked him to sit down and have his dinner with us. But it was Jane who overrode his objection that we'd already finished our dinner and he didn't want to detain us.

I didn't wonder, even at the time, that he found her persuasion irresistible. She was very bright-eyed and a little flushed about it, and she made it dazzlingly clear that she wanted him.

I credited her effort to sheer kindness of heart and, since that sort of treatment was manifestly what the boy needed, I resolved not to be outdone in this respect by Jane, who had no obligations at all in the matter, whereas mine were heavy.

I found myself, presently, doing pretty nearly all the talking and to a rather preoccupied pair of listeners. Arthur had ordered a perfectly intelligent dinner for a hot night, but when it came, he showed little disposition to do justice to it. Jane's chief concern seemed to be to feed him—persuasions to try this or that, which he had been on the point of allowing to go away untasted.

She didn't overdo it. There was nothing solemn, nothing of the hospital manner, nothing to betray, on her part, any particular knowledge of his plight. Her concern was always tinged with humor. I remember her interrupting a rather long reminiscence of mine, to demand whether he would eat a Tortoni if she would. "I love them," she explained, "but he's so scornful of sweets" (she nodded at me over this brazen falsehood), "that I'm afraid to ask for them all by myself."

Mostly though, she was as grave as he. And my altruistic endeavor to brighten things up, degenerated deeper and deeper into a mere facetious sterility. I finally caved in when Arthur, very meekly, addressed me as Uncle Hubert.

It was natural enough, of course. He'd been taught to call me Uncle Hubert as soon as he could talk. And my conversation had had the true avuncular quality—Olympian, and a little hollow.

What got me, though, was a gasp and a wide-eyed look from Jane, as if, just then, for the first time, she saw me as an uncle, too. She wouldn't forget it, either. She'd call me Uncle Hubert herself some day, when a mood of mischief was on her.

But there was no mischief about her now. She turned seriously to the boy, for all the world as if I were an old clock that had done striking at last and the real conversation could go on.

"Do you like my play?" she asked.

He flushed and wasn't ready with an answer, and I, with a retaliatory rudeness she certainly deserved, said:

"Of course there are people in the world, Jane, who haven't seen your play."

Her reply electrified Arthur, just as it staggered me.

"He's seen it four times," she told me. "The first time he came, we were giving a perfectly rotten performance. Walter Pym" (this was Jane's leading man at the moment) "had some friends out in front and was showing off that voice of his. He got so interested in the sound of it, he went up in his lines. Oh, and all sorts of things happened. I remember saying to myself in my dressing-room afterward" (she had turned by now to Arthur) "that, well, you'd never come back, and feeling awfully sorry for myself about it. So it was nice, three or four days later, to find out just how right I was when things were going better. Then there were two weeks when they didn't come at all. But last week you came twice."

"So," she concluded, with a naïveté peculiar to Jane, "I know you like me. But what I want to know is whether you like my play."

"I didn't know," he said, "that you could—that anyone could see—see people in the audience like that."

Oh, it's a bad trick," Jane acknowledged, "and I try not to do it. Usually I don't. But sometimes there's a face that sticks out from the rest. Most of them are so wooden, you know. But do you like my play?"

"Why," said Arthur, "I don't believe I ever thought of it that way. Never thought that it could be any different. I just—believed it. You—you made me believe it."

Well, it was a very fine compliment, to be sure, in its perfect boyish simplicity, and I looked back quickly at Jane to see how she'd appreciate it. But I wasn't prepared for what I saw. Jane started to speak, but didn't. Pressed her lips together instead, and swallowed hard. Her hands, which had been lying slackly upon the cloth, sought each other and gripped tight. The brightness in her eyes was sudden tears.

I leaned back abruptly in my chair and made an elaborate pretense of relighting my cigar. I felt suddenly old and tired.

I tasted again, in that moment, the sullen, bitter and completely despicable resentment against the boy, or rather, against the thing the boy symbolized—the divine, imperious love of youth for youth, of which I had been deprived. The picture my memory flashed back to was that pair of scared, happy children, Woodward Baldwin and Letty, getting married, with me for best man, in that old Congressional minister's parlor. That was what young Arthur stood for. And now he and Jane were looking at each other like that.

What a dull, complacent old fool I had been about Jane, and that "static" friendship of ours, so comfortably permanent and secure. I smiled wryly at myself over the tact I had been attributing to her in not treating young Arthur as a lad in the presence of his elders, but as coeval with herself. Why, good heaven! They were almost of an age. There wasn't more than a year's difference between them. And I—well, I was Uncle Hubert.

They were in the midst of an eager discussion of her play by the time I had come out of my bitter little reverie. Arthur confessed to having a ticket for that night's performance in his pocket, and Jane was imploring, this time, his coldest

and most dispassionate criticism. Wouldn't he come back after the performance and tell her truly what he thought about it? She must go now. He could—we could all walk back to the theater together. There was no good asking me to see the play again. I had already seen it to repletion and was disposed to be rather haughty and cynical about it.

I glumly pleaded guilty to this indictment, and we got up to leave the restaurant together.

Arthur had positively asked me for my hat check, and had gone off to get my hat with his, so that, for a moment, Jane and I were left standing together at the foot of the stairs.

I found myself without a word to say to her and, for the moment, no more words had she. But just as Arthur was coming back, with an air of rousing herself from a deep preoccupation to a half-awareness that I stood there beside her, she looked up at me with a bright, but rather meaningless little smile, and slipped her hand into mine.

That demonstration gave me, somehow, a sharper twinge than anything that had gone before. In itself it showed she was absent-minded, for, ordinarily, Jane was careful about caresses like that in public places. She didn't like, she used to say, to act like an actress. But the tactile language of kisses, hand-clasps and so on, is much more candid and revealing than the spoken language. It is impossible to disguise the emotion that lies behind it, or to simulate an emotion that is not there. It was Uncle Hubert's hand that Jane's, a little apologetically, caressed.

CHAPTER VI

I THINK the Saturday morning Letty came to my office must have been about ten days later. I had been out of town again for three or four days. Not a pleasure excursion this time. I had just got back and was making up arrears of desk work as fast as I could, when Miss McLeish, who had answered my desk 'phone for me, told me who my caller was.

It wouldn't be fair to Miss McLeish to say that she conveyed this information to me in a tone of annoyance, or reproach, or severity. Her manners were too good for that. But there was distinctly an atmosphere about her which, as I had noted, Letty's incursions always produced.

Miss McLeish, you see, liked to keep me up to the mark. It was her pride to see that I met my appointments, that I kept up flush with my work—an ideal which I too often disappointed. The frivolities of my leisure hours she didn't mind a bit; but she treated her head over "my actresses," as the Baldwin ladies and Letty used to call them. But that a woman old enough to know better, older than she had any right to be, considering her looks, should come bothering around in business hours, and that I hadn't sand enough to send her about her own business, struck Miss McLeish, I am sure, as lamentable.

"Ask her to wait a few minutes," I said in my crispest manner. "This was in a futile attempt to placate Miss McLeish." "I'll ring when I'm ready for her."

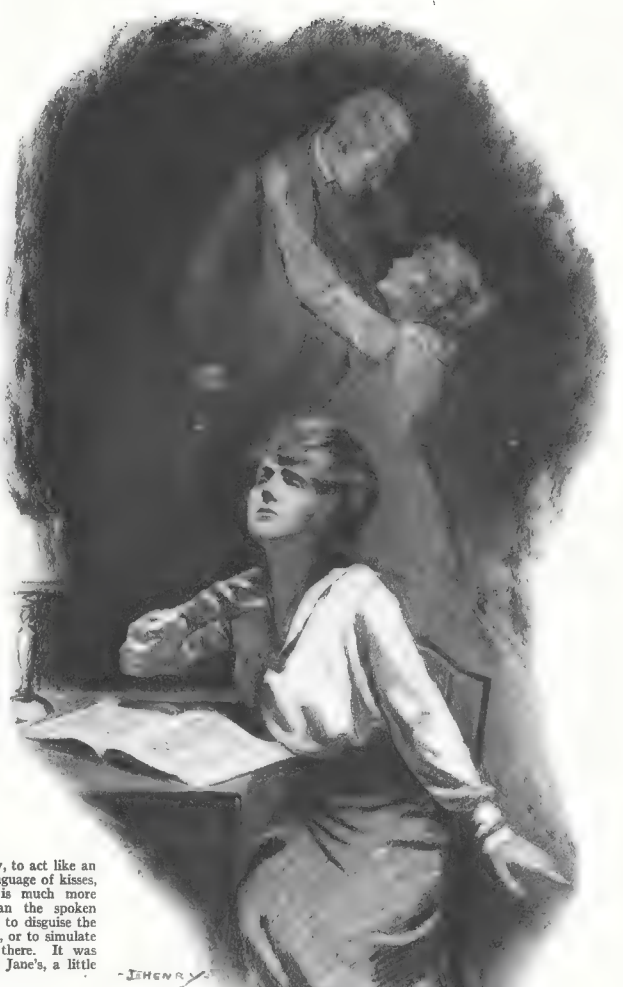
But I pushed my work away the moment my redoubtable secretary was out of the office, and the ten minutes or so that Letty was kept waiting outside, were devoted to an attempt to get my mind in focus for the approaching scene with her. I couldn't do any real planning for it, because I had no idea at what point it was going to begin. Had Arthur told her of his acceptance by the Draft Board and of my promise to do something, if anything could be done, to get him off? Had she come down this morning in the expectation that I had spent the intervening days making impassioned pleas to the Adjutant General, or the President?

This was not a pleasant possibility, because, as it happened, I hadn't even tried to find out what the chances were of getting him into one of the non-combatant arms of the service. It wasn't much pleasanter to contemplate the alternative that she still didn't know that he had been accepted, and had come to me for some sort of futile reassurance that he wouldn't be. Oh, there were plenty of reasons for my not wanting to see her that morning, taking the situation all around.

But postponing the interview wasn't going to do any good, so with a fortifying resolution to sit tight, give away as little as possible, and generally apply the brakes wherever I saw the chance, I rang for them to let Letty in.

I suppose it's getting rather monotonous, the way I keep insisting on how pretty she is, but there was something very special about her appearance this morning. She must have an exceptional understanding of clothes, because they're always so personal to her. They always serve to enhance her

Her part mastered, she could murder her husband every night, with no more expenditure of emotional energy than I put into a fast set of tennis



effect, to express her mood. You don't think of them as clothes, but as part of Letty. I'll admit it was Jane who, somewhat later, directed my attention to this phenomenon. But I got her effect that Saturday morning.

She produced it under the heavy handicap of a visit to a downtown office building, in the blazing heat of a midsummer morning. She was, I am sure, appropriately clad with reference to all these circumstances. Her frock was blue—bluish, anyhow, very thin but crisp—some sort of linen, I suppose, and her hat and her veil and her boots and her shopping-bag, all belonged with it, and helped to characterize a new intention, an intention to conquer.

I had never seen her so coldly, so electrically angry before. Blazes of indignation against the Baldwins, the Hornsbys, and other cruel and monstrous persons, I had seen. But they had never revealed her like this. And through it all she looked, as it was always in her power to look, about twenty-five years old. Why in the world had she donned this armor of conquest for me?

I GOT up, of course, and went over to meet her as she came in. But she greeted me with nothing but a nod, not even a hand-shake, went straight to my own chair and sat down very erect, on the edge of it. Daintily and with exquisite disdain she moved a stack of my papers aside, and put down her shopping-bag in the clear space thus created. I dropped meekly into the client's chair, shorn of authority, already a convicted criminal, though I hadn't heard the indictment yet. Nor guessed—it's a fact—the nature of it.

"You'll have to do something about this," she said. "Tell me what 'this' is and I'll do my best," said I. "Is it something about Arthur?"

"I thought you'd know," said Letty, "though I suppose she wouldn't go out of her way to tell you. But I should think your Baldwins would have told you. They know all about it. It was Victoria who came to me with the story. She told me as if it were a joke."

(Victoria is one of young Arthur's numerous aunts by marriage. She is rather the nicest one of the lot, I have always thought.)

"Victoria is not malicious," I said. "Maybe it is a joke. Tell me about it."

"Joke!" she echoed. And then the whole indictment blazed out in a sentence. "Arthur's infatuated with that actress of yours."

"You mean Jane Page?" I asked.

"Of course you have more than one," said Letty. "Yes, that's who I mean."

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Selling the World to the World

The Story of an American Woman's Success in Publicity

By Helen Christine Bennett



FOR the past two years I have been hearing almost every week of some young woman acquaintance who had just taken "a perfectly splendid job, doing publicity work for—" The ending of the various sentences concerning the "perfectly splendid jobs" covered a field so vast that it deserves a separate paragraph.

Every man or woman who wants to keep in the public eye—actor, lecturer, philanthropist or mere millionaire—seems to have acquired a "publicity representative." Every society, charitable or business or even merely social, which is big enough or affluent enough has been acquiring a "publicity secretary." Every business and organization and factory which prides itself upon being up to date, has been adding to its force a "publicity manager" or agent. Altogether the business of publicity seems to be advancing at a pace difficult to keep up with, and the majority of its administrators seem to be women, and most of them young women.

BUT Camilla Donworth is, I think, unique in this field. She is almost the only woman who has stepped from the realm of the written and spoken word in publicity into that of the motion picture and who is conducting a publicity business in which motion pictures are the main features. Miss Donworth has organized and is president of her own company in this novel field. But before I can tell you about Miss Donworth I shall have to venture a few more words about this little-talked-of field of publicity.

Publicity is differentiated from advertising by a thin line of demarcation which is, to tell the truth, often broken through. The general acceptance of the difference between publicity and advertising is that advertising is directed toward a general sale and publicity to a general boosting

of a commodity or organization. For instance, a publicity representative for an actor may write a dozen articles on that actor which the newspapers will print, but not one of them will contain the price of tickets to see the actor because that would be advertising. A publicity agent or secretary for the Red Cross does not add the price of Red Cross membership to her story of the healing of a wounded soldier. One of the biggest department stores in the country reserves a portion of its advertising space every day for describing some feature of the store organization, of welfare work for its employees or of the history of the growth of the store. This is publicity as distinct from the sale of dresses noted in the next column.

THE films of business which Miss Donworth plans are intended, she says,

"First of all to make the organization (that is the store, factory or plant) acquainted with its own good points; to insure a spirit of pride in production among the employees similar to that which a man used to have in his product when he made it all himself. In this age of specialized production the worker can have no such pride, unless through the films he can see exactly what his part means in relation to the whole. Next, these business films, showing every step in the making of a product, are used to inspire and to teach the sales organization of a company. Last of all, they are used to introduce the company to the general public.

"The majority of women in publicity work are comparatively young, because the rapid development in the work has been within the past ten years. Women come into it usually by one of two roads. The newspaper reporter or the writer who has the news sense and ideas often becomes a publicity woman. She has one of the two requisites for success in the work which is what is known in the trade as a 'nose for news.' Many women seem



to know instinctively what is news, that is, what people in general will or will not be interested in.

"The second road is that of the saleswoman. Publicity is connected with sales, although that object may be far in the background. When a firm engaged in the manufacture of food shows a motion picture of its spotless factory, its well-cared-for employees and its care in selecting goods, it is selling not the goods, but its service, to its customers.

"I do not mean to imply that all publicity women come to publicity through these two routes alone. I myself came through an entirely different one," said Miss Donworth. "Almost twenty years ago I went to a country place to rest. While I was there I made the acquaintance of a man who was trying to get out letters to his sales force on the road. He talked over the letters with me.

"Why don't you say this and that?" I inquired.

HE not only accepted the suggestions; he engaged me to write the letters.

I found that I could write letters that made the men on the road send grateful replies telling how much my letters (signed by the man), had helped to sell goods. It was some years later that, after practising publicity as a side line, I decided to take it up as a profession.

"My advice to any woman who wants to make a success in publicity work is to study some one commodity in which she happens to be interested; it may be hats or canned corn soup or the work of a man or a society. She should study whatever she selects until she knows everything she can learn about it. Then, when out of what she has learned she has evolved an idea which she believes will be useful in promoting that thing, she should offer it to the people interested. I have known woman after woman to enter this field this way.

[Continued on page 31]

House-to-House Campaigning in Japan

How a Woman of the Orient Snaps Her Fingers in the Face of Tradition

By Edith Wilds



IN the early Restoration Period of Japan, a Government official and his daughter, Haruko, arrived in Tokyo from the north. The little daughter was entered in the only Government girls' school then in the Empire. But little Haruko was soon forced to leave, as the authorities, after pronouncing it too radical, closed it—there were two American teachers on the staff! Then Haruko went to the Normal School.

When the Government later changed its mind about American influence and decided to send several girls from this school to America for study, Haruko and two others were appointed. But alas! the hands of some conservative graybeards went up in horror at the thought of what might be learned by these little Japanese maidens in the country of the barbarians, and the little girls remained in Japan.

BUT fate was even then shaping Haruko's future. There was at this time a brilliant young Japanese, Kazuo Hatoyama, studying law at Yale University. After five years he returned to Japan, his mind not too full of law that there was no room for thoughts of matrimony. While on the ship he met a Japanese professor of the very school which Haruko was then attending, and, according to Japanese custom, Mr. Hatoyama asked his new friend to find a suitable wife for him. The professor chose Haruko. After one meeting at which the shy maiden scarcely glanced at her husband elect, the young people were formally engaged.



Haruko Hatoyama

Haruko remained at the school and Mr. Hatoyama became the head of the Law Department at the Imperial University. Here his lectures were so tinged with western radicalism that he became *persona non grata* and was forced to resign. There was now only one career open to him—the bar. He successfully passed the Japanese examination and began his practice. Then there was a long and trying delay during which Haruko and her fiancé were prohibited by Japanese custom from even seeing each other. Mrs. Hatoyama told me how when Mr. Hatoyama wished to communicate with her, he was obliged to send word to the professor, his "go-between," who would convey the information to her father, who would in turn tell her mother, who would pass it on to Haruko. That was the custom then.

A FEW years passed and Mr. Hatoyama became the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs. And to hear Mrs. Hatoyama describe the social life that this appointment brought—the balls, where the diminutive Japanese ladies, in décolleté, the first foreign dresses in Japan, danced the waltz taught them by a German dancing-master, is to bring vividly to mind the period when it was ultra-fashionable in Japan to speak English, to wear Paris gowns, and to arrange one's hair in the huge pompadour, then fashionable in America, and surviving in Japan to this day.

And time went on and Japan established a Parliament and Mr. Hatoyama was induced to let himself be nominated as a member. But he was a busy man, enmeshed in his law practice, and he did not work for his election. He was defeated,

but it was the last time. And why? Because his wife decided that she, herself, would work for his election. She did not arrive at this decision without a struggle, for to be a Japanese lady was to have been bred with ideas of sweet shyness and gracious retirement.

"But it was necessary," the little lady adds, in her faultless English. "A candidate must have someone to help him. I became used to it and now I do it for my son."

And well may she be proud of the record of nine terms for which, through her efforts, her husband was elected a member of Parliament.

You who have not put and kept a husband and son in Parliament do not know what constant and untiring effort it means. It means inquiring after the health of every voter and each member of his family in a district which comprises 2,416 voters, several times a year, either by a personal call or a personal letter. It means sending the greetings of the season to each voter at the New Year's season. It means that as election time draws near a personally signed letter must be sent not only to the voters in her own district, but to the voters in the entire city of Tokyo, which furnishes 37,203 voters, begging their indorsement of the candidate. It means that a couple of weeks prior to election, each of the 2,416 voters in the district must be charmingly approached. Undoubtedly a promise is given. But as Mrs. Hatoyama well knows, a promise in Japan is a fluid thing, and consequently a few days later she makes her weary round again of the voters' homes. But even this is not enough, and a third time she visits the homes with her winsome appeal.

AND on election day, the spectators around the polling places see a novel sight. It is Mrs. Hatoyama, carefully dressed, stopping in her motor car at each polling place to bow and smile and talk to all around her. Then on to every other election office of the fifteen wards of Tokyo.

Then, and then only, does she turn her attention to industrial education for girls, for she is vice-president of an industrial school which is designed to qualify girls for the "duties of wives and mothers, or for an independent career."

What does this Japanese lady look like? She is eminently alive, that is to say, she does not affect the languid air usual with Japanese ladies. And, curiously enough, her voice is full and deep! Although she wears sandals, she walks with a brisk, eager step that gives the impression that she does not waste much time in indecision. When I saw her she wore a dark silk kimono with the crest of the family on sleeves and back, and an *obi*, or girdle of black satin. Her *eri* or neckband of silk, embroidered in chrysanthemums, was pinned together with a Yale College pin!



by Ruth Comfort Mitchell

ROSES in SNOW

Illustrated by Jno R Neill

PRAISES be—oftentimes the thing you brace yourself so fine and strong to stand, you never have to stand at all! That was the way of it with Maggie Kinsella.

It was herself told me the tale. I'd stopped by at her cottage to get a lace collar I'd ordered for my cousin Norah. I mind well the cackle of a laugh she gave. "God save you kindly, Miss, dear, your honor! Now isn't that the great wonder, surely? 'The loveliest lace' you do be saying! The likes of me, the wizened, wrinkled, old witch with the God-help-me face makes the loveliest lace—" and then she stopped short and clapped a wrinkled old claw over her mouth, and the scare on her poor, pock-marked face was a pitiful sight to see.

"Th' curse of th' crows on my tongue," she said. "Is himself out there in the sun, the way he'd be hearing me? No? Glory be, then, he's off to the Crossroads, to be picking up a copper, maybe, and the people going by to the Fair." I asked her why she didn't want him to hear what she said, and she asked if I had still the taste for a tale, woman grown that I was. "Well, then," she went on, "the time was when there was a face here would keep a lad from his sleep, and no lie I'm telling you, but God's truth, surely. Fine and tall I was, hair like a blackbird's wing the way you'd see it shining in the sun; eyes like a still pool in the deep of a wood; skin like new milk with the flush of the dawn on it. Larry Kinsella was ever the great lad for making verses. 'Roses in snow' is the silly name he would be calling me."

She rocked herself to and fro and crooned in the old, cracked voice she had—

"Faith and hope and charity,
A man has need of three;
I've got faith and hope in you;
You've charity for me!
With your lips and cheeks the roses
That is blooming in the snow,
Yourself is all the miracle
A man would need to know!"

"It's the proud, brazen hussy I was, Miss, dear—God be good to me—tossing my head, stealing their sweethearts out from under the noses of the other girls the time we'd be footing it to the Kerry Dance at the Crossroads in the full of the moon. Father Quinn—may the angels spread his bed smooth—was forever telling me. * * * I should take heed to the soul that would last me forever, and have done with my pride in the skin and the hair that would wither like grass."

"But I went my ways with a scandalous come-hither in my eyes, leaning over a still pool till I'd see my bold face smiling back at me and Larry Kinsella stealing up to whisper his tales in my ear."

"Then came the sickness, the curse of the plague that shadowed five counties the way you'd see a dark cloud sailing down the sky of a June day. Nary village but paid its toll in death and doom. One of the first I was, and one of the worst. Wirra, wirra, the weeks I lay on the sill of death's door! The weary, weary days! The long, black nights!

"Then came the day when I heard Father Quinn's voice, and he sitting beside me, telling me slow and easy, the way you'd be talking to a child itself, that Larry Kinsella was mending, and calling for me. Well, I rose up, destroyed with the weakness tho' I was, to be on the way to him, but there in the bit of a glass on my wall I saw my face. * * * Mary be good to—us! * * * My face! Back I fell in the deep pit of despair, praying for death itself. But it would not come to my bidding."

"In the black of the night, in the gray of the dawn, the dreams that tormented me! Larry's voice, wheedling and soft in my ear—

With your lips and cheeks the roses
That is blooming in the snow—

"And always Father Quinn, wasted and worn with his care for the living and prayer for the dead, bidding me rise up on my two feet and go to the lad I loved. Love, was it? God forgive me, the way I misnamed it. Was love the weak, pitiful thing that would be hiding alone in its sinful pride?"

"Well, in the dusk of one day I went with him. On foot we went, me leaning for weakness on his tired arm. Out of every house peered a face, scornful or sorry, but there was no lad begging a smile of the likes of me, and no green envy at all in the glance of the girls. They waited, still and scared, to leave us go by."

"When we were well past I went down on my two knees in the dirt of the road like I'd be praying at a shrine itself, for there was a white moon rising in the soul of me, and I saw clear. 'Mary, Mother,' I said, 'God forbid the likes of me to be driving a bargain with yourself, but give me the one thing only, and I'll never pester your ear again all the years of my life. Here in the dust I'll make a heap of all my sins and vanities—the toss of my head and the tilt of my chin, the love-looks of the lads and the black hate of the girls, and I'll burn them for a sacrifice the way the heathen would be doing and go joyful on my way, with the ashes in my mouth, for I know now what love is, God help me, I know now what love is! Leave the children to run from me, me the one time wonder of the western world; leave the girls to make mock of my face; only, Mary, Mary, for the joy he had in me, let Larry Kinsella be seeing me still with the eyes of love and see me fair!'"

"Then was a glad cry sounding, and the pinched face of Father Quinn shining like an altar candle. 'Glory be to God!' he cried out in a strong voice. 'Let you make haste to your lad!'"

"Then on swift feet I went to his house. When he heard my foot on the sill he leaped up. Down all the years I can hear the wild joy of him still. 'Core of my heart, have you come? Alannah! With your cheeks and lips the roses—'"

"I opened my mouth to cry shame on him, making mock of my woe, but the peace of God came down on me like a deep rain on a parched field, and I knew what way it would be with us two all the days of this world. * * * Larry Kinsella was blind. * * *"



The Girl in Jeans

THE farmerette may have been a war emergency measure, but she's going to be a permanent peace institution.

No longer may we picture the horny-handed son of toil, standing weary, but at peace, against the reddening sky—alone. There are two figures now trudging home across the yielding fields. Both are sturdily clad, but one a little smaller, with perhaps a stray escaping curl—the farmerette. She has gone out to get some of that blessed weariness and peace that come from toil in the open. Her brother is no longer to have a monopoly of either.

She was fifteen thousand strong last summer. She took her vacation from office or college or shop, and went out into Land Army units all over the country, from Maine to California and from Virginia to Oregon, to help America feed the world. She had backaches from hoeing and stiff arms from haying, but she crowded more of living into her brief vacation close to the soil, than all the summer resorts in the world could offer her.

She has gone out in the early morning in her blue jeans and driven the cows up through the dewy pastures. She has dug potatoes and found a surprise party in every hill. She pitched hay

last August. She is going to pitch hay again. She is going to help send those twenty million tons of food to hungry Europe.

She is inviting all the rest of you town-bred, office-bound women to come out and know the freedom of the broad fields. The way is plain sailing. There are the Land Army training farms, where you raw recruits can be turned into husky, wholesome farm hands—almost overnight. The country is dotted with colleges giving special courses in dairying and general agricultural work.

The day of the farmerette was not over when the armistice was signed. The Woman's Land Army, affiliated with the Department of Labor, is making big plans for the future. It is working in cooperation with the United States Employment Service, and if you want to be a farmerette, the first move is to address the Army at its headquarters, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.

The great wide world of all-out-doors is calling you. The smell of new-turned earth in springtime, the August fragrance of sun-warmed hay, barns snug with the fruits of harvest—aren't they an irresistible lure? What are you going to do this summer?



Whoa, Bill! It's a rough road



Photographs by Paul Thompson

The rustle of swaying trees! The scent of new-mown hay! The life of the farmerette isn't all breaking rocks



She teaches son to feed the chicks that she may go a-plowing



Even the dog is tired. But doesn't he look well?

This girl isn't afraid of cows, or grasshoppers, or spiders, or anything



BOBBY and Joffre tore down the narrow stairs from the balcony into the studio. Joffre's tail was wagging, and a great Dane's tail is a poor thing to wag in a studio full of statues.

Walter Evans dropped the flat knife he held and lunged toward the tottering Faun. He swore in his relief as Bobby caught the statue and set it again upon its perilous base.

"Edna! Jumping cats! Edna!" Evans laughed as he called his wife, but there was a gleam of anger in his eyes. "Edna!"

"Yes, dear—" Edna appeared in the balcony. She was not so tall as her husband, but as she leaned over the rail, supporting herself with large, capable hands, she looked, somehow, bigger. She was so . . . serene, so calm. And, even though she was attending to Walter and his clamor, her wide blue eyes were on Bobby and the adoring dog at his feet.

A baffled look came into Walter Evans' eyes as he looked at her. He made a gesture of hopeless irritation. You might have seen something habitual in that gesture; an echo of many predecessors, a forecast of endless successors.

The dog moved, following some movement of the restless Bobby, and Evans barely in time got between Joffre and the great figure of Labor on which he was at work.

"Heavens and earth, Edna!" he said, indignantly. "Will you do something with your offspring? Take him out and drown him—take him to the movies—chuck him through the window—do anything! Only get him out of my way!"

"Aw, Father, who's hurting your old statues, I'd like to know?" Bobby demanded.

Edna, patience personified, tolerance in her blue eyes, a maddening sort of peace in her slow movements, came down the stairs, smiling.

"But, Edna!" Evans said. "How can I do anything with these—these animals around the house? How can I finish this cursed statue with Bobby all the time tearing through here and Joffre after him, like a couple of elephants?"

He turned suddenly toward Bobby and lifted him high in his arms.

"Shall I throw you out of the window?" he asked.

"Yes, Father," said Bobby, obediently, and pulled the red hair that was now within his reach.

"Stop it—you little devil! Edna—you've got to do something."

"Yes, dear," his wife answered. "Bobby's going back to school to-day, and Joffre's never bothersome when he isn't here."

"Oh, you're always so darned reasonable!" Walter complained. "Lord—I suppose I do act like a temperamental idiot. And Bobby's not here much. But—"

"It's all right, dear," Edna said. She turned toward the great half-finished statue—Labor.

"I like Mike," she said. "You're really getting somewhere with him, aren't you?"

"I think so," Evans said. As he looked at the statue, the woman, the dog, even Bobby, receded; the room was filled with the great hulking figure. "Here—get out, all of you!" he said. "I want to get back to work."

Edna caught Bobby with a strong arm and lifted him, kicking, protesting. The wind, stirring outside, blew in through the window and wrapped her skirts about her. So she stood, for a moment, broad of bosom, full of hip, superbly strong, smiling at her husband and the great statue. Her blue eyes saw far, looked beyond the man and the statue that they envisaged.

BUT, Mother—oh, Mother—" Bobby cried, suddenly, "I want my roller skates—I want—"

His legs kicked up and down as though he were swimming.

"Hurry, then," she said, and flung open the door.

Two minutes later Evans was alone, and in five more he was furious at work.

It was growing dark when he stopped. Indeed, only the falling light checked him. His mood banished the menace of weariness. He was in a flaming passion of work; it was one of those afternoons when magic fingers came to his aid and nothing could go wrong. Only his work remained. Gone were all thoughts of Edna, of Bobby, of all the myriad things that were wont, too often, to come between him and the task to which, for the moment, he was pledged.

He stood back, away from the great figure, at last, and sighed as he regarded it.

"He's good," he said. "Oh, he's damned good! I don't care what anyone else thinks—I like him! He's real, too. There's a chap who works—works with his hands, and doesn't know there's any other sort of work. But he's thinking, too—while he works! He isn't sitting down to do his thinking, like that old chap of Rodin's!"

There was the oddest contrast between the heroic figure of Labor and the other things in the room: The half-finished Faun, exquisite in its grace, in lightness of conception and of execution, was almost an imperfection. There were figures of dancers, portrait busts—things to earn a catch of your breath as you saw them, they were so beautiful. Yet they all lacked something the great figure had. You have gone out from a theater into the sunshine of late afternoon . . . ?

Old Clay for New

A Studio Story of Labor and Love

By Phyllis Duganne and William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATION BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

Walter Evans grew slowly conscious of his weariness as he stood looking at his work. But he was deeply content; he hailed his weariness, welcomed it. He stirred at the slam of a door and the sudden clamor of Bobby's voice, half stilled by intervening doors. He smiled. After all, he'd been too rough, perhaps.

BUT a querulous look lingered in his eyes. He was thinking of Edna. He had no complaint to make of her, of course, and yet . . . She was so calm, always, so placid. She took him and his work so absolutely for granted, so much as a matter of course! Did she understand its meaning? Could she appreciate its exactions, its punishments, its rewards? She was sympathetic—oh, he knew that as no one else could ever know it! He couldn't forget the struggle of the first two or three years of their marriage, before his work had gained a vogue and made this studio and all the other wonderful things possible. She had been magnificent then.

About Bobby . . . He had been afraid, but her calm certainty, her utter failure to realize that there could be any alternative to having Bobby, had made him sure, too. She had believed in him always, and she had borne witness to the faith that was in her. How often had he seen her at work—scrubbing floors, cooking, dusting, a towel hiding the glory of her hair! He could never forget her as she had been in those days after Bobby had come. His eyes wandered to the figure he had made of her with Bobby at her breast.

And yet . . . Did she know, did she understand? There had been compensations for poverty in those days of struggle. He had done work then that he had never equaled, save in this new figure of Labor, since the tide had turned.

He had done that good work because he had had to do it, because something greater than himself demanded that he should. She had admired it, as she admired everything he did, as she admired the new statue. But she had been glad when that chance impulse to model a dancer had had such unforeseeable results—had revealed that he possessed a knack of seizing and arresting motion in a still figure.

He caught himself up, with a sharp gesture of disgust. Hadn't he been glad, too? Hadn't it all meant more, even, for him than for her? Hadn't he delighted in the translation from two rooms, where they had broiled in summer and frozen in winter, to this studio and the country place in Vermont? How about his club, and the luxury in which he lived?

And yet . . . His eyes and his thoughts went back, always, to the figure of Labor. A hot, unreasonable anger flamed up in him as he thought of how she had dubbed the great statue Mike. Some pride, some queer, repressed, half understood feeling, had forbidden him to show Edna his resentment of that. But he had resented it; he did; he always would. Had she understood the delight with which he had freed himself, by refusing profitable commissions, that he might have the time to do this work? Had she even the faintest conception of what this statue meant to him?

He hated himself. Never had he given his thoughts so free a rein. Again he threw out his hand in a gesture of quick anger and disgust. He was disloyal, unfair. And . . . He loved Edna, and Bobby. He could cling to that; it was true. He did love them. Only, he wished . . . he wished for something he could not put into words.

HE stood, looking at the figure. He had met, not long before, some men high in the councils of Labor. He didn't remember, it didn't strike him as being at all significant, that it had been through Edna that he had met those men. Edna had been growing more and more interested, lately, in social matters, strikes. He had talked with those men, and had come to him, suddenly, a conception of this statue.

He had always been remote from the problems of every day. Strikes had been things of which one read in the papers; at most, annoying interruptions of comfortable routine, such as occurred when there were, suddenly, no street cars. He hadn't visualized a strike as a struggle involving people like himself and Edna and Bobby; as a desperate fight that might mean hunger and prison for women and children.

Those men, quiet, earnest, sober in thought and speech, had set him to thinking. He had seized a pad and made a sketch—the first, faint forecast of the heroic figure that filled his studio now. It was of a man facing another man, unseen—Labor, asserting its claims, its rights. The idea had fired the leaders; gradually the plan of a statue to adorn a new building the unions were putting up in a Western city had taken form. There was no profit for Walter Evans in the commission; the price he had named wouldn't cover the actual cost of his work. But he could afford such a luxury now. Did Edna understand? He wondered. She was inarticulate, he knew, but, after all . . . He was musing when she came in. Her clear laugh rang out as she switched on the lights. Startled, he roused himself.

"Old dreamer!" she said, with one of her rare gestures of affection. "Dear—you can't work in the dark, really!"

"I know," he said. "You do look after me, Edna."

"It's time for you to dress, you know."

He looked at her blankly. "For the club show, silly!"

"Gee—yes! I'd forgotten. Bobby going to-night?"

"Yes. I'm going with him to the station. Helen's going up to school with Tom and Billy—remember? That's why I needn't go with Bobby."

"Fine! What are you going to do to-night? Won't be lonely, will you?"

"Heavens, no!" Edna laughed. "I'll find some way to amuse myself after Bobby's gone."

"I shan't be late, anyway. These stag things are overrated, if you want my opinion."

Edna smiled.

YOU really ought to dress," she said. "How did things go this afternoon?" She looked at the statue, critically. "Oh—you've done things to the right hand, haven't you? It's—oh, it's much better!"

There was a look almost morose in Walter's eyes. He sighed and went to his room to dress. A little later he kissed Bobby good-by and was off.

He had told the truth. Dinner and the show that followed it bored him. It was one of those hard, brilliant entertainments that certain groups of men in New York arrange for themselves. Much of it was amusing, but to Walter there was an effect of smartness, of straining for something that was never quite achieved.

"Damned amateurs, after all!" he said, suddenly, to Jimmy March, who sat beside him. "Suppose Ziegfeld tried to put like Slavin or Belasco undertook to do your rasels? We can't compete with professionals at their own game. I'd rather pay my two dollars and see a real show than sit through this!"

[Continued on page 65]



"Edna!" he cried. She lay on the floor, her head buried in her arms. He had eyes for nothing else

The Chic Chicken

With His Little Cane and Grip,
and Some New Clothes for a Trip

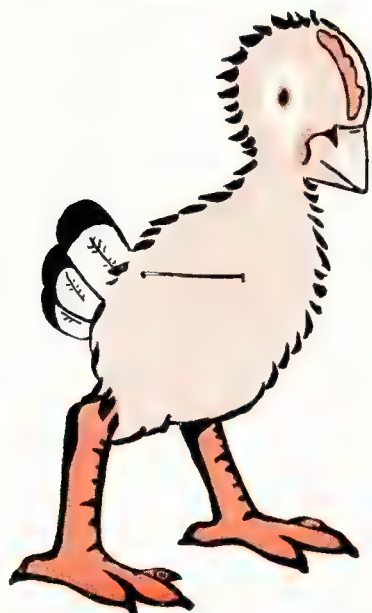
By Lillian Reed



Here's half his hat.
Isn't it swaggar?



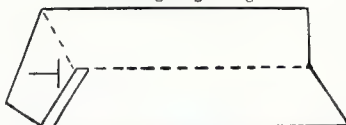
Here's the other half.
What's the good of one
without the other?



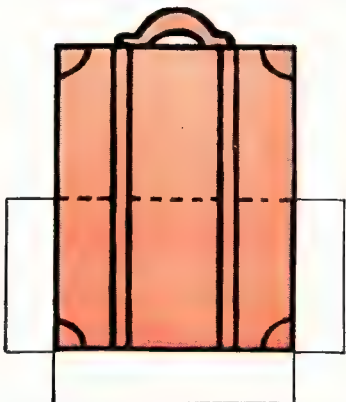
Here's half of the little chicken, who's old and
wise enough to travel



Here are his little wings to help
him jump the puddles. Fold
them on the dotted line and slip
them through the slit made
where wings ought to go



Here's his nice clean collar. We hope he takes
it off when he jumps puddles, so it won't get
spotted



Here's his little suit-case, so's he can pretend
he's got lots more clothes than you can see
here



Here's his other half. Perhaps he'd like to go to
France



Here's one of his spats to
keep his little left leg warm



Here's his other spat,
so he won't look lop-
sided

A David Cory Contest

DEAR CHILDREN.—Our contests have been crowded out of our own column because McCall's has had so much to say to the grown-ups, they had to have all the room! I'm glad we're back again; aren't you?

I sent all the prizes in the other contests to the children who won them. That was a long, long time ago, but I'm printing the names here, just the same.

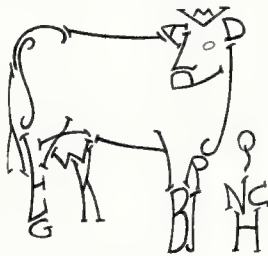
I hope you will like my Mooly Cow, all made of letters. Isn't the thistle funny, all of letters, too? Now, read the poem very carefully. Then make your drawing just as the poem says to. I am going to give one dollar

to the boy or girl sending me the most original drawing, two thrift stamps for the second best drawing. Then I am going to give one dollar to the boy or girl who sends me the best rhyme telling me what his kind of animal does when it rains; two thrift stamps for the second best rhyme.

Write your name and address plainly. No one who is over 12 may try.

All answers must be in March 20. Address me, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York. I can't send back any drawings, there are so many. Hurry up and send yours.

DAVID CORY.



Here's his little cane, so's he can
strike a pose or lean on it when
he's tired



Here's his little tie to make him
look nice and neat and well-
dressed

Winners in G-Raffe Contest

Lewis Hilles, First, Drawing Medford, Mass.
Roger Conant, Second, Drawing New Castle, Penn.
Kathleen Holloron, First, Rhyme Corvallis, Mont.
Lillian Stevens, Second, Rhyme Freeport, Ill.

The Alphabet-Animal Contest

DEAR CHILDREN, take the alphabet. And I will show you how. By grouping letters here and there, I've drawn a Mooly Cow.

Now, after you have studied her, Show me what you can make; An elephant, a tall giraffe, A lion or a snake.

In fact, draw anything that walks, Or anything that crawls, But only use the alphabet. No other marks or scrawls.

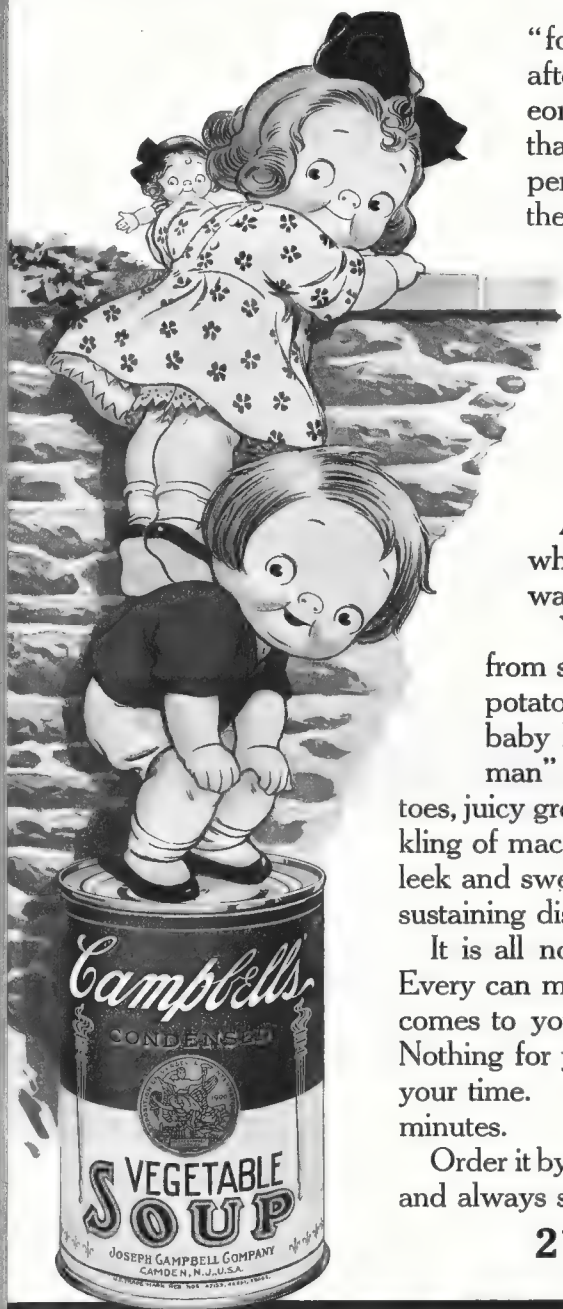
Winners in Pussy Contest

Violet Snyder, First, Drawing Flora, Ill.
Gladys Coats, Second, Drawing Wellington, Ohio
Buelah Johnson, Third, Drawing Galena, Ohio

When your food problem looks like a stone wall—

Let us help you over

"O, what uplifting joy I find
In friends so strong and steady!
With understanding firm and kind
And service always ready."



"What *shall* I give them for dinner?" or "for supper?" The same old question day after day! Then there is the children's luncheon and your own. Perhaps some appetites that need coaxing, too. And there is the expense question, which makes the problem all the harder.

You will be surprised, if you don't already know it, at the simple satisfying way this problem is answered by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Appetizing, nourishing, economical—this wholesome soup is exactly the help you want in this puzzling dilemma.

We make the rich full-bodied stock from selected beef. With this we blend choice potatoes, carrots, turnips—daintily diced. Also baby lima beans, small peas, "Country Gentleman" corn, Dutch cabbage, celery, parsley, tomatoes, juicy green okra, plenty of barley and rice, a sprinkling of macaroni alphabets, a flavoring touch of onion, leek and sweet red peppers. Indeed a tempting and sustaining dish.

It is all nourishment. There is no waste about it. Every can makes two cans of rich satisfying soup. It comes to you completely cooked, blended, seasoned. Nothing for you to add. It saves your fuel, your labor, your time. And it is all ready for your table in three minutes.

Order it by the dozen or case. Always have it handy, and always serve it *hot*.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Good the Next Day!

Batter made with RYZON Baking Powder may stand all night!

It's perfectly safe to mix your breakfast muffins to-day while you have the time—keep in the refrigerator over night—and bake them tomorrow morning! Or you can postpone baking that second pan of drop-cakes if there isn't room in the oven now.

RYZON is the dependable, economical baking powder and the RYZON recipes, all carefully worked out and using level measurements, make successful baking a certainty.

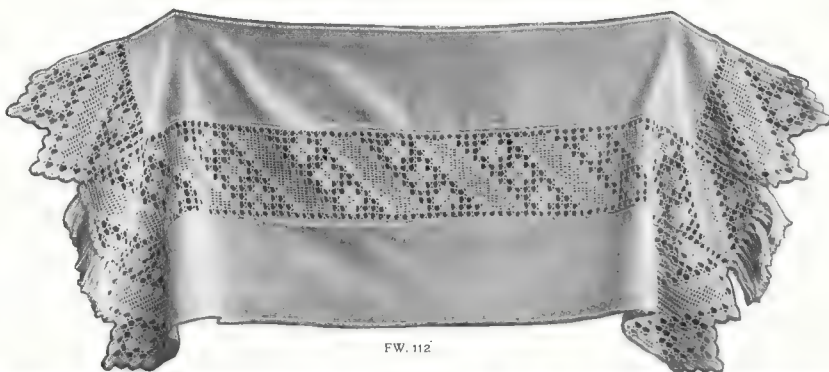


RYZON is 40 cents a pound. The new RYZON Baking Book (original price \$1.00) containing 250 practical recipes, many of conservation value, and others easily adapted to present day needs, will be mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 30 cents in stamps or coin, except in Canada.

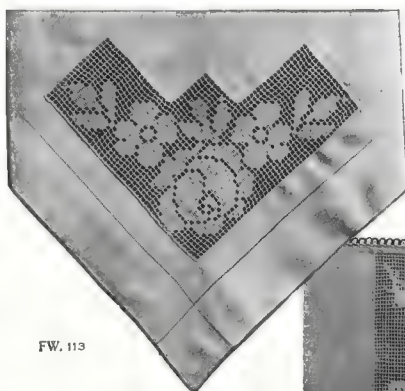
GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

A Filet Fashion Forecast

By Elisabeth M. Blondel



FW. 112

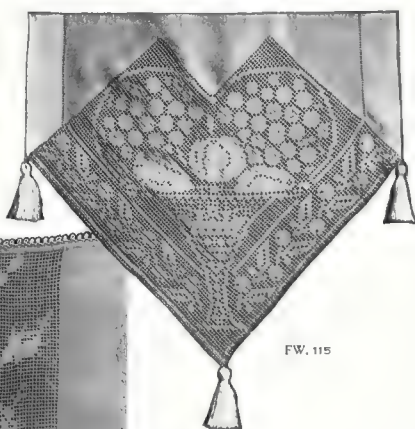


FW. 113

An old Norwegian design was revived with most successful results for band and border of the long scarf (No. FW. 112) which combines scrim with crochet in heavy écu cotton. The design is a repetition of a simple motif that presents no difficulties to the worker.

No. FW. 113.—The rose corner design directly above, makes a most practical and pleasing tea cloth when four of these corners are set in a square of linen.

Alternating bands of heavy filet crochet and linen make a durable, handsome and popular style of bedspread—and when the design is as charming as the one pictured below (No. FW. 114), surely one longs to start the work at once. The deeply pointed edge with its cleverly turned corner is attractive in the extreme. The bands measure about 5½ inches wide. See Editor's Note below.

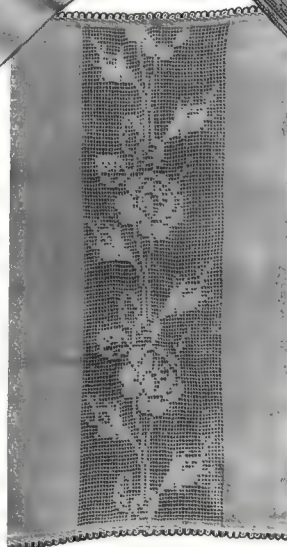


FW. 115

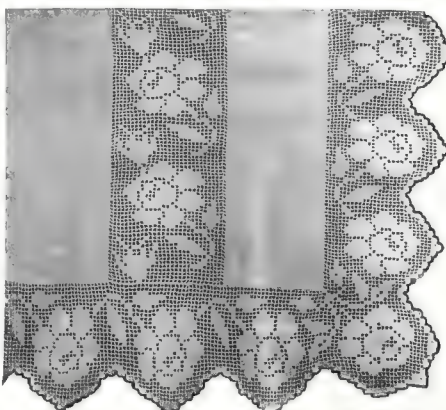
It would be difficult to find a scarf of more unique and distinctive appearance than the one shown directly above (No. FW. 115). Fruit being employed in the design, makes it especially suitable for use on sideboard or buffet.

The rose vine design, in center of page, carries a strong appeal to one's artistic sense, as it has without doubt captured the natural charm of the flower to an unusual degree. Crocheted with heavy cotton or darned in a filet mesh, this makes a stunning center for table cover or scarf (No. FW. 116).

Below is a familiar design adapted from one of the charming old cross-stitch samplers (No. FW. 117). A pillow of this quaint distinction will prove a real family treasure. The mesh is first crocheted in heavy écu cotton, then the design darned in a lovely dull red.



FW. 116



FW. 114



FW. 117

Editor's Note—Block patterns and directions for crocheting the articles on this page can be supplied as follows: For the scarf, tea cloth and bedspread FW. Nos. 112, 113, 114 (all printed on one leaflet) send 10 cents; and

for the scarf, rose-vine band and pillow Nos. FW. 115, 116 and 117 (on one leaflet, send 10 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope. Send money in stamps or money order to the McCall Co., 236-250 W. 37th St., N. Y.

Your Annual Problem—Walls

By Martha Grossman

WITH prices in wall-papers advanced in proportion to almost everything else, with labor correspondingly high, and with only twenty-five designs to choose from, when, heretofore, there have been said to be seventy-five, the average woman will be wanting to shut her eyes upon her walls this spring. But real economy does not lie in overlooking defects and allowing them to go from bad to worse. It lies, here, in making a study of the walls and determining which papers need merely cleaning, which need something more than a cleaning but are good enough to save; and, finally, which papers are going to need replacing.

Since cleaning is the simplest reviving process for wall-paper and the cheapest, it is advisable to think about it in connection with any wall which needs attention. By cleaning one small corner of the soiled paper, one can determine whether a cleaning will suffice.

Cleaning Process

It is a simple matter for the novice to clean wall-paper by the use of any one of the cleaning preparations on the market, fifteen cents' worth being enough for a whole room. An excellent cleaner can be made at home by mixing two teaspoonfuls of washing-soda with one quart of flour, and then adding enough water to make a stiff dough. In some cases, it would, of course, be better economy to have the work done by a professional. The cost for cleaning an average room would not be more than perhaps two or three dollars. If the dirt has become imbedded in the walls from constant wiping, of course even the professional cleaning will avail little.

Calimining Over Paper

Rough papers or flat wall cleaning with equal success in most cases; but the rough variety will be tremendously improved by an additional calimining finish, or, if the paper is in a solid color, by a coat of paint. Calimining may be bought for so little—about eight cents a pound—that there is no comparison between the expenditure and the result, if the work of applying is well done. Unless one is willing to invest in a good brush, however, and use great care in the application of the calimining, so it will not appear to have been daubed on with a garden rake, it will be greater economy to have a painter do the work. The cost for calimining over paper is not materially higher than the cost of cleaning. Between two dollars and two dollars and a half per square of ten feet, is the average cost. Papers which are faded or worn-looking, and not soiled, may be treated in this way.

The Newer Method of Glazing

There is a third, newer method of resuscitating paper—"glazing"—which is the most expensive and most difficult process of the three. But, since it will give the oldest paper a rich, substantial-looking surface, will tone down the vivid paper that has become an eyesore, and will transform any paper to match any woodwork, the extra money and labor will be well invested. The process consists first in sizing, which is the trade name for the glue-and-water applications most walls require before they are papered; then, after the sizing is dry, in applying a thin coat of shellac; and, finally, the applying of the colors which have been dried in oil and thinned in turpentine. With a careful following of directions and experimenting on bits of paper beforehand, there is no reason why glazing should not be successfully achieved by the veriest amateur. It takes the professional a day to "glaze" a room. Whereas the painter does the sizing and all in one day, the home-worker might size one day and shellac and color the next.

It would not do to "glaze" the walls of every room, since every room does not call either for the antique effect, or the dull tones, or any of the other effects which "glazing" produces. But for panels, surrounded by woodwork, and in living-rooms, reception halls and dining-rooms, where the furnishings verge on the antique or are dignified in pattern, it is an ideal treatment. Many brand-new papers are glazed in order to give them an effect of richness and age.

The woman who finds it necessary to re-do her walls this spring, and has the money to spend, will economize by investing in the very best paper she can afford, both because of its greater durability and on

account of the advanced costs in the hanging. It obviously does not pay to hang a cheap paper this year, when the average minimum cost for hanging is about thirty cents per roll. Of course, the more expensive the paper, the higher the hanging cost, but also the more artistic and enduring the result!

It is not unlikely the woman who has been in the habit of buying a cheap paper other years will be looking about for a still cheaper paper this year. Ordinarily, inexpensive papers have been perfectly desirable, especially where the walls were re-papered each year, since their designs were as durable and attractive as could be found in the more expensive ones; but, owing to the scarcity of good dyes this year, and the limited number of designs created, it stands to reason that the best choice in everything has gone into the better grades of wall coverings. Furthermore, with the cleaning

SPRING! Housecleaning time! Again you go over your domain, taking careful note of its condition. Don't overlook the background of your home—its walls and ceilings. Is the kitchen getting dingy? Does the paper in the hall seem rather shabby? Must the living-room have new covering?

Do you know what the wall-paper situation is now? This article, brimming with suggestions, will help you solve your wall problems this spring.—The Editor.

of wall-paper as a sure means of keeping it fresh-looking and sanitary, and with the possibilities in calimining and the new "glaze" process, one can make paper last as long as one wants it to, almost.

No amateur should attempt to hang paper, for it takes an expert to manage the paste and to apply the paper accurately and artistically. The waste in paper amounts to more in dollars and cents than the cost of having it hung by an expert, even in these times of high costs.

With only about twenty-five new designs a season, and the production cut to one-third normal, the tendencies in paper this spring are naturally toward utility, which means simplicity in design and color. Also, the domestic wall-paper industry has taken a great leap ahead. England and France have sent us only a small amount of wall-paper this year, and what they have sent is not of new design, but has been copied from tapestries and coverings a century or more old. Our own designers have followed their example, and it is difficult to distinguish the moderate-priced domestic paper from the most expensive imported one. Our colors, too, have grown to be almost as good as can be had.

The New Paper Designs

The idea that certain wall-papers or types of paper are suitable only for a particular type of room is no longer popular. This season decorators do not insist, because a paper has clear, gay-colored birds against a background of white and bamboo, that it belongs in a certain room and would fit in no other, or that an Old Adam design with a white motif against gray, or a cream design against soft, old blue, or a brown one against white, cannot find its way into drawing-room, music-room or reception-room, because it was created for living-room or hall. The matter of choice in wall-papers rests now almost wholly with one's own sense of suitability.

The 1919 papers are of such design and color as to facilitate this new tendency in the selection of wall coverings, for there are only a select few of them in the elaborate, formal, extravagant pattern which seemed for the last couple of years to be growing so in popularity. The greatest number of papers for the season are in damask effects, simple floral tapestries, stencil and moiré effects, the latter with a sheen, old chintz designs, and linen backgrounds. Most of the papers are in indistinct one- or two-color effects which neutralize until there is no particular color, just a shimmery mass. Of course, there are also a number of papers which stand out for their color. One pleasing design of roses in pale rose, soft green and very light tones of lavender combined makes an excellent bedroom or hall paper.

A Novel Border Scheme

Elaborate cut-out wall-paper borders have taken a slump this spring. Wall-paper manufacturers are now recommending this

novel scheme for utilizing borders: a straight-edged four-inch border is used for the top of the wall, and a cut-out border for the bottom, just above the base-board where the paper soils so rapidly. This border can be replaced at will. A feature in wall-papers this spring is the old-time ceiling paper designed to match the walls. Papers have been made to match cretonnes, from dazzling bird motifs to the tiniest rose spray for the bedroom. Delightful effects may be had by making good combinations.

Papering a Paneled Room

The panels in dining-room, living-room or reception-room have been carefully considered, and, just for them, a very few unique and elaborate papers have come to light. Rich Chinese and characteristic Japanese designs in colors on a black back-

ground, combinations of browns and blacks with a lacquer surface, Persian novelties (gray blocks with flower baskets spread about in blues and roses and browns and greens), scenic effects that tell a vivid story, in vivid hues, or scenic effects in subdued grays or browns are among the panel patterns.

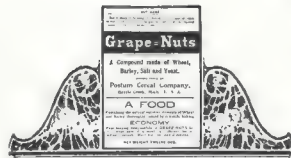
Of course, such papers as these must be used with discretion. Spread all over the walls of a room they would be impossible. But for their original purpose, framed by rich-toned woodwork and surrounded by plain stiling ("stiling" being the spaces for paper borders or panels between the dominant panels), and forming an appropriate background for the furnishings, nothing can compare with them. The good old Tiffanys formerly were used for the stiling, but the rude imitations of recent years have made them almost passé, just as the oatmeal papers in any except the plain finish, which is a staple, is also almost a thing of the past. This plain oatmeal, in a lighter or deeper tone than the paper within the panel, and preferably in the deeper, is extremely popular for the stiling.

Shall it be Stripes or Flowers?

The effect of wall-paper upon the character of the room certainly is no new notion, and yet, since the war, new and astonishing examples of what can be done in that direction. One dining-room severe in architectural detail, with panels done in one tone, fairly cried aloud for freedom. Along came a decorator with a faintly-colored landscape and a vista, and the room acquired a contagious sense of freedom and a brightness that was a relief. One designer wanted to call attention to the unique ladder-back chairs in an old colonial dining-room, so he decorated his walls with a paper whose many vines accomplished the purpose. On this same principle, low rooms papered in stripes are made to look higher; too high rooms decorated in elaborate scrolls are reduced in height; long, narrow rooms are kept from seeming longer than they really are by having a patterned paper above a chair rail, and a plain, or dado effect, below, and so on.

Since the government prohibited the importation of Japanese grass-cloth, an imitation has sprung up on the market which can be distinguished, only with difficulty, from the real cloth. Grass-cloth is an excellent background for pictures. The new fabric and stipple effects have almost the same things to recommend them as the grass-cloth, and promise to be as popular. They come in the so-called white stock, which has stepped into the place of the oatmeal paper and which is moderate-priced. Some of the papers are plain, and some have small figures and conventional patterns, yet they are perfect backgrounds for the display of pictures or furniture. They will give the furniture a chance to assert itself. Often a room treated thus favorably, demonstrates an undreamed of personality.

Always be sure to reserve for yourself all left-over bits of wall-paper, since they may come in handy some time for patching. If there should be a goodly supply of paper left this season, you will have an opportunity to use it to help decorate your home. Gradually, wall-papers are coming to be used for other purposes than mere wall-coverings, and the latest innovation is the wall-paper screen. The paper is pasted or tacked to the screen frame and is then varnished. This varnish gives to the paper a hand-painted effect that is astonishingly beautiful and deceiving. Any of the panel paper will be excellent for this purpose, but if you want a plain screen rather than a fantastic one, a Japanese leather paper may well be your choice.



Children Love Grape-Nuts

From the child's standpoint, Grape-Nuts is a "delicious" food, and makes him "feel good." But you cannot expect children to analyze the food question for themselves.

Here is where the parents' duty comes in, to tell the children in simple language why Grape-Nuts makes them "feel good."

They should be told that Grape-Nuts makes them grow, and makes them strong and well, because it is made of wheat and barley—wonderful grains for food.

They should be told about the really vital "mineral salts" which the body needs to make and keep it healthy, and that they get these plentifully in Grape-Nuts.

And then if they are told that the long baking of Grape-Nuts, and the thorough "chewing" which they give to this food makes it easy to digest, they will have nearly the whole story of why Grape-Nuts not only makes children, but everybody, "feel good." Truly—

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts



An Invitation

Which Mothers Should Accept

Nearly every magazine you read invites you to serve Puffed Grains—for the children's sake.

That is, Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs—all bubble grains, flavory and flaky.

And it pictures ways of serving which millions now enjoy.

500 Million Dishes

Last year mothers served in these ways over 500 million dishes. And these three Puffed Grains have become the favorite grain dainties.

Millions of children are getting whole wheat with every food cell exploded—whole wheat made wholly digestible.

They are getting whole rice puffed to flimsy, airy morsels, eight times normal size.

They are getting corn hearts puffed in like way—delightful food confections.

They are getting all these grains fitted for digestion as they never were before.

All are steam-exploded—all are shot from guns. All are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process to make them hygienic foods.

And all are fragile, flavory tidbits with a taste like toasted nuts. All are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

If you now serve one of them try the other two. Each has its own fascinations.

And try serving them in more ways. They are ideal all-hour foods.

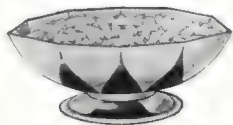
Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West



Serve with cream and sugar. Mix them with your fruits. For luncheons and suppers float in bowls of milk.

All Puffed Grains are crisp and toasted, and four times as porous as bread.



Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry—like peanuts—after school.

Use like nut meats in home candy making, or scattered on ice cream.

Use as wafers in your soups.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(2092)

Letters From Home Women

Over and over again housewives who find time in their busy days for other things, have written us for suggestions for turning these spare moments into money. Many inquiries have come asking that we print more of the letters that won prizes in our Home Money-Making Contest. Here are two of the excellent letters from women who have demonstrated the possibilities for the women of enterprise.—The Editor.

The Flower Lady

AS I am a great lover of flowers, and was always successful with them, I will tell you how I made them pay me a steady income from the time that iris came into bloom, until the freezing weather caught the chrysanthemums.

I visited the banks, dentists, dry-goods stores, hotels, confectioners, real-estate offices and best two garages, and made the proposition that I would furnish them with two small bouquets a week at ten cents apiece, and give them different flowers as they came into bloom. They were to furnish me with tall and short vases, so that I could use either as I saw fit. I was to call, change, and arrange the flowers as my own taste suggested.

I had my household duties to attend to, so could only spare a limited amount of time for my new venture. I delivered my flowers as soon in the morning as possible. I had a carrier placed in front of my bicycle for the basket of flowers, which were always covered carefully.

If irises was to be the bouquet, I put about a dozen shoots with a few leaves and a bud or two in a rather tall receptacle. Twelve or fourteen sprays of sweet peas made a nice bunch. I always cut the stems long enough to include some leaves and curly tendrils. Petunias and pansies looked pretty placed in a low, rather broad vase. I was very careful to have the colors harmonize, never placing different varieties in the same bouquet. With sweet peas, I only used the three colors, red, pink and white, but with nasturtiums, all the different colors blend perfectly. A piece of the vine hanging carelessly over the side, lends grace to the bouquet. Flowers have enough foliage of their own without additional ferns. Flowers should never be crowded—better to have too few, than too many.

When planning your flower garden, raise the large ruffled single petunias. The double ones have a tendency to trail their heavy blooms on the ground after a wind or rain; they are also too easily broken. I find that roses do not make a satisfactory bouquet because they wilt too soon. The best of them, however, are the Cochet family.

My customers wanted flowers that would stay fresh until I came with a new supply. I always sorted over the old ones, changed the water, and set them in the background if there was still beauty there. I delivered flowers every morning except Saturday. On Easter Sunday, I made a special delivery to the hotels, as they always wanted extra fresh bouquets for their tables.

My wheel enabled me to make my deliveries in an hour and a half, getting back in plenty of time to prepare my noon meal.

The flowers that I made a specialty of are easy to grow, and require very little attention: Irises, gladioli, verbenas, dahlias (single), nasturtium (trailing), petunias (large ruffled), phlox, sweet peas, asters, pansies, roses and chrysanthemums. I averaged three dollars and sixty cents a week all summer. This plan was original with me, but I see no reason why it wouldn't be successful anywhere.

N. H. B.

My Circulating Library

WE live in a town where there is no library, and as I am obliged to stay at home, being an invalid, I devised this plan of making money.

Gathering up all of my books of fiction, I found I had thirty or forty. With these, I started a small library, charging two cents per day as rent on each copy.

My returns at first were small, but I put the money received each week into more books. Now, at the end of two years, I have about three hundred books, and make anywhere from fifty cents to three dollars a week. All the work attached to this plan is merely keeping an account book. When a customer takes out a book, write down his name, the title of the book and the date. When the book is returned, the length of time is counted up, and the name scratched off the list. Then, too, I make quite a profit on a number of books which I keep for sale.

This idea, while only practicable in a town where there is no library, could very easily be enlarged upon. The plan also has this advantage: it gives one the chance to read all the late books.

N. K.

McCall Patterns In War Work

When the need arose, vast quantities of McCall Patterns specially designed for the wounded, the convalescents and the refugees of Europe, were quickly provided—and their adaptability—their simplicity—really surprised thousands of war workers, who had never done much sewing before.

The ease of using McCall Patterns has whetted the desire of this army of patriotic women to make their own apparel and that of their children.

It's a short step—and a logical one—from the needlework made necessary by the war to that suggested by your own personal needs. The present popularity of this movement may be directly traced to the fact that so many women have just discovered how readily they can make clothes with McCall Patterns as guides.

McCall's Are Simplest

McCall Patterns, enable you to make a house dress, a walking suit, a dinner gown or a dancing frock just as easily as you made an official Red Cross convalescent robe, hospital bed shirt or refugee garment.

The instructions are clear; the style-effect is absolutely certain to be developed. Can't be missed. It's merely a matter of cutting the cloth according to the perforations in the Pattern.

You, Miss or Madam, who read this, should join the ranks of home-sewers. McCall Patterns make home sewing easy, inexpensive, and sure of satisfaction. It is economical, it will fill your leisure usefully, it will give you exclusiveness, because you choose your own fabrics and colors.

All McCall Patterns, with full and exact directions for use, can be obtained from any McCall Pattern Agency, or direct by mail from the nearest office of the McCall Company.

Patterns will be sent postpaid at the following prices:

Ladies' and Misses' Dresses, 25cts
Ladies' and Misses' Coats
and Suits . . . 25 "
All other Patterns . . . 20 "
All Transfer Designs . . . 20 "

The McCall Company

McCall Building
236-250 W. 37th St., New York, N.Y.

Other McCall Offices:
Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Cal.
418-424 So. Wells St. 140 Second St.
Boston, Mass. Atlanta, Ga.
34-40 Chauncy St. 82 North Pryor St.
Toronto, Canada—70 Bond St.

Dressing the Part

By Darra More

IN the theater it is essential that an actress should "look the part." So important is this matter of appearance, that managers have been known to pay generous salaries to young women just for their looks, regardless sometimes of their experience. Now, Lillie Lanning was not an actress, but she had the inherent sense of many other wise business-girls to know that care in personal appearance was one sure stepping-stone to success.

When Lillie's mother said to her, "If you'd spend more time making those queer signs in your note-book, and fuss less over hanging your skirt and keeping your hair brushed smooth, you'd be more of a help to your old mother," Lillie smiled reassuringly.

"If a girl looks the part, Mother," she replied, "employers take her efficiency for granted. The well-dressed girl gets the job and proves her fitness for it afterward."

Lillie Lanning Proves Her Point

As yet, Lillie was in a big, outer office with many girls. A number were pretty, and all were fairly good stenographers. Lillie was not pretty, but she was well-dressed, carefully-brushed, perfectly-polished. And because of these attributes, she had poise. She was sure of herself.

When the vice-president's secretary sent word that she would not be able to be at the office that day, the vice-president sent at once for the office-manager and asked,

"Is that young woman I passed in the outer hall a stenographer, Mr. Rennie, the one who looks like a tailor's model?"

Mr. Rennie knew that there was just one girl whom the description fitted. He nodded affirmatively. "Send her in," said the vice-president. "She looks as if she knew her business."

Because Lillie Lanning looked the part, she got her chance and made good within a very brief time. What was she wearing that day? A plain silk shirt-waist (not transparent), a perfectly-fitting, dark-blue serge skirt, and a pair of high-topped, well-polished shoes with heels straight and true. So trim was every line of her, that she looked as if she were a part of the system—a perfect-fitting cog in a well-ordered machine.

"It was study of the suitability of clothes and the self-confidence that those clothes gave me, that opened the door of opportunity," declared Lillie Lanning in telling of it later.

And she was right. The girl of to-day must be not only efficient, but also effective. Right clothes worn in the right place will make you fifty per cent more capable.

Good Looks and Business

The first requisite for a girl in business is good health; but closely allied thereto, is the requisite of good looks, and it is possible for every girl to be good-looking. There is an element of beauty in everything. A girl should search for that element in herself, and enlarge upon and nourish it. The day is gone for self-sacrificing, self-denying girls to be looked upon as heroines. To-day we know that "it is not so much what you do for other people, as what you are," that counts. The power of example is so compelling, that we realize if we make the best of ourselves, we will make others better.

"Our fathers," wrote M. Jules Lemaitre, "who wore lace and feathers, coats red, blue, dove-colored, apple-green and soft-hued lilac, could not but feel more disposed to joy, seeing each other blooming like flower-beds. If fashion should some day make us walk the streets in purple silks, we should forthwith be rescued from doubt and despair."

I do not argue for the silly, extravagant woman who takes no thought of where her spending of money will end. But I do say that the girl who forever denies herself the pretty little things, kills something precious in her.

TWO Beauty Booklets indispensable to the woman who cares: "The Care of the Skin and Hands," "Care of Figure, Hair, Teeth and Eyes." Price, 10 cents each. Address Beauty Department, care of McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

There was Emily who writes for the magazines. She was hopelessly discouraged about her work.

"I've just about decided to give it all up," she confessed to me one day. "Nobody wants my work. I'm a failure."

"When I am down-and-out, mentally," I said, "I do what some might think the height of folly. I search for the nearest flower shop and buy a rose or a bunch of violets. I ask for a pin and I place the flower where I can see it, and glory in its beauty. It is my cure-all for sordid and sad moments. Come on, Emily, let's hurry to the florist's."

Emily reached for her hat. "Look at this old hat!" she exclaimed. "It looks just like me—worn-out, hopeless!"

"As a sporting proposition, let's go out and buy you the prettiest hat in town. An inspiration hat, Emily!"

And we did. Emily spent a fair portion of her ready money for a red hat. Months afterward, Emily assured me that that red hat "Put her on her feet permanently. You see," she said, "I had to live up to its success, so I went straight back to my room and wrote a story that sold!"

An Old Lady's Legacy to Young Girls

Many girls need just that. When things go wrong, they need to take a bath, brush their hair, put on the best clothes they own, and sally forth into the sunshine amid a happy throng of fellow beings.

The power for good that lies in well-chosen clothes, did not escape a wise and wealthy old lady. In her will, she designated a large sum of money for the establishment of a home for girls, providing that the main feature of that home was a sewing-room with resident dressmakers, who, for



It is possible for every girl to be good-looking, and clothes have something to do with it

a nominal sum, should turn out pretty and suitable clothes for the girls who made their home there. It was her belief that a well-dressed girl is proof against ordinary temptations; that her clothes give herself-respect and balance.

"Aren't poverty-stricken clothes outside evidence of a poverty-stricken inside?" said the old lady sharply. "If a girl's clothes look as if she had no respect for herself, how do you expect others to respect her? There is a mighty close relation between the color of a girl's petticoat and the state of her soul. A girl's new dress is a girl's new promise to herself. Instead of decrying the working girl's love of clothes and pretties, reformers should busy themselves educating girls to wear the right sort of clothes, and attaining for them a wage that will insure a pretty dress now and then."

The girl who has been taught to dress suitably and to care for her body will be self-respecting, self-confident, and alive with ambition. She will express individuality. She will not be eccentric or conspicuous, but she will develop a personality of her own. Because the girl from afar is all millinery and make-up, she will not imitate her, for she knows that anybody can look like a show-window, but it takes an artist to look like herself.

Of all the outside forces that go to make us what we are or what we want to be, our style of dress is one of the most important. Clothes react upon the individual and upon all with whom that individual comes in contact. Dress your part and you will play it better.

Right Now I Am Making a Low Factory Price on 10,000 Cookers



WM. CAMPBELL
The Original Fireless Cooker Man

JUST now I am making a special price proposition on 10,000 Fireless Cookers to introduce them quickly into new homes. I am doing this because one of my Rapids always sells another—and another. One trial convinces the housewife, and she won't rest until her friends get the same comfort and saving that she enjoys. My Rapid Fireless Cooker actually reduces the cost of living. It saves you a big per cent of your fuel bill, saves you time and worry, and cooks all kinds of food better. It makes them more digestible and more delicious. All the flavor of the food remains in the food after it is cooked. My

Rapid FIRELESS COOKER

Saves You Work—Saves You Steps—Saves You Standing Over the Hot Cook Stove, Because Nothing Burns or Sticks

Takes all the drudgery out of housework and makes you independent of hired help. Leaves you free for the afternoon. Just put your dinner in the cooker, and then forget it! When you come home it is all ready to serve.

In the Home That Has My Rapid There's No Such Thing as the "Servant Problem"

I want you to use my Rapid Fireless Cooker a month at my risk. Then I want you to take a vote of the entire family and yourself, and if you don't decide that the Rapid Fireless Cooker is a marvel, if the whole family don't say that they never had better meals, more wholesomely cooked, and if you don't say that you did it with far less work than you ever did before, then send it right back and I will return your money without argument.

Try My Rapid 30 Days on My Personal Money-Back Guarantee

Try my Rapid this way and see how much better it is than the ordinary cooker; two tops instead of one to retain the heat; no re-heating necessary; radiators do not crack or break, last forever.

Send for Big, Free Book

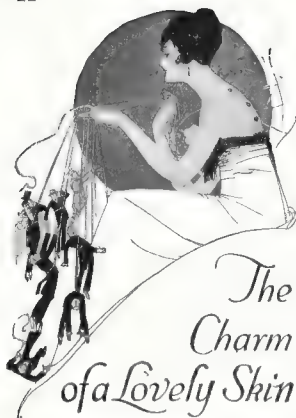
It shows that with the Rapid, you can cook or prepare every dish you serve on your table. It roasts, boils, stews, steams, fries, bakes every kind of meat, fish and vegetables, makes delicious soups, puddings, breakfast foods, preserves. Does a score of things you never knew a fireless cooker could do.

Write for My Special Bargain Price

Remember, by buying from me you will save on the first cost as well as in fuel, food and work. I make my Rapids on a large scale, and sell direct from my factories. Right at the start you pay much less for a Rapid than if you bought in any other way. Get a Rapid at once. Write today. A postal will do. Wm. Campbell, President.

THE WM. CAMPBELL COMPANY Dept. 321
DETROIT, MICHIGAN





You can dispense with that expensive variety of lotions and skin foods—one cream will answer all purposes and that is Crème de Meridor.

In the morning after the bath, during the day between engagements, at night after the evening's pleasure—Crème de Meridor should be faithfully applied. It keeps the skin glowing and healthy, smooth as ivory! It's a "day" cream and a "night" cream in one, and being greaseless it is easily applied.

Eradicate those tell-tale wrinkles at the eyes, those folds below the chin, free your skin from blackheads and blemish—it's the easiest thing in the world with Crème de Meridor.

Write for a free sample or send 50c for a complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing soap, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and a miniature jar of Crème de Meridor.

Lazell
Newburgh-on-the-Hudson
Dept. 6-M
NEW YORK



The Perfect Hair Remover

DEMIRACLE, the original sanitary liquid, is equally efficacious for removing superfluous hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

This common-sense method is both logical and practical. It acts quickly and with absolute certainty.

DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly and most convenient to apply.

Samples—We do not supply them, but you can try DeMiracle at our expense. Buy a bottle, use it just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00.

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle

Dept. 15

Park Avenue and 129th Street, New York

Re-Chickening France!

Tragedy of Homeless Stirs American Hearts

By Maria Thompson Daviess

Cooperating with the American Committee for Devastated France

EGG-SHELLS are popping over in France and our dimes are hopping out of them in the form of baby chicks, who are shaking their feathers and craning their necks to begin the business of scratching up their living. These little hustlers are the progeny of the dimes that poured in in December and January in response to our first two appeals to our readers to help re-chicken France. We knew we could count upon the imaginations of Americans, when we said to them:

"Give us a dime, and we'll put a baby chick in a snug place behind the kitchen fire of some plucky woman in France, who has come back to rebuild her devastated home in the regions our boys have helped clear of the enemy."

The results have been such that we keep the offer standing. The dimes have poured in, in a silver stream that matches the silver chevrons upon the sleeves of the plucky men who gave themselves in service, though they never got across to fight. Their sacrifices were transmuted into force in the lines ahead of them, just as our dimes were transmuted into the force of nutrition.

And letters have come to us, borne along on the silver stream.

Listen to this, and don't try to fight the tears that do your heart credit:

"Dear Sir.—I am a little girl. I got no father, but I got a good mother. . . . My mother nurse. She work to keep me. I am eleven years and not strong. I had infantile paralysis, it left my left leg helpless, but I want to help all I can. I bot war stamps. I can't give much, but I give half. I am glad I give if ever so little. . . ."

Or this simple statement of sentiment and fact:

"Please find enclosed one dime to help re-chicken France. I will send more at other times if I may do that. May I? I will wear my badge with a great honor. I am just a little girl. My brother got killed in action in France. . . ."

RIGHT here is a good place to ask for the repeating dimes.

Those incubators are getting empty again, and they must be filled twice more, anyway. Can't everybody begin to pyramid their dimes? Just put one dime on top of the other and see that the bit of money is made twice as thick, or lay them one beside another and see that the resulting wealth is twice as long or broad. Why not?

Listen to this, mothers of boys still in France:

"It is just one year to-day since my eldest boy, then just past twenty years of age, enlisted under Uncle Sam to try to free France

and other unfortunate countries. So in celebration of a grand event in his life, as well as my own, I send this small help."

If every mother of a soldier or sailor, who could, would celebrate her boy's year in France this way, think what it would do for the country he fought with, for and in! Remember that no tiny thin French hand was held up to the Sammies for chocolate or a bit of bread, in vain "Over There." "Buddy" went without and let his sweet tooth ache to put his precious candy into those little fists. Can we do less? That chunk of chocolate cost him a dime. A

EVERY soldier returning to comfortable America paints a more tragic picture of wrecked homes and shell-torn fields.

Those chickenless farms need restocking. Ten pennies shaken from a small iron bank, or one dime from a full pocket, will put an egg in an incubator over there. Help this good cause and display the tricolored badge we'll send you. Get together, and send dimes to buy eggs, to make chickens, to feed France!

Make all checks and money orders payable to McCall's Magazine.

baby chick costs a dime. Come, then, match him!

And right now is the time! Just before Christmas, Miss Anne Morgan came back to New York for a brief visit. When she sailed again to France, she took with her Miss Lucy Hewitt, who hatched out of her own vigorous young brain and tender young heart, this entire scheme to put chicken nourishment into French children and invalids. With them went that well-known poultry specialist, Mr. M. C. Kilpatrick, of the Ohio State College. They are giving their entire time to looking after the chicken farms. Their firm determination is to deliver a box or bag or basket of the one-day-old chicks to every French farmer woman who herself travels miles, or sends small Pierre or Nanette, or drives

this wonderful Peace 1919, is ended, we may know something about our actual results.

WE have had a letter or two from people slightly lacking in vision, reproaching us with the fact that we are too optimistic about the results of the little broods we intend to scatter among the reclaimed shell holes in France. We know the results will be miracles in comparison with what the farmers' wives in our own land of plenty get. Every one of our dimes hatched out "Over There" will be tended like a human baby, and not left to shift more or less for itself in storm and shine, dew and frost. They, and their children's children, will be members of a French family, and not strangers without the back gate.

This much they deserve, because they were made possible by measures of thrift and unselfishness that put a different—from-the-money value on their soft, downy heads. Could a chick be left with no attention after it was started on the royal road to France by this band of little girls of Belmont, Massachusetts, whose leader writes, "We have a little club of five called 'The Outdoor Club' and we have earned quite a sum of money by outdoor entertainments. We decided we would each like to have a chicken in France, bought with the money we earned."

Here's the whole situation—and we must meet it. We have efficient, serious men and women over in France looking after the money we have sent them and turning it into young chickens as rapidly as possible. They have simple but scientific equipment and make each dime do its full duty. We must keep those incubators full or they will be a loss.

The response from people who could send single, and small flocks of dimes, has been wonderful and inspiring. We have had some big checks, too, but now we appeal for the ten and fifty and hundred dollar checks in greater number. Turn your new straw hat into a straw nest out in some old shell-torn stone barn in France, and wear your old one. Give up a few of your pleasure drives, and send us the price of the gasoline you save. Remember, the women and children of Devastated France are not going pleasure-riding these days.

Never did your "Buddy-boy" in France, when chocolate was very precious, fail to put a generous slab of it into some upstretched, hungry baby hand. Can you now let his unselfish open-heartedness outstrip you, while yours is a well-stocked storeroom of the world's goods? This is more than a fair proposition! Come on. Let's multiply his kindly gift!

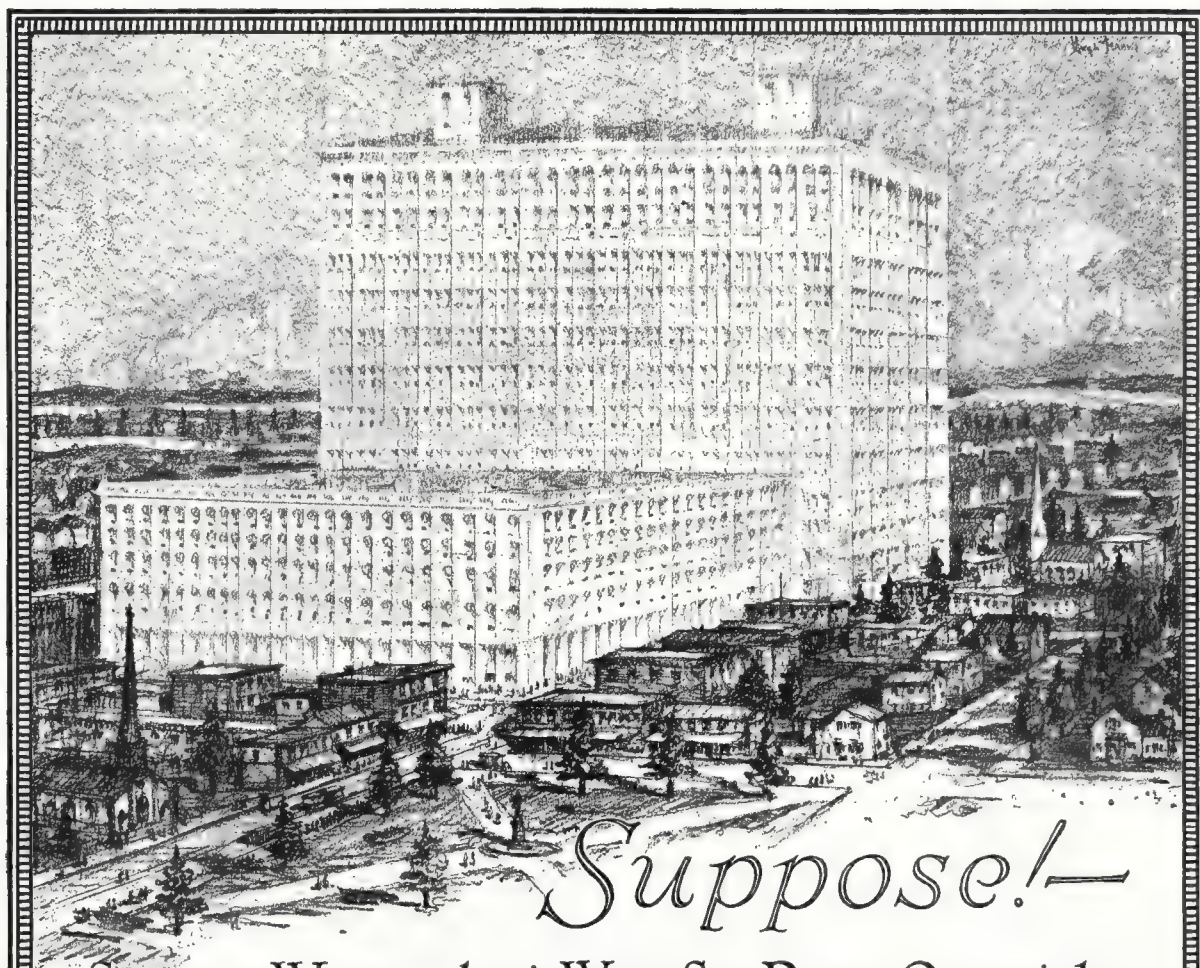
Will you?



War-worn, nervous, yet cheerful, the children of France help repair the shell-wrecked farms. What are you doing to help?



If you wear the Tricolor Badge, it means you have a chicken in France. Perhaps yours is among this flock receiving a call from the Comite Americain



Suppose!—

Suppose Wanamaker's Were Set Down Overnight In Your Own Home Town!

YOU would rub your eyes, wouldn't you, to see if you really were awake! Then you would grab your hat and coat and rush out to see what had happened. On the street you would find all your neighbors.... rushing.... wondering.... asking.... talking.... joining the crowds.... all rushing on.... to Wanamaker's.

Suppose this thing—this impossible thing—had happened in all the cities, towns and villages in the United States. That Wanamaker's had come to your own home town, wherever it is located—and it stood over there in yonder square, smiling a welcome to all the people!

Well Now—

this impossible thing is not impossible. The buildings, of course—those huge piles of stone and iron and steel—cannot come to your own home town.

But What is Wanamaker's?

Not only the buildings—the physical things you see as you look at the picture on this page—

Wanamaker's is SERVICE, SERVICE and MERCHANDISE; and FAIR DEALING.

And all this can be transplanted any day—to you—overnight—wherever you live.

A postal card—just a postal card—is the Aladdin's lamp that you have in your hand every day. All you need to say is—

"Send Me Your Latest Catalog"

Wanamaker's then comes to you, almost as literally and as helpfully as though it really *did* stand in yonder square.

What is Wanamaker's? *Not* a mail order house. *Not* a big warehouse available only by means of a Catalog.

Wanamaker's is an institution—the largest retail business in the United States.

1. An institution of more than a hundred specialized individual stores under one roof, having the largest stocks and largest variety of trustworthy and fashionable merchandise.

2. Centered in the heart of the merchandise world—where merchandise fashions are inspired.

3. Stores in New York and Philadelphia; buying organizations in Paris, London, and the Far East.

4. Wanamaker's is a going business. It has been going for 57 years. It has served millions of families; is serving tens and hundreds of thousands every day.

5. It is the business that revolutionized the uncertain systems and bickering practices of storekeeping by establishing fixed fair standards of dealing, and thus is recognized today as the standard retail business of the world.

All of this great store is back of the Wanamaker Mail Order Catalog; and all the store's merchandise, whether in the Catalog or not, is available to you through the mails.

Wanamaker's Asks the Privilege—

—not of serving you with what you can get to advantage in your own home town, but with what you *cannot* get there.

Millions of visitors come every year to New York, and Wanamaker's will gladly serve you there, or in Philadelphia, whenever you visit these cities.

Or Wanamaker's will serve you by mail in *your own home*—yes, the store will go to you!

In either event you are sure of hearty welcome and our best service.

Mail a postal today, saying:—

Send me your Spring and Summer Catalog

Please ask for Catalog D

Address—John Wanamaker, Mail Order,
Astor Place, New York

John Wanamaker . . . MAIL ORDER . . . *New York*

SANITAS

MODERN
WALL COVERING



SANITAS supplies the harmonious background which makes furniture, rugs and hangings look their best.

Sanitas is a cloth wall covering finished in durable oil colors and is obtainable in

"Styles for Every Room in the House"

Sanitas does not crack, peel or fade. Dust and finger marks do not injure it—a damp cloth wipes off the dirt.

Do a room or two in Sanitas this spring and make them look more inviting than ever.

The Sanitas trademark is always on the back of the goods.

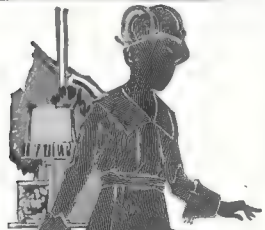
Write for Booklet and Samples

and address the manufacturers of

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

Dept. 6

330 Broadway, New York



Saves Rugs as well as work

WITH a good rug or carpet worth more today, used, than it did when new, it behooves one to give floor coverings proper care. Never use a broom on your rugs. Its effect is harsh, injuring the nap.

Bissell sweepers insure long wear and good appearance. They remove the dust, litter and grit, yet without harm to the most delicate pile.

BISSELL Sweepers

either kind—"carpet sweeper" or "vacuum sweeper" save hard work in sweeping and, save time in housework. They save money, too. A Bissell will outwear 40 or 50 brooms, at one tenth the cost.

The easy running carpet sweeper is for the daily going over; the vacuum sweeper, with its powerful air suction, extracts the dust which has penetrated deeper.

At your dealers you can obtain a "Cyco" Ball Bearing carpet sweeper at prices from \$4.25 to \$7.50; vacuum sweepers from \$8.00 to \$14.50.

Booklet "The Care of Rugs and Carpets" on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers
Grand Rapids, Mich. Made in Canada, too.

Let's Play Peace

The War is Over, But the Children's Games of Battles Go On. What Shall We Do About It?

By Grace Bartlett

LET'S play soldiers!"

The trio on the sidewalk, looking up from a game of marbles, hastily scrambled to their feet, abandoning their recent amusement to Fate or the next corner, as with unflinching enthusiasm they answered the call to arms. The speaker was about eleven years of age, the others a year or two younger. In an instant, improvised rifles had been shouldered, a line formed, and a straight and soldierly looking lad, the largest of the group, was leading them on to the fray.

Rambling idly up and down the street, longing for a chance at the play from which his six years fatally barred him, a tow-headed youngster watched with eager interest. Into his heart, too, came the call of battle, but with it the dread of the never-failing refusal. Six-year olds have their tragedies. To be thought too young to play "soldiers" was Jackie's tragedy. Once before, when the older boys were playing this wonderful game, he had picked up a crumb of fun through their need for an "extra." But they had never again permitted him to fill even that minor rôle in their program. Desire grappled with timidity in his heart, fought and won out, and as the others passed with martial step down the street, he raced to join them. His arrival brought no welcome. General and soldiers alike seemed utterly oblivious of his presence, while lines were formed and re-formed.

"Say, fellers, this is too tame, we've got to have someone for the Germans," General Tom called out. He looked about



Two battered little chaps took their tearful way homeward

him, and finally let his eyes rest on Jackie who was squirming on one foot and gazing beseechingly at the great leader: "How'd you like to be a German, huh?"

Jackie's patriotism rebelled at the idea. "Nobody ought to be a German," he mumbled.

"Well, you want to play, don't you? What are you hanging around for? Anyway it don't really make you a German. If you and George want to play," pointing to another unfortunate little onlooker, "you got to be the Germans. I'm the general and these," indicating the line at the rear, "are my soldiers. You go into that trench over there," he pointed to a fence across the street, "and this will be our trench. The street's No Man's Land."

The game was on. Stationing themselves in their appointed places, the two younger boys awaited the next move. Playing at being a German wasn't so interesting as being an American, but then, of course, as Tom had said, there had to be Germans. Anyway it was better to be a German than a hanger on. Meantime all was silence in the enemy's trench.

"Over the top! Charge!"

From the Allies' trench emerged a wild-eyed group. "Bayonets!" "Forward!" Screaming in true Indian fashion and waving a free arm, they bore down on the unsuspecting "Huns." Vainly the latter tried to defend themselves, wondering vaguely whether patriotism did not call for surrender: but the choice was not vouchsafed them. One dash more and the fence was in the hands of the Allies; one final jump and the Huns were at their mercy. It was war to the death apparently, and from the general scramble finally emerged two badly

battered little chaps who, taking a tearful way homeward, were forced to the conclusion that play is not always the joy that it seems at long range.

Peace has come to all the world save only to the minds of little children. It is war, war to the bitter end with them, day in and day out.

Neither treaties nor the return of the soldiers mean to them the cessation of hostilities. Wherever three or four children are gathered together at play, war is their game. But it is more than a game. Children do not take their fun lightly. The Hun in play is, for the time being, the Hun in earnest; and the same fire and enthusiasm with which the men "over there" fought their fight, children put into the make-believe battles of their playtime.

Where the enemies are evenly matched it is bad enough; misused strength can amount to brutality even among children. But an added danger lies in the fact that the Hun is too frequently the younger child, who, in any event, is only admitted grudgingly into the play.

The children of the United States have not felt the war as have those of European countries. Perhaps if they had, it would not appeal to them as a pastime. In Europe, war has been as much a terror to the little ones as to their elders: here the glory has dimmed the horror. To the mind of the average small boy, the only worthy ambition for manhood is bounded by a military uniform enhanced by a saber or rifle. The idea is a natural one, but in this case its mode of expression works for harm rather than for good. Making war on a smaller person arouses in a child, instincts of cruelty rather than bravery, and yet, doubtless because a child instinctively feels that the American should look the

part of the victor, the weaker element is almost always selected to be "the Hun" of the play. Perhaps this is due in a measure to the fact that the larger and stronger boy usually has a way of choosing his part in the game, and the others must agree to it whether they wish to or not.

Since April, 1917, the war game has taken precedence over every other form of entertainment for boys from three to four-

The children's armies must be demobilized in favor of games of peace



Flournoy Scott Shinn

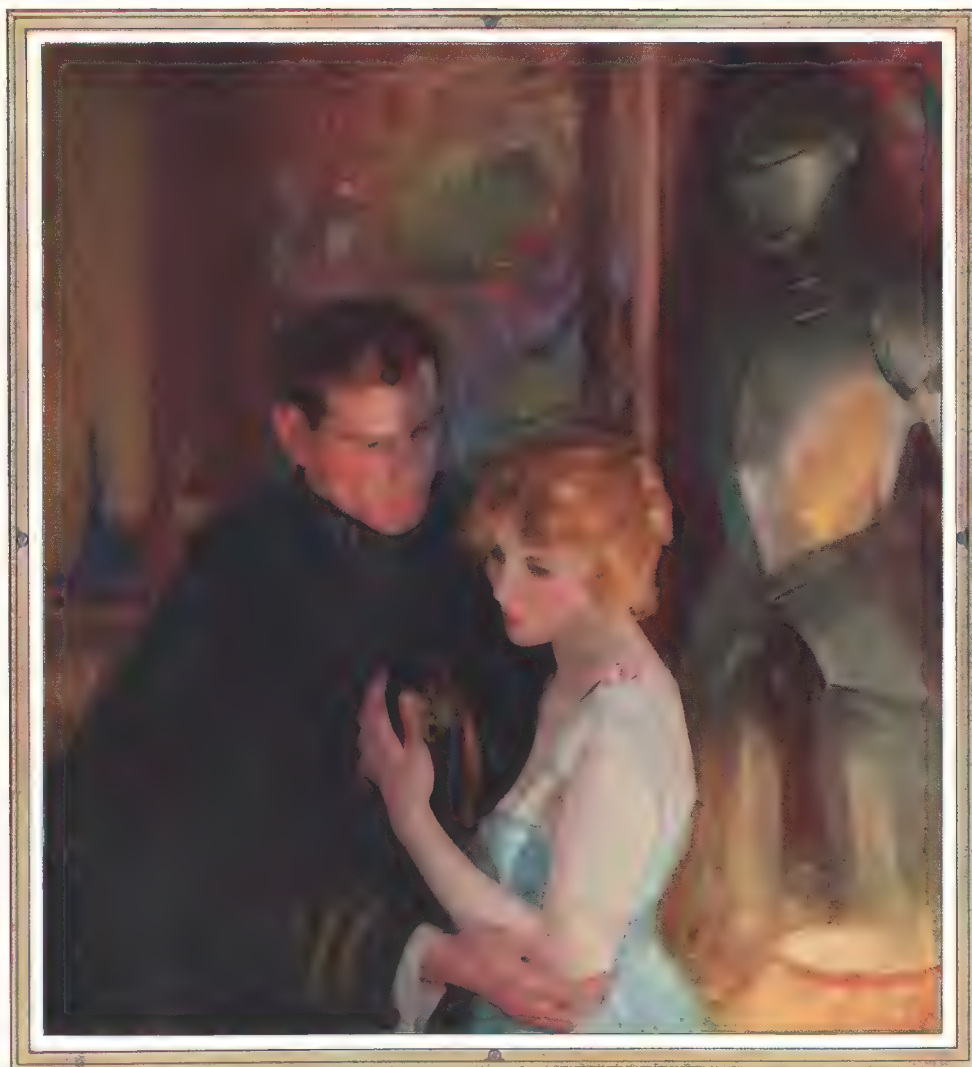
"If you and George want to play, you got to be the Germans"

teen. Sometimes it proves to be only rough reality, and sometimes it develops into sternest reality, and leads to great tragedies. What boy, laboring under the excitement of a continuous series of battles, does not long to try his prowess with a real weapon? When he chances to discover the key to the place where father's revolver is kept, seldom does he realize that he is doing anything seriously wrong in toying with that desired object. At most, there is only a whisper of conscience against the disobedience, with the danger element almost an unknown quantity. Nine children out of ten lack a realization of the power of firearms, and death is merely a name to them. Soldiers, they reason, use revolvers; if they are to grow up to be soldiers, why not try it once now? That some child of the neighborhood is selected as the victim, seems perfectly fitting, not only to the warrior, but to his prey. It is a tragedy that has happened frequently enough in the past two years to become commonplace, if tragedy can ever be so qualified. But all the preaching in the world about the danger of leaving firearms within the reach of children, will not bring back one little life lost. The principle that inspires the desire, rather than the weapon, is at fault.

IT is time to turn children's minds to gentler thoughts. Fair play does not make for effeminacy, nor is roughness synonymous with manliness. It is for the mothers to stop the senseless warfare, as it has been stopped among the nations of the world. It is menacing the moral character of their children. The feeling of good-fellowship and trustfulness that playmates naturally have toward one another, is being replaced by resentment and suspicion; kindness and fearlessness are giving way to brutality and a desire for vengeance. A cessation of organized child hostilities will not create a mawkish generation.

Christmas and birthdays for the last two years have been expressed in war terms, so far as the toys of children are concerned. Stroll through any toy shop and you will see rifles, sabers, toy cannon and soldiers, battleships, military games and accoutrements on prominent display. Tucked away in corners or on the lowest shelves behind the counters, are those toys that heretofore have spelled happiness for the children. Those old toys fit the time of peace and must be made the ones of the future. From now on, the far-seeing will choose the toys that instill an element of instruction, rather than destruction, into their children's play.

Hand in hand with peace, the work of reconstruction is going on throughout the world. In this gigantic bringing back of things to a rightful plane, the children, too, should have their share; the spirit of simplicity and light-heartedness that used to dominate their play, should be restored to it. This is largely a task for the individual mother. She determines whether her children's games, built around her gift-toys and her suggestions, shall be martial or peaceful in tone. The sooner children forget the pitiless war that means only hard knocks for the other fellow, the better for them.



A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH Painting by Charles Chambers

You, too, can have the charm of *"A skin you love to touch"*

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant. Everyone admires it. Every girl longs for it. To have your skin as lovely as it ought to be—soft, clear, colorful—all you need to do is to give it the proper care for its needs.

No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to improve it. New skin is forming every day as old skin dies. If you give this new skin the right care *every day*, you can keep it fresh and radiant. Such things as blackheads, blemishes and un-

sightly spots, you can, with the proper treatment, correct.

Begin today to give your skin the right treatment for its particular needs. You will find the famous treatments for all the commoner skin troubles in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

You will find that a cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use. It sells for 25c at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

This beautiful picture for framing Send for your copy today!

This picture with sample cake of soap, booklet of treatments and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder, for 15c.

This picture is Charles Chambers' interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been reproduced from the original oil painting, in full colors and on fine quality paper, expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Size 15x19 inches.

For 15c we will send you one of these beautiful reproductions with a trial size cake

of Woodbury's Facial Soap—large enough for a week's treatment—also the booklet of treatments—"A Skin You Love to Touch," and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder. Thousands will want this picture. Send for your copy at once.

Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 1503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1503 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



CONGOLEUM

Gold Seal

RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The Popular, Sanitary Floor-Covering

EVERY housewife knows it is impossible to prevent dust and grime collecting in the texture of fabric floor-coverings. And what a back-breaking, dusty task it is to beat or sweep them.

But it is not so with Congoleum Rugs. The surface being firm and non-absorbent, does not absorb the dust. Thus to clean them requires but a few moments with a damp mop. Never any sweeping or beating. That, and the fact that the base material is waterproof, is what makes Congoleum Rugs really a sanitary floor-covering.

Durable and Economical

Congoleum Rugs are long-lived, resisting wear to the utmost and they lie perfectly flat without fastening of any kind. Economical, too—sizes and prices are as follows:

6 x 9 feet	\$8.75	9 x 9 feet	\$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
		9 x 12 feet	\$17.00

Other Congoleum Floor-Coverings

Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Carpets, in a special width of three yards, are the latest addition to the Congoleum line. They offer a seamless covering for the average room, and are made of the same sanitary, durable, waterproof fabric as the Art-Rugs. \$1.25 per square yard.

Congoleum (2 Yards Wide) is our original line. Made in a splendid variety of beautiful designs suitable for kitchen, pantry, bathroom, etc. \$1.15 per square yard.

Look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee

When you select your new Congoleum Rugs and Floor Coverings look for the Gold-Seal pasted on the face. If not there, look for name "Congoleum" on the back. The Gold-Seal is our money-back Guarantee to you.

Send Today for Free Color Chart

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. You can then decide at home just which will look best with your furniture. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. Specify which you want when writing.



Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

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 Philadelphia San Francisco
 Chicago The *Saint* Company Boston
 Montreal Toronto
 Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

The pattern shown here is Congoleum Rug No. 358. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

Columbusing Their Own County

An Adventure in Home-Made Democracy

IN any crisis it is hard to think beyond the anxious present moment; future policies are left to future determination. But the women who run the record-breaking Liberty Loan campaigns for Fairfield County, Connecticut, keep one eye on To-day and the other on To-morrow. They see in them opportunities to bind together rich and poor, old and young, native and foreign-born with a genuine fraternal democracy. They make the get-together spirit which the need of the hour has aroused, of permanent benefit to their county. So "Liberty Loan" has become the password into the homes and hearts of their own people—and they have found that they could render undreamed-of service. They hold out the friendly American hand to the foreign-born who might be pushed into self-protective groups by the indifference of the Yankees.

Is their plan working? Ask any resident of Fairfield County. Then you will try it yourself in your county during our next, our Fifth, our Victory Loan.



Mrs. Coulter Huyler is the campaign leader in a scattered farm district. But distances do not discourage her. With the imaginative eye of a real organizer, she sees her wonderful opportunity in the one-room district schoolhouses of the county. The children help in her advertising and decorating. Each campaign night she makes her own speech. The next morning she herself goes from farm to farm, finding bond-purchasers in every field and every kitchen. Every farm is the richer in securities and in kindness for her coming.



The big, fine spirit of Fairfield County leaders is exemplified in the splendid work of Mrs. John H. Cavanagh in the town of Norwalk. A more than full quota is only one of the ambitions she holds out to her staff. The additional fruits of her canvass are lists of "people good for this or that work," girls who need help, families in want, and all the rest that every town has without knowing it. For years to come, the effect of the work of these admirable women will show in the health and the social and civic cooperation of their county.



Dr. Harriet Baker Hyde is the busiest woman in Greenwich, Connecticut; practising physician, mother of four children, her own housekeeper, teacher of surgical dressings, Liberty Loan driver. Naturally a woman of her training can not see a Liberty Loan campaign as a mere selling of bonds. To her it is the opportunity to know every household, to see what homes require medical care or other aid, to find helpers too shy to offer their services, to do all the things any census-taker might do if more names represented hoping, suffering folks to a census-taker.



Mrs. Leland Stillman is unique among the women of her generation. She organized this banner county and, better yet, is keeping it organized. She has a rare genius for picking workers. When a loan begins she gives out the general idea to be emphasized. Then, with real executive control, she lets each chairman plan her own campaign. She is living evidence of the ability of women to organize.



Minute Women have a good deal to do with the success of Mrs. William T. Hincks' whirlwind campaigns in busy Bridgeport. A veritable army, under military discipline, stands ready to man booths, make speeches or canvass homes at a minute's notice. Its bond-selling has done wonders in lessening the distance between rich and poor, employers and employees, natives and foreign-born, in munition-making Bridgeport.





Defy the Winds and Weather

Sharp winds that cut the face and dull the bloom of beautiful complexions can be defied with just a little extra care. Keep the skin frequently cleansed, purified and refreshed with

DAGGETT-RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

"The Kind That Keeps"

Its use is the habit of refinement that is also a daily delight. It preserves the complexion against wind and weather and helps the skin to retain a smoothness that is irresistibly attractive. Tubes and Jars, 10c to \$1.50.

Send a tube to a soldier or sailor. It is a comfort they need and will appreciate.

Poudre Amourée: The ultra delicate powder for very delicate people. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, brunette 50c. Both D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourée may be obtained of your dealer or by mail of us.

Two Samples Free

Trial samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourée sent free on request. Address

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
D. & R. Building Dept. 342 New York



Grandma Knows Musterole Is Best

Remember the time when you had that dreadful congestion of the lungs—and Grandma slapped a stinging, messy mustard plaster on your chest? How you writhed and tossed and begged Grandma to "take it off"?

That was many years ago. Now, Grandma gets the jar of Musterole, for now she knows Musterole is better than a mustard plaster.

She knows that it relieves colds, congestions, and rheumatic aches and pains.

And what is best, it relieves without discomfort or blister.

Musterole is a clean white ointment made of oil of mustard and other home simples.

Just rub it gently over the spot where there is congestion or pain. It penetrates down under the skin and generates a tingling, pleasant heat. Healing Nature does the rest. Congestions and pains both go away.

Peculiarly enough, Musterole feels delightfully cool a few moments after you have applied it.

Never be without a jar of Musterole.

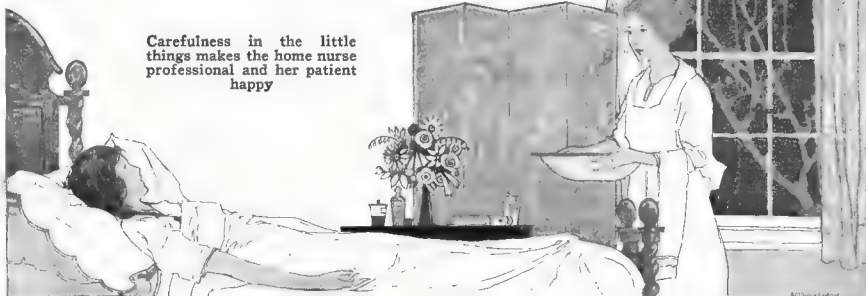
Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars. \$2.50 hospital size. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



A Day with the Home Nurse

By Christina G. Frost



THE great shortage in nurses has led to a situation long anticipated by doctors all over the country. In the late influenza epidemic, the care of the sick fell largely on untrained women. Home nursing became obligatory. Most women unfamiliar with a sick-room regard the care of illness with unspeakable dread. In crucial sickness nothing can, of course, take the place of skilled and experienced nursing; but when a trained nurse is not available, the home woman can make her work infinitely more effective by a little careful planning at the outset.

Nearly all sick people take a morbid interest in their condition and would talk about it endlessly, but it is a mistake to encourage them. All patients are quick to react to either an anxious or a cheerful manner in the nurse; it is, therefore, very important that the home nurse keep well rested, calm and cheerful.

If the disease is contagious, every precaution should be taken to prevent its spread. If possible, one bath-room should be kept exclusively for the use of the patient and nurse. The dishes and linen used by them should not be used by the rest of the household, until the illness is past and these things have been sterilized. Whoever cares for the patient should change her clothes immediately upon leaving the sick-room before joining the rest of the family. As far as possible, such things as hot-water bottles, plenty of linen, a bed-pan, a heating apparatus should be kept separate and ready.

In any kind of illness, proper attention to certain things will be of real help to both the nurse and the patient.

Make the Room Ready

If the case is one of serious illness, the room should be made as bare as possible. Unnecessary ornaments gather dust and they should be relegated to the closet shelf; extra rugs should be taken up. If the room is crowded with furniture, send the unnecessary chairs and anything else which can be moved easily, to the attic. A bare room is much less care for the nurse, and is infinitely more restful for the patient. One table should be stripped entirely and kept for medicines and necessities. The bed should be placed so that the window can be open all day without having the patient in a draft. It may be necessary to use a screen. If there is none, a clothes-horse covered with a sheet makes an excellent substitute. Fresh air is one of the first requisites, and, except in severe weather, one window should be open nearly all the time.

Improvise a Medicine Table

The medicine table should be large enough to hold a washable tray, on which should be kept a drinking-glass, a pitcher or thermos bottle with fresh water, the medicines, the thermometer and medicine dropper, a watch or small clock, a couple of clean dry spoons, and the night light. There should also be a pad and pencil so that the doctor's directions can be written down. A careful record of the patient's temperature, nourishment and general condition must be kept.

Writing the doctor's orders is most important. It is not safe for anyone to trust to memory in giving medicine; each dose should be checked off as given. This is especially important when more than one person is caring for the patient. The exact written record of the patient's condition is of the greatest possible help to the physician. To tell him that "Mary didn't take much nourishment yesterday," means nothing at all to him, for he doesn't know what your ideas of "much" are. If you can show him an outline such as the following, each record to cover

twenty-four hours, he can tell at a glance just how things stand.

DATE	Time	Temperature	Nourishment	General Condition
	7 A. M.	102	Milk 4 Oz.	Weak
	10		Broth 3 Oz.	Followed by nausea
	12	103		Very nervous

Printed records for nurses can be bought at drug stores, and if the illness is to be a long, serious one, it will save bother and work to get these in the beginning.

If the same medicine is to be given at regular intervals, several doses can be fixed at once. If a medicine is powerful or poisonous, a colored glass should be used and kept always for this one kind so that there can be no possibility of a mistake. If there is powerful medicine in the form of pills, a large cross in red ink should be drawn conspicuously on the cover of the box so that it can be quickly recognized. Incidentally, pills should always be given to a patient from a spoon. If the patient has difficulty in swallowing them, give her a drink of water first, as well as afterward.

Be Professional in Making the Bed

Nothing is more important than the patient's bed. Anyone who has ever been seriously ill knows the soothing effect of smooth, clean sheets, and of blankets and pillows that are laid evenly. The single bed is, of course, the ideal one for the patient, and the higher it is the better for the nurse. The blankets should be light but warm, and the spread, of thin material, easily laundered. I speak of the sheets last, for they are the most important. The under sheet should be large enough to tuck in well. Then there should be a strip of rubber sheeting the width of the bed and about a yard deep. This is laid a little higher than the middle of the bed, and over it goes the draw sheet, a strip of sheeting or muslin the same depth or a little deeper than the rubber sheet and wide enough to tuck in firmly on either side of the bed. If the draw sheet shows any tendency to wrinkle (and if the patient is very restless it will) it should be securely pinned to the mattress with safety pins. The great advantage of the draw sheet is that it can be quickly changed in an emergency, the bed can more easily be kept clean and fresh. Moreover, it is very economical for it saves frequent changing of the large under sheet. The draw sheet is also a great help if the patient is very large or very helpless. To change, fix one side very smooth and neat and draw the sheeting as close to, and as far under, the patient as possible. Then if she can raise herself slightly, the old draw sheet can be drawn out and the fresh one

quickly pulled under her and adjusted. If she can't lift herself, let her turn over on her side onto the fresh draw sheet. In maternity cases and with little children, the draw sheet is an absolute necessity.

Don't have more pillows than are needed on the bed. Don't keep extra blankets rolled up on the side. Don't set things down on the bed. Keep it always smooth and neat.

Don't Shirk the Daily Bath

Just to wash the patient's face and hands is not enough. A bath in bed is not nearly as damp as it sounds and if quickly given, so as not to cause fatigue or chill, it is very refreshing and helpful. First the window should be closed and the room allowed to reach a warmer-than-normal temperature. Before beginning, be sure that everything is at hand and conveniently arranged. Put a small table at the head of the bed and on it place a basin of hot water, a pitcher of hotter water to add as needed, soap, sponge, alcohol, talcum powder, washcloth, bath-towel and hand-towel. When these are ready, the patient should be stripped, but kept covered. A warm blanket should be used for this purpose only; all other bed covering should be removed. Slip the bath-towel under one side of the patient and bathe only a little at a time, drying quickly and keeping all the rest of the body well covered. After bathing the upper part of the body, sponge or rub with alcohol and then go on to the fresh night-gown. After bathing the lower limbs in the same way, put a hot water bottle near the patient, and make the bed. Then, unless the patient is tired, fix her hair. The bath things should at once be removed, the room aired, and the patient allowed to rest.

Have a Schedule and Keep It

The hospital schedule will be found nearly always extremely practical for the home. The temperature should be taken the first thing in the morning, before the patient has had a drink. Then whatever nourishment the doctor has ordered should be brought at once. After breakfast, the room should be straightened up as quickly and quietly as possible. About an hour after breakfast the patient should be bathed, the bed made and the night record written up, so that all will be ready for the doctor's visit.

Through the day, medicine and nourishment should be given regularly and punctually just as they have been ordered. Careless disregard of exact time in giving medicines is one of the great weaknesses of home nursing. The temperature should be taken the first thing in the morning, at ten, at four and just before the last night-medicines. At supper time the room should be straightened, flowers taken out, the bed remade and everything made ready for the night. At bedtime, after the last medicine has been given, the patient's limbs should be rubbed with alcohol.

It is hard to keep a patient as quiet at home as she would be in a hospital, and yet quiet is nearly always necessary. It is always necessary in fever cases. The skillful nurse will manage so that the patient sees just enough of her family to satisfy her and not enough to fatigue.

Another thing that the untrained nurse seldom realizes is the importance of not talking to the patient about her condition. Don't ask a patient whether she'll "take her medicine now." When it's time for it, bring it to her. Nervous patients and little children may be upset by seeing the medicines fixed. In such cases, keep the medicine table out of the room. If there is unpleasant treatment ahead, don't tell about it, but give it at the proper time as quickly as possible.



The trained nurse does not trust her memory in giving medicine—why should you dare?

This Fashion Book shows 21 separate stores

The Blouse and Dress Store: Nearly 100 new models, all new materials and colors.

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Note These Prices

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Hats	.40 to 6.00	Lower Shoes	1.70 to .30
Shoes	.40 to 6.00	Low Suits	.30 to 20.00
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Aprons	.40 to 6.00	Plaid Coats	2.50 to 15.00
Kimono	.40 to 6.00		
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Suits	\$5.00 to \$40.00
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as they would appear if photographed together—catering on busy days to over 40,000 shoppers—with a frontage equal to eight New York City blocks.



Riding the Victory Wave Into Germany

[Continued from page 8]

German equipment and decorations, among them a couple of cart-loads of the Kaiser in portrait and statue. And coming in, in a never-ending line, were prisoners.

In one place the English were welcoming their own men, in another the French were caring for the French and Italians; in a little shack, an American Y. M. C. A. worker was feverishly cutting bread and slicing canned "Willy" to make sandwiches for ravenous Belgians and Russians. She hailed me joyfully as a Red Cross nurse, much needed for some sick prisoners. Her spirits fell as I told her I wasn't even a nurse's aid, only a "searcher" sent out for American prisoners. But she got even with me! My spirits were the next to fall when she said: "There isn't a single one here—every kind of Ally, but no Americans." Only my French conductor was not to be discouraged. At his suggestion, I motored in an entirely opposite direction toward a concentration camp near the town of Woppy.

And there, in a great open field where the mud just escaped my boot-tops, in desolate wooden sheds, I found a motley crowd herded together. Some wore German common soldiers' caps of blue with red bands; some the spiked helmets of the officers; a few were attired in baggy blue trousers with broad red stripes; others wore coats of English khaki with bright brass buttons; while still others were clad in the Italian gray-green. Sprinkled among these varied costumes was an occasional U. S. A. service cap or coat or pair of trousers. Over their shoulders, this odd-looking gipsy band had slung knotted pillow cases, strips of cloth or handkerchiefs containing their earthly all, not forgetting can or two in case the canteens on the way were scarce.

Could these be American soldiers? No, I was on the wrong track again! Still, just to be sure, I stopped the car close by the wide doorway and was greeted by one loud, long American cheer. There was no mistaking it. Here were the boys who for weeks and months had been prisoners in Germany.

As they crowded around me, one hundred and twenty strong, I was buried under an avalanche of questions. "Was I a Red Cross lady? Was I a nurse?" What did I know? When were they going home? Where was their outfit? Didn't I know where the 26th division was? I finally managed to explain. I suggested that if some of the boys would help, we'd distribute chocolate and cigarettes and then, using a box as a table, get their names and stories.

It was not necessary to ask but once. In a jiffy the men were flocking around me, munching their chocolate and puffing their "Fats," eager to tell who they were, what were their companies and regiments, when they were captured, where I could reach their nearest relatives in the States.

I learned that our prisoners were returning to France by various routes and methods. The armistice signed, some were just taking "French leave," a way of departure to which nobody seriously objected, for after all, one escaped prisoner meant one less mouth to feed. Others were taken to the border on foot or by train, there left to shift for themselves. Straggling along the roads in twos or, perhaps, in twenties, they tramped thirty, forty, fifty miles trying to find a railroad and thence their divisions.

It happened that all of my newly discovered boys had been brought under guard by train from Camp Giesen, a large prison camp in Wiesbaden, to the outskirts of Metz and then had marched to the camp at Woppy. They did not complain to me, though their prisoner's life had been anything but a life of luxury. Their food had been scarce, to be sure, "but so was the German soldiers' food and the townspeople's." In fact they had seen popular food riots in that aristocratic watering resort of Wiesbaden. The black bread they produced from their pockets was similar to that I had eaten for dinner in Metz, only more bitter and nearer kin to the stone family. Coffee made of browned barley, soup made of boiled barley was the menu, day in and day out. A negro dough-boy, in civilian dress, a high-paid chef, explained to me, "You see, Sister, I was made the cook, but there was nothing to cook." All that saved the day was the Red Cross packages of food which had really come through from Switzerland. Back at the hospital I had always written reassuring letters to relatives and friends about those Red Cross packages, feeling at heart so skeptical. Now I knew. For in each of those mysterious, dearly cherished bundles slung about the shoulders were the leftovers of Red Cross coffee and sugar.

My prisoners had been set to work on the roads, on farms, in machine shops, on

airplanes, on engines, in kitchens, on the railroads, in ammunition plants. They had been assigned to almost every war industry. But the kind of work they did in those industries was another story.

They became violent I. W. W.'s. Their rallying cry was "sabotage"—"a bit of sand in the machinery, a few broken scythes on the farm, would never win the war for the Boche, not so you'd notice it!" One stalwart chap showed me his arm which he had deliberately cut and then inflamed with mustard so that he would have no part in destroying his comrades across the border. Many told me laughingly how they always replied "student" or "jockey" when asked for what work they were peculiarly fitted. "The Boche must think the Yanks are awful keen on books and horses" added an artilleryman.

About them in Germany, as over the line in France, the armistice had been celebrated by music and glee. The desire for peace had tempered defeat. But gathering clouds of the coming revolution hung low in Wiesbaden after the cessation of hostilities. One corporal described to me how he had seen high German officers on the streets and in the camp stripped of their buttons and chevrons by the common soldiers, how their swords had been broken and streamers of revolutionary red tied about their arms.

In general, I found the unwounded men in good condition physically. But those who had been shot, then captured and taken to German hospitals, needed immediate attention. Wounds had been allowed to heal without cutting out the shrapnel; arms and legs needed resetting. Worst of all were the paper bandages. In Germany, where overcoats and shoes even were made of paper, cotton was not to be wasted in gauze. Paper dressings, torn, blood-soaked, soiled, unchanged for days, aggravated and infected the raw wounds.

Such men, quite evidently, could not be left unattended in the camp until moved out by order of the military authorities. So, after promising to bring back food for the well and a Red Cross doctor for the sick, I decided to return to Metz with two of the worst cases—one a poor chap paralyzed from the waist down as a result of a wound in the nerves of the back, yet murmuring cheerfully that he'd "soon be fixed up"; the other a soldier who had lost the use of both his legs. Slowly, and gently as the jouncing camiotette permitted, we motored back to St. Clements Hospital in Metz, formerly a German military hospital and now, with difficulty, run by the French. But though the retreating Germans had stripped the place of instruments and equipment, a clean bed and a Red Cross nurse were vast improvements over a muddy shed and an army blanket.

Late in the afternoon I made my final trip to Woppy, with great tin boxes of food, carted from the American Commissary thirty kilometers away, taking the place of my wounded prisoners. Then came a real picnic. The tins were converted into kettles and, over a bonfire, we boiled real American coffee, served with milk and plenty of sugar. "Made in Germany," corned beef and fresh haddock. It was "some feed!"

Dinner ended, it was time to say "good-by," adding, this time without foreboding, the "good luck" never forgotten "over there." With my prisoners found and cared for and my precious list hugged tight, I started off for Toul at eight o'clock. So the rain poured down in torrents and a blinding mist shut out the road. Several times I thought we were well on our way, only to find that we were going "Nach Metz" again. To make matters worse, the Ford didn't seem to have the least idea that those names must get to Paris—it took sudden dislikes to the road and preferred to jump about in the ditches for either side. In climbing a mountain, not even included in the itinerary, it made straight for a tree and balked. I clutched my names, steeled myself for the crash and then, as tree and Ford stood face to face immovable, just waited. In doing overseas work, whatever happened, I had learned to wait patiently for something to turn up. And sure enough, as always, something did turn up, in the shape of a negro U. S. A. truck driver, who pulled us back on the road and started us going again. Just before dawn we limped, wheezing, into Toul, and there, six hours later, I boarded the first train for Paris.

It was early on Thanksgiving Day that I reached Red Cross Headquarters and handed in the names of the first 120 prisoners from the interior of Germany to be cabled to America. Perhaps one of those cables reached some reader of McCall's Magazine before she sat down to her Thanksgiving dinner.

Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets planned to help farmers, housewives, and amateur gardeners. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of any of the booklets described below, and will gladly answer inquiries concerning Government activities. Always enclose a three-cent stamp, with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Honey Uses in the Home

KEEP a bee and produce your own sweetening," says the Department of Agriculture. Every spring, tons of nectar are lost because of the lack of bees to make it into honey. This booklet tells of the composition and food value of honey, and contains 50 recipes for its use.

Pop-Corn

UNDER this title the Federal Government has published a pamphlet which contains suggestions concerning the variety of pop-corn to be chosen, the planting of the seed, caring for the crop, harvesting and storing. Several pages are also devoted to types of poppers, popping, and pop-corn candies.

Three Poultry Books

NATURAL and Artificial Incubation of Hens' Eggs," is the title of a booklet just issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry. The booklet deals with the care of eggs, period of incubation, and operation of incubators.

After the chicks are hatched, it is quite necessary that they be given proper attention. "Brooding of Chickens," a recent Government booklet, contains illustrations and suggestions for caring for the chicks.

"Poultry House Construction" contains designs of houses that have been approved by the Bureau of Animal Industry and are used on the Government poultry farms.

Spraying Citrus Trees

SPRAYING has long been practised in the citrus-growing states, but, because of their own failures, many growers have condemned the practice as useless. The new booklet from the Bureau of Entomology, "Spraying Citrus Trees," contains formulas for insecticides, spraying schedules and illustrations of the proper equipment and methods of spraying. All citrus growers should have a copy of this booklet.

Farm Accounting

THE Office of Farm Management has issued a booklet for analyzing the farm business, which every farmer should have. "Farm Accounting," discusses the benefits and methods of farm analysis and contains forms for analyzing the farm business. Get a copy of this booklet, and start on a business basis this spring.

Parcel Post Marketing

EVERY housewife appreciates vegetables fresh from the garden, and there are many farmers within 150 miles of the cities who have regular supplies of high-grade produce which they can guarantee. In an effort to bring these two elements together, the Bureau of Markets has issued two pamphlets, "Suggestions for Parcel Post Marketing" and "Parcel Post Business Methods." These bulletins contain postage rates and suggestions which will be helpful to both buyer and seller.

Selling the World to the World

[Continued from page 12]

"For instance, one woman whom I knew had considerable artistic ability. One day as we were walking down the street, she criticized a poster used to advertise, let us say, makers of shoe polish.

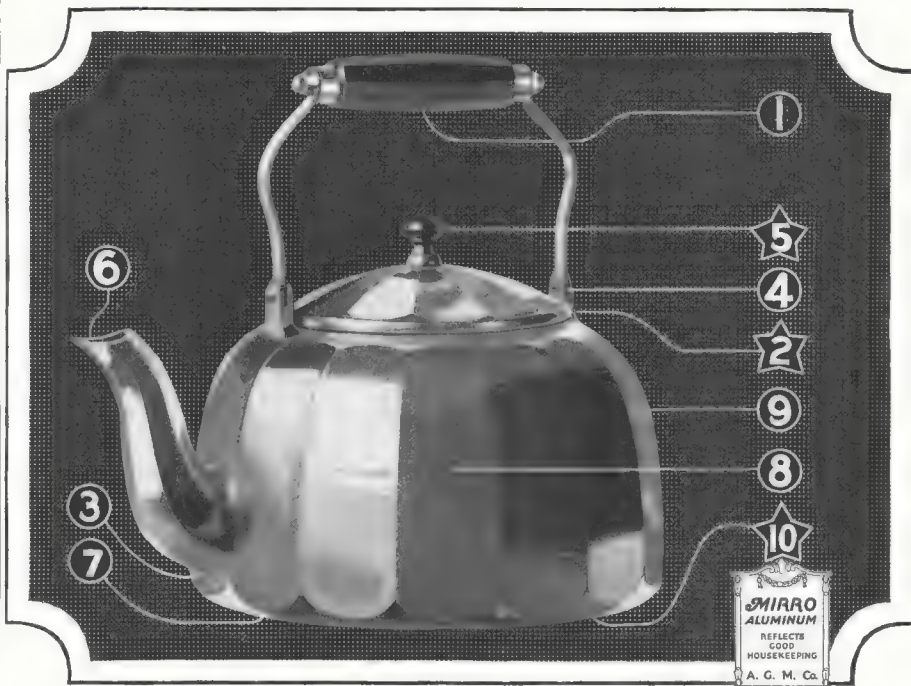
"I don't see, Miss Donworth," she said to me, "why they don't use a poster like—" she proceeded to explain to me her idea.

"Why don't you tell them so, and make the poster as a sample?" I suggested. "She looked rather startled at the suggestion, but she went to work. The firm paid her a sum in three figures for her poster and offered her a position with them.

"It seems rather needless to remark that she might have had the idea forever, and, had she kept it to herself, it would have amounted to nothing.

"I wish I could shout my next warning; it is so important, both to you and to

[Continued on page 32]



He Sings of Saving

And of Many Other Mirro Advantages

DAY in and day out, year in and year out, this big-hearted Mirro Tea Kettle witnesses the easier cooking, the safer cooking, the brighter kitchen, and the saving of time and fuel that comes of using Mirro Aluminum, the kind that reflects good housekeeping.

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(4) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with sides of kettle. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—another exclusive feature.

(6) Quick-filling, easy-pouring spout. (7) Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

(8) Famous Mirro finish. (9) Beautiful Colonial design. Also made in plain round style.

☆(10) All these qualities are assured by the Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every utensil.

And Mirro Aluminum, with its many unusual features is sold at a price that is truly moderate. The better dealers everywhere have it.

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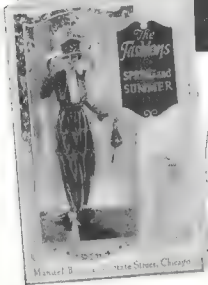
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Our New Style Book contains the most notable array of choicest suits, coats, dresses, underwear, blouses, shoes, sweaters, petticoats, house dresses, aprons, millinery, kimono, negligees, corsets, leather goods, jewelry, gloves, hosiery, linens, boys' and girls' wear, notions, neckwear, sanitary goods, accessories, curtains, silk, dress and wash goods at amazingly low prices direct to you.

THIS NEW FIBER SILK SWEATER
Our ladies' or misses' fine quality Fiber Silk Slip-over Sweaters must be seen to be fully appreciated. No picture can do justice to the beautiful weave, the rose or Copenhagen blue colors, the pretty collar, finished in large auto-style in back. Beautiful contrast shown by the dainty tulle and song-fitting full bell. Fashioned sleeves are made with fitted cuffs to harmonize with lower part of sweater. Fits perfectly. Gives excellent service. Wonderful style. Comes in both ladies' and misses' sizes—order direct, giving size and color. 14 to 20 years, 36 to 44 bust measure. **Colors of rose or Copenhagen blue. Order No. MA501. Price, delivery prepaid free to you, only \$6.95.**



THIS TAFFETA SILK FROCK \$15
Here is one of our many wonderful leaders in exclusively designed beautiful taffeta frocks. Smartness of lines, elegance of materials and perfect workmanship must be seen to fully appreciate its remarkable value. Becoming to all ages. White georgette crepe vestee contrasts with the pretty ruching outlining the blouse, skirt and cuffs, giving individual character. Is a typical Mandel style bargain, very newest 1910 fashion in excellent quality taffeta. Both ladies' and misses' sizes. **Order direct, be sure to write size and color wanted. 34 to 44 bust measure and 14 to 20 years. Colors: Navy blue, Copenhagen blue, or grey. Order by No. MA1. Price, delivery prepaid free to you, only \$10.**

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This new smart tailored French Striped Voile blouse is one of the popular novelties of the 1910 season. The tucked vestee, collar and cuffs add a charm to the beauty of this blouse which no illustration can do justice to. The black ribbon bow at collar is very chic. Order direct, giving size and choice of blue-and-white stripes or rose-and-white stripes. Sizes 36 to 44. No. MA156. Price, Prepaid, \$3.95.



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Selling the World to the World

[Continued from page 31]

the women who come after you. When you approach a business man, do not apologize for being a woman and do not apologize for working. There has been a great increase in the number of 'ex-ladies' working since the war began, and I think there is nothing the business man and the business woman are so heartily tired of as the woman who comes into the office playing on her sex and saying with what she no doubt considers a pretty air of appeal, "Of course you know I never had to do anything like this before, but—"

"One would think this brand of woman extinct, but I assure you she comes to us every week. The effect she produces on business men and women is that if she takes so much time and energy to pity herself she will have too little left to give them to be worth anything at all."

Publicity presupposes a high-school education or its equivalent, at least. A college woman will never regret her college training. In this field nothing seems wasted. I happen to have spent three years of my life in India. When I started in at the making of publicity films I certainly did not count those three years among my assets, since they were spent there not in a professional but in a purely personal capacity. But it so happened that a group of American exporters decided that their methods of selling goods needed revision and supplementing. They wanted to send motion pictures to the Orient to show the Oriental why he should buy American-made goods. I had lived in the Orient and might be supposed to know something of the Oriental type of mind. I could also make films. The exporters came to me.

"I also advise a woman who wants to enter publicity work to attach herself as soon as possible to some firm of successful business men. I firmly believe that no woman ever succeeded in the business world without a man or men to help her. This statement will provoke a lot of contradiction, no doubt, but I can not see why the truth should not be faced. The business world is a man's world. No matter how much we talk of woman's invasion of the business world, the fact remains that almost all big business is conducted by men. Few people rise in this world without advice and assistance. A woman will learn through association with big mentalities; it is worth while to work with them."

"As for opportunity and compensation, I was enthusiastic over this field of work for women. I think there is no publicity job, however small, that in these days will pay less than twenty-five dollars a week. Moreover, it is the fifty-dollar jobs that are the most plentiful. When a publicity woman gets more than this she has demonstrated her ability. Then she can get almost any salary. There are a number of women reputed to be making ten thousand dollars a year as publicity directors for large firms. For instance, one woman employed by a big packing-house has charge of all the demonstrators and of a part of the literature sent out. As the demonstrators number several hundred and are sent to all parts of the known world, she has a responsibility worth the salary she receives."

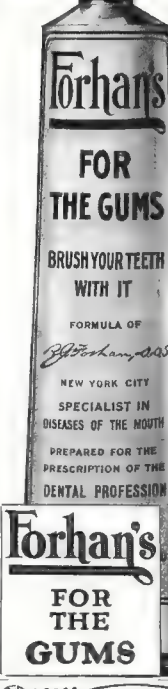
"After the big salary comes the venture into business on one's own merits. Like all business this is one's personal risk, but more than almost any business, and far more like the professions, the success of a publicity agency depends wholly on personality and individual resource."

But business still bears marks of the great struggle and will, no doubt, for some time to come. So it may not be out of place for me to state that women will never go back to the places they occupied before the war. The women themselves will not want to go back and the business men will not want them to. Business man after business man has told me that one of the lessons he learned during the war was that he liked women employees. In backing up this statement, business men have almost invariably said that the two qualities of women which make them valuable are capacity for being painstaking, and loyalty."

"I have no idea that women will remain in industry in as large a proportion as they now show, for most women still prefer domestic life. But the woman who wants to get into business will find that the war has immeasurably strengthened her position. In my own particular field I expect to see women come in large numbers. And I expect them to succeed."

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The Dragon Who Really Meant Well

By

Jo L. G. McMahon



"I'm so hungry. I've come a thousand miles to-day"

A FARMER-MAN lay under a tree taking a nap at noon. Beside him was a little green jug and something done up in a red napkin. He had finished his lunch.

Soon he was awakened by a little voice murmuring softly in his ear, "Please may I have a little of your lunch, please may I have a little of your lunch?"

"What—what! What!" exclaimed the farmer-man crossly. And he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

There stood a faery-man covered with dust.

"I'm sorry to wake you," said he, smiling up at the farmer-man, "but I'm so hungry. I've come a thousand miles to-day and I've had nothing to eat this spring. Please may I have a little of your lunch?"

The farmer-man scowled. "A bit of my lunch? I'm saving that for supper." And he laid his hand on the red napkin. But a crafty thought popped into his head, "I'll make him pay me for it."

He smiled at the faery-man. "All right," said he, "help yourself."

"O, thank you," said the faery-man. "This is a very good sandwich. And, O!

And so there was.

Rocking gently back and forth before him was a huge creature, looking about with an expression of foolish surprise. He was immense. His head was red, he had an orange neck, his body was plump and green, with yellow wings and sky-blue legs and he wagged a violet tail.

The farmer-man was so astonished he didn't know what to say, for he'd never seen a dragon before. The dragon was so astonished he didn't know what to do, for he'd never been a dragon before.

He tried to smile. You should have seen what happened! Great clouds of blue-black smoke poured out of his throat, floating away overhead and darkening all the sky, and a shower of sparks shot out of his twinkling eyes. And then he bowed a little bow and tried to say, "Hello," but all the noise that he could make, was "RUM-BLEDY-BUMBLEDY-BUM!"

With a shout, the farmer-man sprang to his feet and scurried behind the tree and the tiny voice near by called out, "O, dear, O, dear! Just see what he's done! He's brought a dragon among us again when the last one had been killed!" And sixty mil-



The dragon was too much for the farmer-man

Chocolate! Thank you, thank you." And he ate it all up.

"I'd like to give you something in return," said he, "but I have nothing with me but wishes. Would you like a wish?"

"Yes, I was expecting one," said the farmer-man.

The faery-man looked surprised. "O," he murmured, "all right, tell me what you'd like."

"Wish, wish, what do I wish?" And another crafty thought popped into the farmer-man's head. "Why—er—I wish for a couple of wishes."

"You may have them," said the faery-man, "but you won't need me around. So good-day."

"Just a minute! Wait a bit!" cried the farmer-man. "How do I know I'll get them?"

"O, you'll get them all right," chuckled the faery-man. "I've sixty million faery-folk to help me," and then he disappeared. He didn't seem to go away; he simply, very suddenly, disappeared.

"H'm," said the farmer-man, "I'm glad that I saw him. I never met a faery-man before. I'd like to meet a mermaid. Or a dragon. I wish I knew whether or not there are any such things as dragons."

And he knew right away there were not.

"Now, isn't that too bad," said he. "I had hoped there were. It would be so exciting to see one. I do wish there were just one."

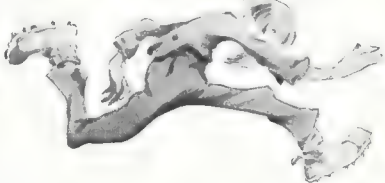
lion faeries burst into tears and everyone thought it was raining!

With another of his smoky smiles the dragon approached. This was too much for the farmer-man, so he began to run.

"Here's fun!" roared the dragon, "RUMBLEDDY-BUMBLEDDY-BUM!" and he gambled after the farmer-man, flapping his monstrous wings and sending a great wind rushing down the valley, carrying the clouds of blue-black smoke and the faery tear-drops before him.

'Round and 'round the world they rush, going from place to place, the dragon after the farmer-man, "RUMBLEDDY-BUMBLEDDY-BUM!"

Sometimes the farmer-man gains a bit and gets a chance to rest, hiding away in the hills, but all the while, creepy-creep, the dragon snoops about, chuckling to himself, "Now where can he be? Under here? Over there?" and sooner or later he finds him and with a glad roar the race begins again, the dragon after the farmer-man, "RUMBLEDDY-BUMBLEDDY-BUM!"



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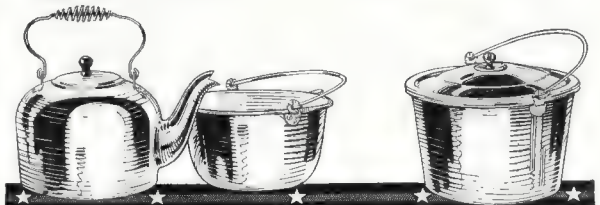
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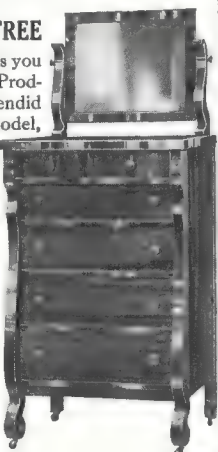
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G. P. 397

Through the Hawthorn Hedge

[Continued from page 3]

affairs. Suddenly, she tore them all up and wrote hastily:

It's tonsillitis. He's horrid. My head feels like a guard with my neck for a neck. But even that is pleasant in comparison with my chagrin. For me the song should read, "When you come to the end of the imperfect day and sit alone with your thoughts." Of course I found out—even last night—who you were. That awful thing I said about you! I'm truly sorry I said it, and more sorry that I can't take it back. And to have made you so late! And your hand was cut! Tom's silliness is light punishment for me. The roses are beautiful. When the friend plates, they smile back at him. Thank you for everything.

MARGOT JANE O'BRIEN.

On the following Wednesday, Miss O'Brien returned to her boarding-house from a strenuous gathering-up of the loose ends of her school work, and found a letter awaiting her. The letter said:

Margot Jane,
I like your name. (That's very libre.) The Jane stands for the saucy part of you and the Margot for some things that are not saucy. How is the tonsillitis? Gone, I hope.

Don't worry about the criticism. I have had many, but never one more sincere. I have written about things as I found them and I have not found them rose-colored. Margot Jane,
I wonder if you know a Tom Kennedy in your town? He and I used to play marbles (and hockey) together a hundred years ago. I went to his house last Friday night when I passed your kitchen roof. His house seemed to be hermetically sealed, and I did not stop to knock. If you know anything about him, I'd appreciate hearing.

It was only common courtesy, of course, to answer that "Tom" Kennedy was known as the Honorable T. J. Kennedy and was at present in the state legislature and that the tonsillitis had gone, thank you.

In a week an appreciative answer arrived. Now, Margot Jane O'Brien, Irish as to disposition, eyes, fanciful day-dreams, and the cleft in her chin, was also Scotch and canny. So she did not answer the letter. The tonsillitis was a thing of the past, the new window-glass was neatly puttied in, and the roses had withered, so to the brief acquaintance she said farewell. But, of course, she could not prevent Mr. John Bruner Redfern's stopping in town again, between trains, to see his friend Kennedy. That he did not see the Hon. T. J. Kennedy was not strange, seeing the august body of lawmakers had not thought of adjourning. That he called on Margot Jane O'Brien instead, was also not strange, for did he know another soul in town?

The months marched by with steady rhythm. In February a primary teacher revels in an orgy of hatchets, valentines and cherry trees, in March literally falls over kites, pussy-willows and seed-boxes, in April supervises the painting of several thousand wild-looking robins whose eyes and beaks and wings mingle sociably.

Consequently, Miss Margot Jane O'Brien, Grade One, was very busy. And very happy. The brief acquaintance had grown into a friendship, fed by letters, warmed, perhaps, by fugitive dreams.

It was May now, and the children were piling creamy-white May blooms and honey-sweet lilacs on Miss O'Brien's desk, and Miss O'Brien knew that the time had come when John Bruner Redfern was to stop once more between trains on his return from the west.

Legislature had adjourned, but it was noticeable that the Sunday the author arrived in town, he very impartially gave the short forenoon to his old playmate and the long afternoon to Margot Jane O'Brien.

The Sunday afternoon was glorious. They walked out to a row of bluffs overlooking the little city, the well-known author and the unknown school-teacher. At the crest of one of the green, rolling hills they sat down on a fallen tree trunk. Below them shimmered the river, worn like a silver sash on the green dress of May.

The afternoon slipped away like the river.

"There are some days so perfect," the girl said in the late afternoon, "that it seems an actual sorrow we can't hold them. Look at it!" She threw out her hands to the panorama. "There's nothing in the world that could improve it to-day. And yet there will come days when the fields will be brown and parched and days of sodden soil and dripping trees. But the memory of the way it looks to-day will be constant, like our faith that all we hope for will come to us."

The man turned to her. "You have the optimism that has never known rebuffs, the optimism of a child. It's a pleasant life to lead, until you find yourself with a figurative black eye. You called me a cynic once. I'm not. The theory of my life can be summed up in two words: I pay. Things don't come my way tied up in tissue-paper and ribbon, as they do to you. I'm thirty-eight. For the few sincere friends, the small measure of success that is mine, I have sweat blood—and paid."

"And did it bring happiness?"

"Contentment—of a sort. Happiness is another thing—an end-of-the-rainbow, pursuit-of-the-bluebird affair. I've chased down more than one road that led nowhere and brought me nothing. I once thought I had found the things you call Faith and Happiness. There was a girl of course. I was a callow newspaper reporter. She led me on—and laughed at me. And I said: That's all right—I hate a whiner. But from that time, girls and women have been types to me. I classify and pigeon-hole them like any trained zoologist." He paused a moment, then turned to her with his quick, boyish smile. "Live your life of all-things-working-together-for-good if you choose. But for me, I ask of Life mighty few things—and I pay."

While he was speaking, the girl, looking far across the river, had grown a little white around the lips. Now she turned to him Irish-blue eyes that did not see him.

"I pay." She repeated the words half-dreamily, half-scornfully. "Yes—?" It was a slightly questioning, mocking tone. Suddenly she brought her eyes straight to his.

"Listen!" she said in a queer voice. "You'll go to-night on the eastbound nine o'clock. I'll not see you again. I'll hear of you, of course, but you will know nothing more of me. You will only remember that somewhere there is a girl who believed, with you, that 'to pay' was the most honorable thing in the world."

"When I was a tiny girl my father was killed. My mother took me home to her parents. In a few months she died, too. They were humble Scotch people—my grandparents. Grappy was gardener for Judge Maynard, who lived across the alley from us in a house that I thought was a castle. There was a conservatory and two towers and a formal flower-garden and a long, curving driveway. A hawthorn hedge shut out the alley where I lived, and it seemed like a wall around fairyland."

"When Grappy used to go over there to work I'd stand and peek through the hawthorn hedge, and if I saw Mrs. Maynard, in her pretty clothes, drive away, I'd squeeze through the hedge and go over there with Grappy. There was a little summer house there, and the mere sitting in it made me feel beautiful, wealthy and accomplished. I grew to think that everything I wished for in that magic summer-house would come true. Once I wished for a big doll out there, and the Judge brought me one. That I could take music lessons, and he got me a teacher. That I could go to college, and he made it possible. Almost everything I have had done for me has come from him."

In a moment she went on: "Grappy died first, and last year, Granny. The Judge has been my friend, my guardian, my adviser. Two years ago his wife died." Involuntarily the girl turned away eyes that had grown dark. "And he wants to marry me—and I—must pay."

She was silent a moment. When she raised her head, a little smile, vague and wistful, was at her lips. "There it is!" She pointed across the river to the edge of the overgrown town. "Do you see it—the big brown house in that clump of oaks? The Judge is out of town. He will be home to-morrow night and I am to tell him then. There is just one evening left to me while I am free. Shall I tell you how I am going to spend it?"

She looked up at him with her whimsical smile.

"I am going to be all Irish to-night. 'There's a wholen thing that used to be and now has had their day.' But to-night I am going to bring them all back again. I am going up to the old house where I lived with Granny. Then I'm going to squeeze through the hawthorn hedge into the big garden, and the great-grand-childer of the fairies that danced on the Cushendown downs will help me re-create the atmosphere of my little girl days. 'Twill be sweeter than singin' of linnets when May on the meadows is young.' I'm going to the magic summer-house. But I shall never wish there again after to-night, for there is only one thing more I want."

She paused, and the man, his brows drawn, watched her intently. "What—is that?"

"It is all in a little verse I learned years ago. I didn't know the meaning it would some day hold for me:

'Bid all spinning to cease,
Speak to my soul in the twilight
And grant me my prayer for peace.'"

Neither spoke for a moment. It was the girl again who broke the silence. "Well, Mr. Author," her laugh sounded bright and sincere, "put me in a cyanide bottle, stick a pin through me and place me under a glass sweat blood—and paid."

[Continued on page 35]



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Through the Hawthorn Hedge

(Continued from page 34)

case, but when you classify me, please print underneath 'Species—Non-Whiner.' And now we must go, mustn't we?"

All the way home the gay banter of the earlier afternoon did not return. The man, deep in his own thoughts, stalked along silently, grimly. The girl made a few attempts at conversation and then ceased her efforts.

They found the boarding-house deserted, with the calm of a Sunday evening on it. The girl unspinned a note, which dangled from the topmost lilac in a vase on the library table, and read it aloud:

We've all gone to Summerville. There's cake in one tin box in the pantry and buns in another and cold chicken and lettuce and salad dressing in the refrigerator.

MA CORVIN.
P. S.—If Mr. Redfern stays to lunch with you, open a jar of strawberry jam.

They both laughed. It cleared the atmosphere wonderfully—that jam.

"You'll stay?" the girl asked gaily. "You wouldn't have the heart to keep me from having some jam?"

"An inherent sense of chivalry compels me to accept."

The girl put on an absurd little ruffled apron and gave an ample one of checked gingham to the man.

It turned out to be a merry little affair—that farewell supper. So talkative and vivacious was the girl, that the man entered readily into her mood. When the hands of the homely black clock on the mantel pointed to eight-thirty, the man pushed back his chair. "Where duty calls," you know—or danger," he quoted lightly.

The girl stood up, too, and smiled.

"Well, Margot Jane O'Brien, I've grown rather used to getting your bright letters. You will still write? You won't let—what you told me—make any difference?"

It is a very old question. Napoleon probably put it to Josephine when he divorced her. King Ahasuerus very likely asked it of Vashti when he put her away. But they all smiled—woman-wise—Vashti and Josephine and Margot Jane O'Brien.

"Still write? Oh, no!" she shook her head. "I'm as old-fashioned about those things as—as a Scotchman."

"Then I'll say good-bye and hope with all my heart that your last wish will come true."

"Oh, it will," she returned. "I'm as confident of that as—as an Irishman."

They laughed again. It was going to be a cheerful parting after all. The man stood for a moment looking over the top of her fluffy head, his brows drawn in their characteristic way. "There's one thing I want to tell you. What I said about studying types—I didn't mean—you mustn't think."

Thirty years before, in a primer class, Johnnie Redfern may have stumbled as incoherently.

"You're trying to tell me," the girl's honest eyes sought and held his—"that your friendliness toward me wasn't as—cold-blooded as that?"

"I'm glad of that. And there's one thing I want to tell you. I don't want you to leave with the impression that I am going to be unhappy. I'm not. I've always been able to make happiness for myself. There will be many compensations. I adore the old house and grounds. And the gardener has a little girl to whom I can be fairly godmother—think of the fun in making her wishes come true! And the Judge has my deepest respect and—admiration." If her voice faltered for a moment, it was scarcely noticeable, so quickly did she continue: "So you see, everything will be all right, and your theory of honorable payment is—quite right."

She put out her hand. "You must go. I made you late once, but trains won't wait as patiently as audiences."

He took her hand for a moment, straightened himself like a soldier called for duty, said good-bye and was gone. In the twilight, a girl in a white dress, waiting by a hawthorn hedge at the edge of town, suddenly threw back her head to listen. The long wall of the nine o'clock, eastbound train came from across the river. Breathless, she watched it—a tiny toy train against the black background of the bluffs, specks of light shining from each miniature window. As the last little car pushed blindly through the hedge.

Suddenly, the dull ache in her heart became a poignant pain. This was no enchanted garden. The castle was merely a big, dark, lonesome house. The shining knights and ladies were only tall canna and gladioli. The magic lights were but fireflies. Where were her fairies? Years ago they had come at her bidding to assist in making hard things easy. She had not given them a thought since—last winter. She had not needed them. It was true then! They forsake you when you have neglected them.

(Continued on page 36)

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There is now a way to combat that film—a way proved and approved by many high authorities. It is easily used and as pleasant as any other tooth paste, but it does what nothing else can do.

That way is called Pepsodent. We urge you to try it, then decide for yourself if you want it.

A 10-Day Revelation

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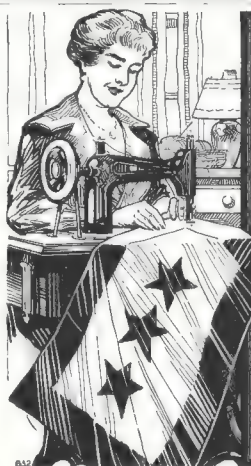
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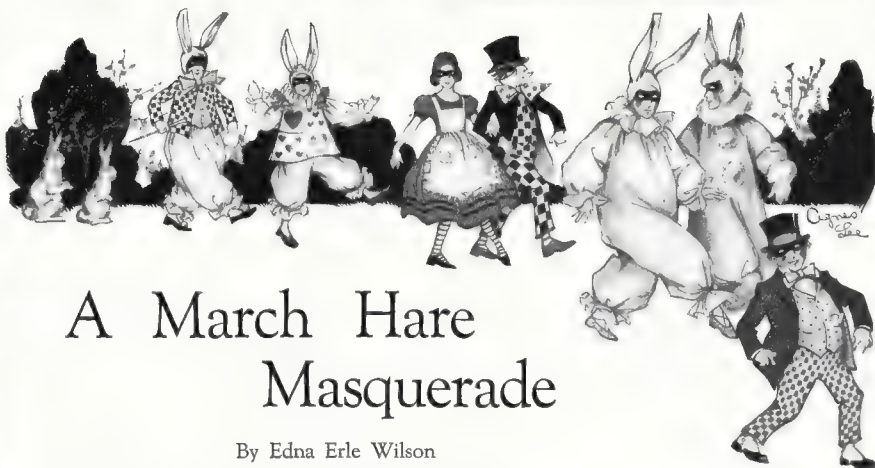
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A March Hare Masquerade

By Edna Erle Wilson

MAD Hares, fancy costumes and mysterious silk masks form the fascinating motif for a jolly entertainment given during the gusty month of March. Correspondence cards with a border of frisky rabbits pasted or sketched around the edges are used for the invitations. Doggerel seems more in keeping with the spirit of the frolic than the usual conventional phrasing, and it holds out more stimulating hopes, somehow, of a lively evening. The following bit of verse printed upon the cards in red ink will convey the message in suitable language:

On Wednesday night, at stroke of eight,
All happy souls will celebrate.
To the tune of the wild wind's serenade
We'll join in a March Hare Masquerade.

The name of the hostess should be written at the bottom of the card under the jingle. The "Wednesday" here given, will accommodate become any other day that the hostess may desire, without spoiling either the promised fun or the rhythm of the first line. Seal the envelopes with red wax or else with rabbit stickers, which come by the box all ready for use.

Costumes and masks will lend just the air of gaiety and mystery needed to make the happy occasion complete in every respect. March Hares will surely be present in puzzling duplication, wearing brown cambric dominoes. The hoods of these costumes possess ears big enough to catch all the secrets which the March Wind Maidens whisper. In white frocks, with veils of lavender, pink or blue, these graceful maidens offer a dainty contrast to the grotesque Mad Hares. The veils, which they wear, are fastened between the shoulders, two of the ends having loops of ribbon which are tied around the wrists.

Alice of Wonderland fame comes dressed as a little girl. She is costumed in a dark one-piece frock with a frilly starched white pinafore; she wears her hair bobbed or plaited in two long pigtails. Her stockings are quaintly striped in colors harmonizing with her dress. None other than the Mad Hatter, himself, is her companion. He struts upon the scene, in a suit of pronounced checkiness and a tie of equally startling design. Nor has he forgotten his enormous hat, which he carries with him all evening, refusing to surrender it to the hazards of the cloak room.

No March Hare Masquerade would be complete without Humpty-Dumpty, who seems to have grown almost too stout to sit upon any wall, much less to balance on a comparatively frail thing like a chair. A high collar, liberal padding in the waistline, and a white waistcoat enable this gentleman to live up to his name in a truly egg-like manner.

The guests may come representing any character whom they choose to imperson-

ate for the space of a night. One condition is imposed. Each must wear a mask.

Branches of trees, among which orange-colored lanterns glow, will transform the most conventional of houses into a mysterious place where Mad Hares and their gay companions may revel to the top notch of their hearts' desire.

As the guests arrive, the hostess pins a number upon the sleeve of each girl. The men are directed toward a large square of cardboard hanging on the wall. The card bears this warning:

A number take with thought and care
And find a maid your fate to share.

Underneath this rhyme are lightly sewed as many numbers as there are men present. Each man selects one, and has as his partner, the girl who wears a corresponding numeral upon her sleeve.

After numbers are matched, ten minutes are given for conversation before masks are taken off. During this time, partners try to find out as much as they can about each other. When answers are limited to "yes" or "no," this task becomes somewhat difficult.

Are you in love? Do you like to read?
Are your eyes blue? Do you think you'll like me?

THESE are specimen queries. However, no one faced with the stimulating job of trying to find out what kind of person is hiding behind the baffling silk mask, will be at a loss for questions to ask.

The next game is the rollicking one of "Finding the Hare." The guests all form a line while somebody plays a merry tune upon the piano. When the music stops, it is a signal for the guests to search for brown paper hares which are hidden around the room. As soon as the music starts, the players must join the line again. A hare found afterward forfeits the right of the player to try a second time. When a guest finds a hare he steps out of the line.

Attached to each Mad March Hare is a card upon which is written a fortune verse. Some specimen jingles are as follows:

Before the March winds cease to blow
The name of your loved one you will know.

Follow a scampering Mad March Hare
And learn your true fate—if you dare!

Here's to your fate, lass—
A handsome young man!
First make a bet, then—
A cage—if you can!

When these jingles are read aloud they occasion much merriment.

During the evening each one of the guests is given an opportunity to visit Carmencita's gaily striped tent, and take a longer look into the future. A placard over the door of the gipsy's retreat announces:

I, Carmencita, will read your palm,
Into the years I see,
Nothing that the future holds
Wears a mask for me.

This dark-eyed fortune-teller reads palms or foretells the future in a magic brew, which she mixes in a little kettle suspended over an alcohol lamp. Carmencita is attired in a short red skirt, black velvet bolero with a border of gold braid, long black sash caught on the side by a red rose, bright orange kerchief and quantities of gay beads. If some one who is known to the guests plays this part, her identity should be concealed behind a mask.

MAD Romances," which are unexpected and original enough to satisfy the most reckless adventurer into the land of sentiment, furnish the next diversion. To play this game, each guest is given a long narrow strip of heavy paper, decorated around the edges with hares, hearts and cupids. Each player is requested to write his name upon his paper, fold it once and then pass it on to the player on his right. The hostess sits in the center and asks the questions to which the guests supply written answers. As each question is answered, the slip is folded and passed on. Thus no one can see what has been written before. At the completion of the game, a whole romance will be finished.

These questions are suggestive. What is his name? Her name? Where did they meet? What did he say? What did she answer? Where did they go next? What happened there? When did he ask her to marry him? What did she say? Where did the wedding take place? What did she wear? What did he wear? Where did they live? Were they happy ever after?

When the queries are all answered, each guest must read his own romance aloud.

After this game, the guests are invited into the dining-room, where a charmingly decorated table greets them. Hanging from the chandelier is the frame of an old umbrella, covered with green crepe paper and graceful bunches of sunshiny jonquils. From the top of the umbrella, alternate yellow and green ribbons are carried to each guest's place, where they are tied to small crepe baskets filled with crystallized fruits. Yellow cheesecloth with a border of scampering brown hares, makes a novel covering for the table.

The menu is dainty and typical of the whole entertainment. It consists of sandwiches of brown bread with a filling of cheese and olives; grapefruit salad with mayonnaise dressing; toasted marshmallows on butter-thin crackers; orange ice, served in tall glasses which should be tied around the stems with butterfly-bows of yellow tulle; and punch, with diced fruit floating around in it.

Through the Hawthorn Hedge

[Continued from page 35]

She passed slowly up the gravel path to the summer house and threw herself down by the rustic seat, a forlorn, crumpled heap. How could she go on? Life was not meant to be like this, with all the glamour, all the enchantment gone! The Judge was so good—so kind. . . . Why, oh why, had she been permitted a glimpse of something infinitely more sweet—and alluring? Just a glimpse—and the door had been shut! Her mind seemed to creep numbly like a broken, wounded thing, from one bitter-sweet memory to another.

Suddenly she sat up. Someone was coming through the iron gateway and

crossing the broad, sloping lawn. Frightened, she sprang up and stepped to the doorway. It must be the Judge. He had come home on the nine o'clock train, a day earlier. What could she tell him? What excuse could she give? No whimsical, childish belief in good fairies could aid her in this. She couldn't—

The man seemed taller than the Judge—and broader-shouldered. . . .

"Margot Jane!" he called.

Her hand went to her throat. He had missed his train then.

"I thought you were the Judge." The words sounded strange and far away.

"And you were frightened?"

"Terribly." Her voice caught. "I'm sorry you missed your train."

"I didn't miss it. I was there in time. I couldn't go." His arms went around the trembling girl and he drew her gently to him.

"I came back—because I can't let you marry him. It's unthinkable. I know now that, for me, you are Faith and Happiness. I love you, Margot Jane. Could you care for me—if you tried—dear heart?"

Just at first she could not answer. Then, trembling, she whispered—"And I thought—the enchantment—had vanished."

Catch a Spot in Time

Home Treatment for Stained Clothing

By Laura Gates Sykora

SPOTS are among the big "little things" of life. Of what importance are ink splashes on the children's best frocks, or fruit stains on our favorite napkins! This article fortifies you against their surprise attacks. Cut these "stain cures" out, and paste them in your cook-book or on cards put in the handiest place you can think of. The next time, you'll be prepared!

I ONCE had a gray suit. It was not remarkable in style or quality, but it was the most wonderful suit in the world to me, for I was eighteen and I had purchased it with money I had earned myself. The first time I wore this suit was one evening when my mother and I were to dine with a friend at a queer little foreign restaurant in the Spanish quarter of San Francisco.

The restaurant was tiny and famous, therefore crowded, so we had to take a table which had just been vacated. A claret bottle stood directly in front of me, and I reached to place it to one side of the table. My hand slipped, and the colorless bottle spilled its contents over the skirt of my lovely new suit. I didn't dare to look at Mother, for I knew that she was thinking, "Where will another suit come from?"

A Remedy for a Wine-Splashed Skirt

The friend with whom we were dining, handed me a salt cellar. "Sprinkle it thickly on each spot," she instructed. Then she called the waiter to bring more salt. "Your skirt will be all right by the time we are through dinner," she said encouragingly. I doubted it, but eighteen always relishes a good dinner. I still remember how I enjoyed the tamales and frioles!

When dinner was over, the waiter appeared with a little whisk-broom and brushed the salt from my skirt, and not a single spot was left! Even the great big stain in my lap had completely disappeared. To me it was a miracle, but one which has since repeated itself many times.

Dry Absorbents for Ink Spots

Salt is one of a number of absorbents which can be used for removing stains. It is very successful with some ink stains and should be tried before strenuous or chemical means are employed. However, all inks are not of the same consistency, so it is well to have several different remedies. Begin with the simplest, the absorbents. Salt, corn-meal, French chalk, talcum powder and magnesia, make up this group. These keep the ink from spreading, and remove any fluid not absorbed by the fibers. If the spot is very large, apply one of these agents before trying anything else. Use a glass rod or blunt stick to work the absorbent around, and renew as soon as soiled. If the dry absorbent fails to take up the ink, make a paste with a little water and continue the application.

Some school inks can be removed by soap and water, especially if quite fresh. Other ink stains will come out if the garment is soaked in milk, and the milk changed after it becomes discolored.

If these first remedies have failed, try a saturated solution of oxalic acid. Let the stain soak in the solution for a few minutes, then rinse with cold water. Next in turn, put the splashed material through water in which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Soak the articles for two or three hours, if necessary, in a solution of 2½ teaspoonfuls of salts of lemon (potassium acid oxalate), dissolved in one-half pint of water.

What Caused the Stain?

If you know the character of the stain which you want to eradicate, it is much easier to judge what agent will be most effective. A stain caused from lemon juice, grapefruit juice or other fruit acids, can be removed by an application of an alkali. Baking-soda is the simplest and handiest alkali.

To Banish Perspiration Marks

It is not very often that substances which are called alkalies, like ammonia, washing-soda and borax, leave stains, unless allowed to remain so long that through evaporation they become strong. Even though the material is not affected by them, the color may be, so it is well to neutralize these

spots at once. In neutralizing spots made by an acid, the use of an alkali is necessary; so, in neutralizing a spot caused by an alkali, acid must be used. The best ones to try first are those which are the most convenient. In households, lemon juice or vinegar are usually within easy reach.

In the case of washing-soda or ammonia, a thorough rinsing in cold water is usually sufficient. When these are applied, the stain becomes bright yellow, and remains so, until thoroughly neutralized. Then the color disappears entirely. Apply the acid until this change takes place. Perspiration from the armpits is alkaline, and stains caused by it may sometimes be removed successfully by following the above instructions.

Removing Fresh Fruit Discolorations

In summer, fruit stains are a menace to one's napery. Practically all fresh fruit stains, if worked with when moist, may be removed with cold water. When they are dry, they are more difficult to do away with. This is especially true of the dark coloring matter of peaches and berries. It is never well to use soap on these stains, because the alkali in the soap, in the majority of cases, sets the colors.

Fruit stains may be removed from fast colored or white wash materials by stretching the stained article across a bowl and pouring boiling water upon it from a height of several feet. This is done in order that the water may strike the fabric with some force. If the stain proves resistant, rub, and apply the hot water alternately. For silk, wool, or other delicate fabrics, stretch the goods across a pad of blotting-paper and sponge gently on the wrong side with a lintless cloth and warm water. Use a piece of the same material as the dress, if possible.

Stains remaining after treatment with boiling water can sometimes be bleached by moistening with lemon juice and exposing to bright sunlight. A stain which turns blue or gray after the application of boiling water, can be loosened by moistening with a little 10 per cent solution of acetic acid. This restores the original color to the stained area, and makes the blot more soluble in boiling water. If necessary, apply first the acetic acid, then the boiling water.

Potassium permanganate can be used as a last resort. This is an excellent stain remover for white fabrics and for some colored ones. When putting the latter into use, it is best to first try its effect on the dye.

Apply Alcohol to Grass Stains

Grain or wood alcohol will remove grass stains from washable goods when soap and water fail. It, too, is safe to use on materials which can not be laundered.

Three Methods for Removing Grease

There are three general methods for removing grease spots; the first is with soap and water, which removes the grease by emulsifying it, the second is to absorb the grease with dry substances, and the third is to dissolve the grease.

The first method is applicable to all wash materials and is satisfactory for many wool fabrics. For the latter, sponge the spots in question with a good soap and water. Then rinse thoroughly.

The use of absorbents has the advantage of leaving no trace, as is the case with many of the grease solvents. But this method is effective only when the grease is unmixt with particles of dirt. In using an absorbent like blotting, or brown paper, place a piece on either side of the spot and press with a warm (not hot) iron. The grease is then melted and taken up by the paper. When using the absorbent powders, like Fuller's earth, French chalk, magnesia or talcum, place the stained material on a flat surface, and spread a layer of the absorbent over it, working it around gently with the finger tips. As soon as it be-

(Continued on page 38)



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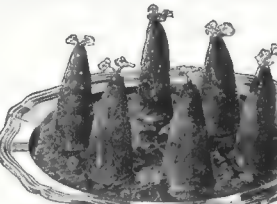
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Catch a Spot in Time

[Continued from page 37]

comes gummy, shake off and repeat until most of the stain is removed, then apply another layer and allow to remain overnight. Finish with the blotting-paper and warm iron.

Either chloroform, carbon tetrachloride, ether, gasoline or benzol will remove grease. Try one of these if the other treatments have failed. The first two are the most practical for general uses, as they are not inflammable. They are also preferable to the others mentioned, for tarry and resinous substances.

Place a pad of clean cloth or a white blotter beneath the stain, and change as soon as soiled. Sponge on the wrong side with a piece of the same material. To prevent the grease or solvent from spreading, surround the spot with French chalk or any of the dry absorbents, and rub the stain gently until dry. Sometimes the spot will have to be dipped into a bowl of the solvent, and then gently rubbed with a soft brush. In this case, it is better, if possible, to immerse the whole garment. This prevents the formation of rings. Another method especially successful in cleaning laces and delicate, unwashable materials, is to make a paste of magnesia and chloroform, and spread it over the article or spot. Leave it until dry, and brush off.

Milk, Eggs, Meat and Blood Stains

The stains made by milk, eggs, meat juice or blood have a protein which coagulates if hot water is poured upon it and becomes very difficult to remove. For washable materials, first try plain soap and water. If this does not remove the stain, soak the garments in a solution of two tablespoonfuls of household ammonia to one gallon of water. Sponging with hydrogen peroxide will remove the last traces. On thick materials, which can not be conveniently soaked in water, use a paste of raw starch mixed with water. Apply the paste thickly, and when dry, brush away. Repeat until stain is entirely removed.

To Do Away With Rust

The simplest method of removing rust from white goods is to apply lemon juice and salt, and put the article in the sun. A solution made by boiling a stalk of rhubarb in a cup of hot water, is strong enough to remove an iron rust stain. Boil the stalk in the solution for fifteen minutes. Begonia leaves and stalks steeped in a cup of boiling water and then used in the same way, will be found successful. In the case of colored materials, try hydrochloric acid on an inconspicuous place in the material. If it does not affect the colors, try it on the rust stain by making a solution of equal parts of the acid and water. Spread the stained material over a bowl of steaming hot water, and apply the acid, drop by drop, with a medicine dropper, until the stain becomes bright yellow. Then immerse instantly in hot water, and rinse thoroughly. Repeat the application if it is necessary, adding a little borax to the last rinsing water to neutralize any acid which might remain in the fabric.

Traces of Mildew Vanish

An uncomplicated way to get rid of mildew is by soaking the damaged material overnight in sour milk, and then placing in the sun without rinsing.

In your kitchen, perhaps there is no sour milk on hand when you find that some article you have stored away is mildewed. If this is the case, wash the spots in a solution of vinegar and salt, and place out of doors in the sun to bleach.

Another method for getting rid of the ugly traces of this mold, is first to wash the goods in clear cold water, then dip it in a solution made by mixing one teaspoonful of oxalic acid in half a pint of water. After immersing the stains, wipe off with clear water. Then wash at once, if the fabric will bear friction.

Upon old and persistent stains, use potassium permanganate as already prescribed.

Oil Solvents for Oil Paints

The best oil paint removers are the oil solvents such as chloroform, carbon tetrachloride or benzol. First sponge the stains. If the stains are large and scattered, rinse the entire garment in fresh quantities of the liquid.

There are doubtless occasions when the children come home with big disfiguring smears of pitch on their clothes, and you may be at a loss to know how to make their little frocks or rompers wearable again. If the garments are made of white or colored cotton or woolen goods, apply oil of turpentine or benzene to the marks, and finish by washing in soap-suds.

GIRLS! LOTS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

35 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 35 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits every one who tries this.

Try a 35 cent bottle at drug stores or toilet counters.

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you! I have done so for 25,000 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my Fairfoot treatment. Free. I don't care how many so-called cures, ointments or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing so tight shoes as ever. Just send your name and address and Fairfoot will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 10-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Be Cured and Free." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WANTED

For U. S. Government peace jobs. \$100 month. Write for list positions open. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 8229, Rochester, N. Y.

In the Month of Harps and Shamrocks



WHITE tapers glowing through green crêpe shades are delightful additions to the table—especially if the shades are banded with either a running design of small gold harps or shamrocks.



A ROLL of white crêpe paper, gilt-edged harps, and emerald shamrocks, a pot of paste and your scissors will make you a costume appropriate for the fête of St. Patrick. Sprinkle on the emblems of the "ould sod" in festoons, in rows, or in any of the ways suggested by the simple designs shown here. For headgear, you have the choice of a harp-adorned cap, a shamrock edged crown, or an informal tam topped by uncertain swaying shamrock-tipped spirals.



THE young Saint Patrick's Day hostess suitably "wilkins" her guests in such a shamrock-edged crêpe paper frock as is shown in the central figure. Before they celebrate the feast of Erin's patron saint, it will be fun to give the boys and girls aprons, caps and flags to lift them out of the realm of every-day.



EFFECTIVE favors can be made with green crêpe paper, harp-marked flags, ingenuity and a little time. The fluted baskets are pretty to mark the girls' places. Let the shamrock-man stand guard over each boy's plate. He will wobble and bow his clover-like head, because it is set on a spiral wire, but his plug hat won't topple—it is part of his stiff paper face.



For Sale—Second Hand— 100,000 Kitchen Stoves

(Continued from page 6)

the most modern of electric steamers and ovens—how clean it is, how it shines, how good it smells! Here is a recent menu:

Vegetable Soup	2 cents
Savory Pasties	6 "
Macaroni and Bean Pie	6 "
Roast Beef	8 "
Liver and Bacon	8 "
Potatoes	2 "
Greens	2 "
Rice Pudding	2 "
Baked Jam Roll	3 "
Tea	2 "

At half-past eleven the kitchen opens. The women bring their jugs and plates and carry home their dinners. How many of them take two or three portions of soup only! Some, of course, take meat and some, again, soup and one of the ample meat-substitutes—great portions of macaroni and cheese with gravy. At twelve o'clock the workmen begin to come in, for there is a double service. You can buy food

and take it away, or you can eat it there. There was a very great contrast between the wants and requirements of the women and girls who had come out to bring back food for the meager homes around about, and the large square meal which the munition workers tucked in. And presently they began to thin out and their place was taken by a riotous lot of schoolboys, most of them with bare knees and fresh English faces, their cheeks as red as apples, and many little caps with school monograms, for nearby there is an old school. And here was a thing that struck one coming from a cosmopolitan land like ours. It was how English these lads looked. Each boy might have been the brother of the other—no admixture of all the races of the earth here. They were such a contrast to the workmen and the neighborhood of the slatternly women, for they were shining,

(Continued on page 40)



Why envy the girl with the faultless complexion?

Once possibly, you had the same charming, radiant skin, but failed to give it the attention it required. Before you may know again the charm of a lovely complexion, the impurities imbedded in your skin must be removed,—stamped out.

The healing medication Resinol Soap contains is prepared for just such treatment. Commence tonight the proper cleansing and stimulating treatment this soap gives—persevere.

Sold by all druggists.

Resinol Soap



Unhampered Grace

IT IS a question if Fashion's present mode could be so popular without Delatone. The sleeveless gown and sheer fabrics for sleeves cause it to be a very necessary toilette adjunct for every woman, for Delatone makes possible freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why—

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Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of \$1 by

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EACH ingredient of Grandpa's Wonder Soap is carefully selected to give the utmost cleaning value. No imported perfume or artificial coloring is used, as these elements are useless as cleansers. Nature has given Grandpa's Wonder Soap its color and odor in the form of *genuine* pine tar—a perfect cleanser and healer.

All excess moisture is removed from Grandpa's Wonder Soap by a special process which gives long lasting qualities. The perfect blending of rich pine tar and coconut oil produces an instant abundant lather.

This lather given by *genuine* pine tar and coconut oil cleans naturally and cannot possibly injure the skin. That is why women whose hands are roughened and stained by housework have found the regular use of Grandpa's Wonder Soap so helpful in keeping them white and soft.

Buy a cake today or send coupon for free sample.

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The Genuine Pine Tar Soap

THE BEAVER SOAP CO., Dayton, Ohio. Gentlemen:—
Please send me sample cake of Grandpa's Wonder Soap containing *genuine* pine tar.

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For Sale—Second Hand—100,000 Kitchen Stoves

[Continued from page 39]

combed and brushed to within an inch of their lives, well fed—the kind of school-boys that you see on Christmas cards—dozens of them, gobbling up the good food as fast as they could.

So the people ebb and flow until one o'clock, when a strange little procession begins to trickle along. These are the babies. They come for their "penn'orth o' rice puddin'." Two by two they come, babies not more than three years old; sometimes a veteran of five or six firmly marshals in two smaller ones. Babies with buttonless shoes, with one sock between two of them, torn clothes, their little armholes ripped open, each clutching with solemn intensity the plate which is to hold the "penn'orth o' rice puddin'." Soldiers come in to eat, stenographers, employees of every kind, and always the trickling of the bedraggled discouraged women coming for soup.

Many of the collective ways of doing things may disappear now that the war is over, but the National Kitchens will not. They are increasing every day, especially in the working communities. For these kitchens can cook food for you better than you can cook it yourself. The head supervisors of the cooks are trained in the very best methods.

There is also another development, and that is the National Restaurant. This has proved, in spite of its low prices, a paying investment. I had an excellent lunch for something like 27 cents, in a bright, cheerful place, and later I was shown the many excellencies of its equipment. The effect of these kitchens is that they are demonstrating what food ought to be. They raise the standard of living for the people and furnish an adequate ration.

There are some towns where the food wagon goes around with food kept hot and you go to the door and buy your dinner cooked. And now here you see the first step to getting rid of the terrible household tyrant, that grim and dominant monster, the kitchen stove. As families, we do want to eat together, but there is nothing sacred about Mother having to cook the meals, and as more and more women inevitably go out from their homes to help earn the family's living, it has become more and more evident that something must be done about it. Well, England is pointing us the way with her National Kitchens and Restaurants, which already feed a half million people a day, and her Traveling Kitchens. Of all these matters, the one that engages my imagination the most is that of the car-line kitchen. Halifax, in Yorkshire, an industrial community, has 53 miles of track with several switches. The kitchen travels up and down these tracks, stopping at stations where the women come and buy their food. The electric power of the car also cooks the food as it travels along and keeps it warm when once it is cooked. In this car is the usual equipment of a woman with their white chef caps and their spotless white aprons. I am sure I wish that all our towns had a traveling kitchen like this.

Lately our health people have been finding out some strange things about the country districts. They say our country children are not properly fed. Many people hold the belief that no regulation of prices was necessary with us and that we have not suffered from the war at all; but this is not true. Aside from our casualties, the war has also taken its toll of our vitality. In 1914, five per cent of the children in New York City were found to be mal-nourished. By 1917 this figure had risen to twenty-one per cent. This meant one thing—wages among the poor people had not kept pace with the rising prices of food.

There is a very large public besides the very poor, which has suffered under war conditions and which has had no share in war profits. These are generally just plain folks, people like us, people with little salaries, the farmers, the small shopkeepers. Prices soared and the purchasing power of our earnings shrunk. There was one thing that did not shrink, and that was our children's appetites, but in everything but the few food commodities, prices roared at will.

It has been said that the fixing of prices is antagonistic to the American feeling. Which part of the American feeling, one wonders? The very large public who buys food, or the small group who sells it? There is talk now in America that price-fixing of all commodities will soon stop and that the natural laws of supply and demand will reassert themselves. But here in England there are many others in authority who say that English people will never again go back completely to the old ways. They say that never again will profiteers be allowed to traffic with the necessities of life. If that proves true, then it seems to me that England will be ahead of America on its march toward a wider democracy.

How Can I Earn Some Money?



How can I, a woman with no previous experience, earn the money necessary to the welfare and happiness of myself and those dependent upon me?

This perplexing question has been answered to the entire satisfaction of thousands of women and can be answered for you just as satisfactorily. We have shown them a pleasant, dignified way of obtaining needed money. In this work, admirably suited to a woman's tastes and ability, you may devote all or only part of your time and be sure of handsome returns for every hour so engaged.

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Boys and Girls
Clear the Skin
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Dandruff Soap, Ointment, Talcum 25c. each.

Youth for Youth

[Continued from page 11]

Then her eyes filled up and she asked, reaching out a hand to me, to be forgiven. "I know it's not your fault exactly," she said, "only he probably knows that you know her, and that might have made him think it was all right for him."

"Good Lord! Letty," I said. "I introduced him to her myself a week ago."

That struck her speechless. "Come now," said I. "Calm down and face the facts. All boys get infatuated with actresses. And it seldom does them any harm to speak of, even when it involves hanging around stage alleys and scraping acquaintance with the only sort within their reach—some ramshackle, shabby-minded little vulgarian of a chorus girl. And for a boy to have a chance to meet, in a decent, self-respecting way, a real person like Jane Page, and for her to be kind enough to let him play around with her a little, is something for you to thank his stars for. And as for thinking it could come to anything serious, that's simply too absurd."

Rather tall talk that was, I'll admit. It wasn't the way I had felt when I saw Jane and Arthur walk away together to the theater, the night of our dinner. But I had taken myself in hand that night before getting off to sleep, and had persuaded myself that my emotional fears and forebodings were nothing but the product of an over-excited mood. I wasn't in love with Jane, was I? No, I was not. Therefore, those feelings of mine must have been a mood. Jane had shown herself to be, once more, just her amiable, enthusiastic self, a woman and the actress in her, both, had been stirred by the story I had told her about him, by his dramatic appearance so pat upon the telling of the story, and by the coincidence of his turning out to be someone she had seen in her audience. It was probable that, despite my dissuasions, she still fancied she saw a play in him. He was a nice boy in whom I was interested. That little emotional outburst of hers toward him had been most natural.

AND I had argued further, was that the only incident of that day that I had been guilty of exaggerating? Hadn't I taken Arthur's predicament a good many degrees too hard? He'd been temporarily upset, of course. And, somehow, had upset me. He had, most likely, already begun to forget that nightmare of his. Long before they were ready to send him down to Camp Grant, he'd probably be eager to go. Anyhow, I'd best do nothing about it unless he came to me again.

That conviction, that pair of convictions indeed, I had settled to before I dropped off to sleep, at an unearthly hour, I'll confess, on the night of my dinner with Jane and Arthur.

I had rather hoped for some word from Jane during the four or five days that elapsed before my trip down state. I had wanted her to call me up on the 'phone, as she so often did, just to say hello and ask me what I was doing with myself, and I had been inexplicably shy about calling her. Arthur, I hadn't heard from either, and in his case, didn't expect to.

On the whole then, the line I took with Letty represented honestly enough my reasonably attained beliefs. Of course it is true, on the other hand, that it steadily ignored my emotional misgivings.

But those emotional misgivings weren't as dead as I pretended they were, and something about Letty's expression, as she stared ring flat in my own ears.

Something about me was pitiable; my ignorance, my credulity, my blindness. Yet I was not, nor did I deserve to be, pitied. That's as close as I could come to an exegesis of the look with which Letty regarded me, as I assured her of the helplessness of Arthur's acquaintance with Jane.

"Of course," she said. "I don't know how far a thing would have to go for you to call it serious. But this is what Victoria told me, and I suppose she tells the truth."

"It seems that her Cyrus and a friend of his, up there in the training camp at Fort Sheridan, came to town together last Saturday, and went to the matinee at that theater. They saw Arthur sitting alone in an upper box. And after the play, they went behind the scenes—Cyrus and his friend, I mean—because the friend knew a man who was in the company. And while they were back there, they saw Arthur." Letty stammered and blushed over this, "they saw Arthur come out of her dressing-room."

"They went to another play that night, and after it was over, to a place called the Green Grotto, a sort of restaurant, I suppose, and there they saw Arthur having supper with her."

"Victoria thought it was funny; pretended to, anyhow. Cyrus was so furious, she said, with envy over Arthur's success. I don't know whether you feel that way about it or not."

Well, for a fact, I didn't think it was so very funny, but I valiantly set about

disabusing Letty of some mistaken implication she saw in the episode. I pointed out to her that it was entirely customary for actors—yes, including actresses—to receive friends in their dressing-rooms. Jane's maid, of course, was present in the room when Arthur made his call.

As for the Green Grotto, it was a place of the highest repute. It was so far, indeed, in upholding the proprieties as to prohibit women from smoking. All actors needed a meal after an evening performance. And, in Jane's case, when she had an escort, it was pleasanter, as well as doubtless more convenient, to have her supper in a down-town restaurant, instead of at the end of her long drive out to High Forest. There was nothing disreputable or ruinous, then, about any of Victoria's details.

Letty, as soon as she had seen the drift of my observations, had opened up her shopping-bag and begun exploring its interior. A quarter of my mind, perhaps, while I talked, was occupied with this activity of hers. The moment I finished, she produced an opened letter and held it out to me.

"You'd better read this before you go any further," she said.

It was addressed in Jane's handwriting to Arthur.

"Without his permission, or hers, of course I won't read it," I said sharply. The more so because I was aware from a sudden pang, how much I wanted to.

"I've read it," said Letty, "and I'll tell you what it says. She calls him 'Arthur, dear,' and speaks of his having made her cry. She tells him he mustn't come on Friday. She won't explain why. He must trust her for that. But he's to have a picnic breakfast with her Sunday. That will be to-morrow. And he's to come to 'the garage' early. 'The garage!'"

"The Garage," I said, "is her name for where she lives, just as decently as you do in your house, chaperoned by an old woman cousin. And an actor's breakfast is what we call lunch. Sunday dinner is what she's asked him to."

"I should think," I added, "that the fact of his having turned the letter over to you to read would be enough to show that there is no harm in it."

I stopped short there, for Letty's bright blush was confession enough that her son had not shown the note to her. She'd been rummaging. Well, she had her own code with Arthur, as I had discovered years ago. A scolding wouldn't effect anything.

"It's the first thing," she said over a dry, stabbing little sob, "that he's ever kept from me."

"Oh, please don't cry," I said. "I'll do anything I can, of course. It's just that I don't see, for the minute, what there is that I can do."

"You can save my boy for me!" she cried passionately. "If the woman's not as bad as I think, so much the better. If she's just amusing herself with him, doesn't mean anything serious, why, you can ask her to stop, not go on until she has spoiled his life. But you see," she added forlornly, "she's pretty well spoiled everything already."

I didn't know what more to say, nor what to do. I wasn't, perhaps, as far from agreeing with her as she must have supposed. It was distinctly a reprieve that my telephone rang just then. I took it that way, anyhow, until the instrument spoke.

"I want to see you," Jane was saying tensely in my ear, "as soon as I possibly can. It's important."

"Where are you?" I asked. And then literally jumped when she answered. "I'm right here in your office. They told me you were busy with someone."

I didn't stop to think. That would be fatal, I knew.

"Oh, come right in," I said, managing, I hoped, to sound pleasantly casual. "Mrs. Hornsby's here." And rather precipitately hung up.

"It's Jane," I explained to Letty. "I thought you'd like to meet her yourself." That was all there was time for, before the door opened.

One thing I understood in a flash, was the conquering intention I had seen in Letty's dress. She hadn't, of course, expected an encounter with Jane, not an actual meeting like this, at all events. But jealousy for Arthur, and perhaps just a little, unacknowledged, for me, had made Jane her rival, and it was for Jane she had put on her armor.

It was rather a breath-taking business, the way she rose from my chair and drew herself up so implacably for battle.

Well, thank the Lord, Jane was an actress! It had applauded her entrance, if I'd dared. There was so perfectly poised a serenity about it, there was so total an absence of flourish, there was so exquisite a youthful deference in her acknowledgment of the introduction, which I performed a shade too casually, as I was aware.

She was as perfect in her way, as Letty was in hers. They were well-matched.

[Continued on page 50]

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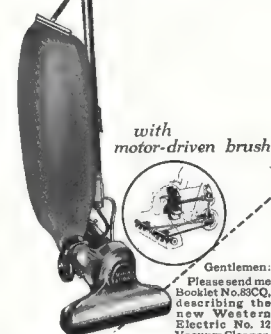
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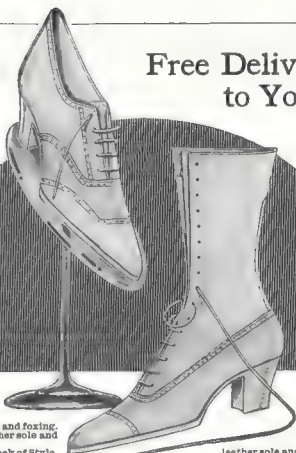
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Nubuck Oxford
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Nubuck leather, suede
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Perforated wing tip effect and foxing.
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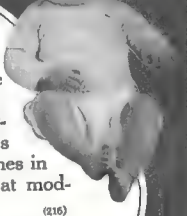
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Shaking Ourselves Out Of Ruts

By Hazel B. Stevens

TING-A-LING!" Ten o'clock Saturday morning. A gay voice bailed me over the telephone. "Will you take a run into the country with me this morning? I'm after tomatoes for canning. Bring your basket."

Would I! It took me just ten minutes by the clock to slip out of my house-dress and into something less unconventional. In twelve minutes the automobile was at the door.

"Hop in, and we're off," beamed my friend, the holiday spirit bright in her eyes; as she tucked my big basket safely away.

Away we went. There was a glorious crisp tang in the air, and we turned to smile broad smiles at each other in appreciation of it, feeling like two schoolgirls out for a "lark," instead of matrons with the responsibilities of families on our shoulders.

"You're such an adaptable creature," praised my friend.

"What!" I cried. "Do I get commended for being ready to go on a wonderful ride on a wonderful fall morning?"

"But you'd be surprised how few would. Why, you're the only friend I know that I'd dare ask on a Saturday morning."

This was a new point of view. I considered it thoughtfully. "My house is never so dirty," I submitted, "that two hours in the afternoon wouldn't make it presentable for Sunday—leaving the extras till Monday."

"Of course not! You'd think housewives would all feel that way. But they don't. Take my cousin Anna, for instance, who lives next door to me. She washes on Monday, irons on Tuesday, mends on Wednesday, bakes on Friday, cleans on Saturday. Nothing short of a fire or an earthquake would make her vary her program. As for going riding on Saturday morning, she holds up her hands in horror at it. I know she does, because I've tried her. And so would most of our friends who do their own work. If you don't believe that, try them sometime."

It happened that soon after this I had occasion to "try them." We were organizing for War Relief work, and were arranging days when different women might serve; we live in a suburban neighborhood where few of us keep maids. As chairman, I put my queries, with the following results:

"Monday? No, I couldn't give Monday—that's my washday."

"Tuesday? No, I do so and so."

"Wednesday? No, I always—"

"Thursday? Oh, no! that's my—"

day. But we finally managed to find some one person for each day who did not have a permanent household engagement; until we came to Friday.

"Saturday?" "No!" "No!" and again "No!" Everybody cleaned on Saturday!

"But couldn't you clean on Monday?" I asked in despair. Then came the avalanche of disapproval of which my friend had warned me. You would have thought it was a penitentiary offense to clean on Monday!

DO I seem to be presenting a thesis against order and system in housework? Heaven forbid! On general principles it is a good thing to have regular days for regular tasks. But the object of any schedule is defeated when it rides as master instead of serving—as it does the minute it becomes so iron-clad that it can not be broken to accommodate some interest, for the time more important.

"I'll never have a Saturday cleaning day as long as I live," confided a bride of a month. "Saturday at home has been the horror of my childhood. Never could I go on a school picnic, or to a football game, or anywhere else on Saturday, because the house had to be cleaned though the skies should fall!"

What a pity! Even though the day before Sunday had been, in general, the most convenient day for cleaning, especially since it was the school holiday and Mother needed the help of her half-grown girls, yet couldn't it have been arranged that they should clean after school, occasionally, so as not to have been cut off from all social activities? They had been cheated of something that could never be given back to them, and all in order to keep in a household rut of cleaning certain inanimate things at a certain traditional time.

The principal of a small high school, not long married, said to me the other day, "Is there any unsurmountable reason why a woman must always clean her house on Saturday? You know that is my day off, but whenever I want Lena to go somewhere with me, she's always late to her eyes in sweeping and dusting."

This surely proves that deference to a fixed household "day" was with her a habit

and not a necessity. With but two in the family, the young bride had nothing to do all week but tend her wee house and keep it as spotless as she liked. Yet she must needs spend her husband's one day at home in making her house thoroughly uncomfortable, and herself unlovely, as well as unavailable as a companion. The result was that her husband, who in his position needed to keep up with many social engagements on Saturday, was getting into the habit of going alone; and his wife was losing many enjoyable trips, and the comradeship of her husband.

It is an attitude of mind, then, that needs changing. I have in mind a very charming girl of our college days—admired by all our "set," beautiful to look at, always wonderfully dressed, and good fun. But somehow it became noticeable that at our many impromptu gatherings, picnics, and such things, Alice was not there. A comment of one of the men of the crowd gave the reason:

"I love to take Alice places," he said; "but she never can go unless you give her at least a week's notice."

And then I realized that I, too, had stopped asking Alice to anything but the most formal affairs, because she always had to "shampoo her hair" or "press her dress," or she "had nothing to wear," or she "couldn't possibly go this afternoon."

And so she was depriving herself of all the fun! I dare say that as she grew older, she had to "clean" or "iron" or "bake" whenever a party was planned. Once, as a half-grown girl, I remember happening in at a certain aunt's home about nine o'clock in the evening, and finding her just starting the family wash! Well, I recollect the shock to my conventions this gave me, and my feeling of superiority at such "shiftlessness." I must have shown my feelings in my face; for my aunt said,

YOU know, Betty, I wouldn't wash this time of day if I had my choice; but I work day-times, and the store has been keeping open late for holiday trade. It's better to wash now than to let the children go dirty, isn't it? I have to do the best I can."

It was a little sermon against "ruts" that I never forgot. My aunt had been left with four small children, and no income. She was going cheerfully ahead, doing "the best she could," sewing on Sundays, and doing housework at odd hours. But no mother ever made a greater success of her motherhood than she; for her children grew up helpful, loving, efficient.

My solution for easing the "ruts" in housework is, first, quick adapting of our point of view, and, training ourselves to see things in proper perspective. To keep Wednesday for baking if we like and it is most convenient, but to be able to see that cookies will be just as nutritious if baked on Thursday, providing something more important comes up on Wednesday.

Second, in handling the big tasks, I use rotation. For instance, windows need to be cleaned at least once a month. Instead of "making a day of it," I clean the windows in the front of the house one week; the dining-room and kitchen windows, the next; upstairs front, the third; and upstairs back, the fourth. This brings me around the circle again, and has kept a hard task a mere incident.

The same way with sweeping. I do downstairs thoroughly one week, and upstairs thoroughly the next, and alternate with a more or less cursory cleaning.

I try to keep my house "up" in such a way that at no time will a surprise descent of guests disconcert me, or an unplanned trip, or a sudden illness of a member of the family, requiring close attention, clog the domestic machinery.

This year at fall cleaning time, I found myself with a daily engagement in war work for each afternoon. Therefore I cleaned only during the mornings, a room at a time, and by three o'clock was clean myself, and in a street frock, on my way to town. Now I am sure, was my cleaning done better, or with less disturbance to myself and my household.

Let's let the big things count and the little ones sink back into their places. If I sit down amidst a pile of "dirty" dishes to finish a sock that needs to get off with a shipment, or to write a letter to a home-sick laddie; if I leave my Saturday sweeping till Monday in order to fit into the camp-hospital visiting hours with an armful of posies, shall I not be the better for it—and my house none the worse?

Along with the other lessons that the war has taught us, let's let it shake us out of our RUTS!

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A cozy living room, with open brick fireplace and Olson Velvety Rugs in two-toned Brown.



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From Mrs. Elmer Dunn, Berwick, O.: "The rugs reached me in splendid condition and I am very much pleased with them. I could not recognize the old material I sent you."

"They Are Beauties"

From Mrs. M. S. Morton, Mahawk, N. Y.: "Received my rugs in fine condition and they are beauties, so much prettier than I ever anticipated they could be, being made from the material which I sent you."

"Colors Are Pretty"

From Mrs. Carl Schonbert, 820 Smith St., Johnston, Pa.: "The rugs you made for me arrived in good condition and we are very much pleased with them. They do not look at all like the rugs I had seen made from old carpets. The colors are very pretty."

"Agreeably Surprised"

From Mrs. B. F. Plumley, Port Hope, Mich.: "I would not be doing you any myself justice if I did not tell you I am more than pleased with the rugs, especially the brown one. They are beautiful and every one who sees them is very much taken up with them. I was afraid I would be disappointed, but contrary to that, am very agreeably surprised. Was also pleased with your splendid promptness both in manufacturing and shipping."

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From Hayes L. Boss, Box 90, Old Mystic, Conn.: "Received rug today and I will say it is a beauty. My wife and I are delighted with it. We thank you for doing so well with the material we sent you. It does not seem possible these old carpets were so valuable. I will recommend your good work to my friends."

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"They Are Beautiful"

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Every pair is *strongly* reinforced at points of hardest wear

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There are other good features that have made this hosiery a great favorite throughout the United States. The tops are amply wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even. The Durham dyes prevent fading after wearing or washing. There are styles of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery for every season of the year, for work, dress, play or school.

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Fleecy-lined stockings and socks for women, children and men, strong and good-looking, with soft, warm fleecing throughout.

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A fine, wide elastic out-size stocking with extra wide elastic top. Medium weight. Made from soft combed half-hatch yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Balbriggan, black and white.

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A serviceable stocking for women. Made from soft fine finished yarn. Medium weight. Wide elastic top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black and white.

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A medium-weight sock with 3-thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white.

ROVER LAD

A good medium-weight substantial stocking for children. Triple-reinforced knees. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black and white.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

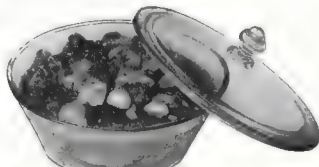
FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Making the Most of Your Oven

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

There is a Whole Meal in this Casserole of Veal and Vegetables



NO matter what amount of fuel you use, make the dollars you pay out for coal, wood, gas or oil bring you full value. Money saved in burning less fuel can be expended in foods and other necessities. You can save money by planning oven meals. The cooked courses of your dinner, from the main plate right through to the dessert, may be baked in the oven.

In using the oven of a coal-stove or wood-stove, be sure that the dampers are right, and the stovepipe free from soot. Don't pile on fuel; add the least amount that will keep the fire going. If you use the range for heating as well as for cooking, select foods which require a long, slow cooking, rather than a hot, quick fire.

When preparing food on the top of an oil- or gas-stove, regulate the height of the flame. Turn down the burner as soon as the water has started to boil, and the food will cook just as quickly, even if the boiling is not so vigorous. Remember that matches are cheaper than gas or oil, so put your flame out and relight it when again needed. When you let the flame spread around the sides of a utensil you are wasting heat.

In planning oven meals, consider the capacity of your oven, the time it takes to bake the foods, and the kind of oven they require, whether hot or slow. At the same time, have in mind a variety in flavor and nutriment. Always serve with such a meal some food which requires no cooking. Salad plants with French dressing, fresh fruit and the raw vegetables, such as celery and radishes, offer plenty of choice.

The following menus offer suggestions for combinations:

MENUS FOR OVEN DINNERS

Baked Chicken Roast Chicken
Baked Squash Roasted White Potatoes
Lettuce Hearts French Dressing
Cracker and Jam Pudding Sterling Sauce

Casserole of Veal (with potatoes, onions and carrots)
Scalloped Tomatoes
Sliced Orange Salad
Lemon Dressing
Cream Puffs
Whipped Cream Filling

Meat Loaf
Baked Beets
French Baked Potatoes
Romaine Salad
Indian Pudding
Hard Sauce

Baked Oysters
Corn Muffins
Glazed Sweet Potatoes

Apple, Celery and Nut Salad
Ginger Pudding
Jelly Sauce
Baked Halibut
Celery
Baked Corn and Peppers
Sweet Pickle
Chocolate Pudding
Whipped Cream or Marshmallow Whip

Here are recipes for some of these dishes. If you want any others mentioned, I will gladly send them, if you will enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.

CRACKER AND JAM PUDDING
3 eggs 1/2 cupful sugar
1 cupful milk Grated rind and juice of one-half lemon
1 tablespoonful butter 3 tablespoonfuls jam
1/2 cupful cracker crumbs

Soak the crumbs in the milk. Rub the butter and sugar together. Add the lemon, and beat. Add to the cracker crumbs. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add to the first mixture, then beat the whites, and fold them in. Grease a pudding dish, spread the jam, place the mixture on top, and bake one-half hour.

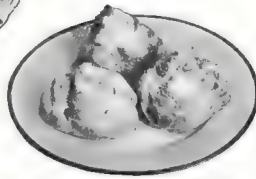
CASSEROLE OF VEAL WITH VEGETABLES
2 pounds veal (inexpensive cut) 1 teaspoonful salt
2 cupfuls diced potatoes 1 clove
2 cupfuls sliced carrots 4 pepper cones
2 small onions sliced thin 2 teaspoonfuls Worcestershire
Tiny piece bay leaf

Cut the veal in 2-inch pieces, roll in flour, and brown in a little fat. Season and put in a casserole with 2 cupfuls hot water. Bake very slowly 3 hours. Add the onions, and after 15 minutes, the potatoes. Bake 15 minutes and add the carrots. Bake 1/2 hour longer.



Crisply Browned Baked Oysters

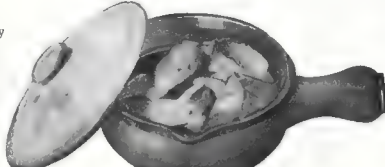
Individual Chocolate Puddings (left), or Cream Puffs (right) are Tempting Desserts for an Oven Dinner



Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Costes



A Fluffy Coconut-sprinkled Jelly Sauce, Delightful with Baked Ginger Pudding



A Savory Side-dish of French Baked Potatoes

CREAM PUFFS
1 cupful hot water
1/2 cupful butter or butter-substitute
1 1/2 cupfuls pastry flour
5 eggs

Heat the fat and water until the mixture boils. Add the flour all at once, and mix thoroughly. Cook from three to five minutes and when cool, add the unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Beat until thoroughly mixed. Drop by tablespoonfuls on buttered baking-sheets, and bake in a moderate oven 25 or 30 minutes. When cold, open at the sides and fill with cream filling or whipped cream.

CREAM FILLING
1/3 cupful flour or 2 1/2 tablespoonfuls corn-starch
2 cupfuls scalded milk
1/2 cupful sugar
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 1/2 teaspoonfuls butter-substitute

Moisten the flour or corn-starch with some of the cold milk. Add this to the hot milk. Cook 15 minutes in a double boiler. Beat the eggs, sugar and salt together. Add to them the hot liquid and butter-substitute, return to double boiler and cook until the egg thickens. Remove from the fire. When cool, add flavoring.

FRENCH BAKED POTATOES
Peel small potatoes and cut in eighths, lengthwise. Soak for an hour in cold water. Drain and dry between towels. Dip in melted fat, and place in a small baking dish or casserole. Season with salt and pepper. Bake 1/2 hour with casserole covered, then uncover and leave until the potatoes are brown.

BAKED OYSTERS
1 pint oysters
1 egg
4 tablespoonfuls melted fat

Wash and dry the oysters. Season with salt and pepper. Slightly beat the egg. Add the cold water. Dip the oysters in the crumbs, then in the egg, drain and dip in the crumbs again. Dip very quickly in the melted fat, and place on a baking-sheet or pan. Bake 15 minutes, or until brown. Serve on hot platter. Garnish with watercress or parsley.

GINGER PUDDING
1 cupful sugar
3/4 cupful milk
2 cupfuls flour
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 egg
1/4 cupful fat
1/4 teaspoonful ginger
2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Cream the fat, then add the sugar and the beaten egg. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Bake in individual tins about 1/2 hour.

Raisins or currants may be added if desired.

JELLY SAUCE
1 glass sour jelly (any kind)
White of one egg
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
2 teaspoonfuls shredded coconut

Beat the egg until stiff, then beat in the lemon juice. Beat the jelly with a fork until thoroughly broken up. Beat the jelly into the egg, pile in a glass serving-dish, and sprinkle with the coconut. After the pudding is served, the dish of sauce should be passed.

BAKED CHOCOLATE PUDDING
3 tablespoonfuls melted fat
1 cupful milk
1 cupful flour
2 cupfuls sugar
2 squares of melted chocolate

Stir fat and sugar together. Add the eggs, beaten. Sift the baking-powder with the flour, and add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Stir in last the chocolate, which has been melted over hot water. Bake in a well-greased shallow pan about half an hour. Serve while hot.

This pudding makes an attractive dessert if baked in individual molds.

PARSNIPS are in the class of "homely, hardy vegetables," and their possibilities are rather vague as far as the average housewife is concerned. There is nothing particularly attractive about a water-soaked vegetable. So, like all "winter" vegetables, parsnips should be cooked in as small a quantity of water as possible. They should steam, rather than boil, if they are to retain their full flavor.

PARSNIP CAKES

Grate sufficient raw parsnips to make one cupful. Add one cupful of bread-crumbs, two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cooking-oil. Season with salt and pepper. Moisten with milk; shape into flat cakes. Bake in the oven in a pan containing meat drippings, basting the cakes frequently until they are well browned and richly crusted.

PARSNIP OYSTERS

Grate three or four parsnips, add three well-beaten eggs, one cupful sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cooking-oil. Season and mix.

Drop in spoonfuls on a hot, greased grid-die. Bake brown on both sides.

PARSNIP SMOTHER

Dice a thick slice of fat salt pork and fry until brown. Add to it equal quantities of potatoes and parsnips, about a pint of each, in a cooking-kettle. Season with salt and pepper. Make a rich biscuit dough and lay it over the vegetables, making a hole in the center. Pour in one pint of good soup stock. Cover closely and cook about one-half hour.

PARSNIP STEW

Prepare pork, potatoes and parsnips as for a smother. Add sufficient stock, or water and milk to cover the vegetables. Cook until tender, then add dumplings.

Cover closely and simmer until the dumplings are done. Serve the stew in the center of a deep platter with a garnish of parsley, minced chives and dumplings for a border.

BUTTERED PARSNIPS

Slice and boil the parsnips in a little salted water. When done, drain off any remaining water, for the parsnips must be perfectly dry. Into a stew-pan put some cooking-oil or butter, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. When it bubbles add three tablespoonfuls of cream or rich milk. Pour over the parsnips and serve.

PARSNIP PIE

Scrape and slice ten or twelve parsnips, six potatoes and two onions. Chop fine

one-half pound of fat, salt pork. Boil in as little water as possible. When done, pour into a pan lined with biscuit dough, cover with a top crust. Bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

PARSNIP BALLS

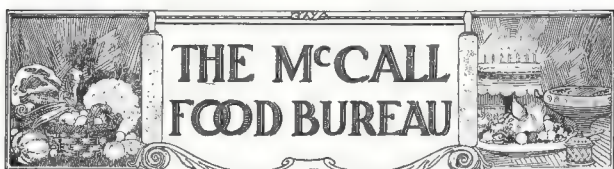
Boil parsnips until tender in salted water. Mash and season with butter and pepper. Add a dust of flour and two well-beaten eggs. Shape into tiny balls and fry in hot oil. These are delicious with roast meat.

PARSNIP PUDDING

Grate one medium-sized parsnip. Add four well-beaten eggs, one cupful of cream or top milk and a little butter. Add sugar or syrup to taste. Bake like a custard.

PARSNIPS WITH CREAM

Slice the parsnips and cook in salted water until tender, then pour in one cupful of cream in which a little flour has been stirred. Season with pepper and a little salt. Allow it to reheat and serve. This makes a very acceptable breakfast dish when served with crisp toast.



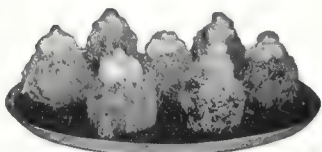
THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

Before Fresh Fruits Come

By Margaret B. Foulks

WHEN you survey

your cellar shelves, you see in those rows of jars filled with big plump peaches, glasses of dark red strawberry preserves, rhubarb, and bottled, grape juice, a veritable treasure chest of material for salads and desserts! Even though the preserves are "home made," they will not tempt in a saucer as they would dressed up in one of the following ways.



A winning combination of peaches, jelly and coconut

GRAPE JUICE MUSSE

Two tablespoonfuls gelatin, one cupful cold water, sugar to taste, five tablespoonfuls lemon juice, whites of two eggs, one quart home-made grape juice. Soften the

gelatin in cold water, then combine fruit juices. Heat to the boiling point, and pour over gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Sweeten to taste. When cold, pour into a freezer with dasher, and turn briskly until the mixture thickens; beat the whites of eggs very stiff, and combine with the frozen mixture. Freeze until hard, then remove the dasher, and pack an hour, or longer, before serving. Leave in packing.

GRAPE JELLY MOUSSE

One-half pint cream, two whites of eggs, one small glass grape jelly, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, one tablespoonful granulated gelatin softened in a half glass of sweet milk. Whip the cream quite stiff and beat half of the jelly into it, gradually. Melt the softened gelatin over hot water. Cool a few minutes, and beat slowly into the cream mixture. Beat eggs very dry, and beat into them the other half of the jelly. Fold into the cream mixture, and when well blended, add the lemon juice, and turn into a cold wet mold. Place on ice until ready to serve. Garnish with a little whipped cream, or grape jelly. This light, cool mold makes an attractive party dainty, or a dinner dessert served in thin sherbet glasses.

PEACH CUSTARD

Cover an inverted pie-tin with flaky pastry, and bake until crisp. Remove from the tin, and cool. Drain canned peaches, and press enough through a colander to make

COCONUT JELLIED PEACHES

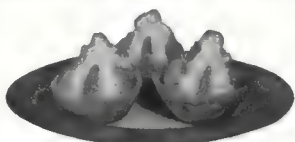
Drain firm whole peaches and wipe off with a cheese-cloth. Arrange on a serving-dish, and pour slowly, over each one, melted currant or plum jelly. As the jelly hardens, cover thickly with shredded coconut, and put a small spoonful of whipped cream on top of each. Set in a cold place until ready to serve.

BLUE PLUM PASTRIES

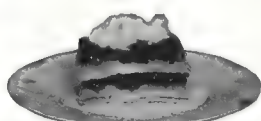
Make a pastry as for peach tarts. Roll thin and cut into oblong shapes, prick with fork, and bake in a quick oven. When ready to serve, place a pastry on each plate, cover thickly with fresh blue plum preserves, cover with another pastry, then with preserves and garnish with whipped cream.

PEARS, FLOWER FASHION

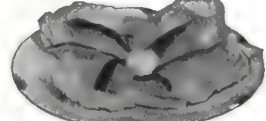
Select one large, firm pear or two halves for each person to be served. Cut into eights and arrange in flower fashion on crisp cold lettuce. Cut long narrow strips of canned pimiento and arrange between each section of the fruit, then place a ball of cream cheese in the center. Serve very cold with mayonnaise or French dressing.



Peach tarts, a dessert suggestion of short pastry, sliced peaches and fluffed cream



Oblong layers of crisp pastry, sandwiched with blue plum preserves, result in a good dessert



In this pretty flower salad, a ball of cream cheese is the center; the petals are strips of pimiento and pears

PEACH TARTS

One cupful of flour, four tablespoonfuls fat, a half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful baking-powder, and ice water to form a soft dough. Sift the flour, salt and baking-powder and cut into it half the fat. Mix quickly with the ice water into a soft dough. Toss on a floured marble slab or board, and roll lightly into an oblong shape. Put half of the remaining fat, in small bits, over the lower portion, fold the upper part down over it. Turn half way around, and roll as before. Repeat, using all of the remaining fat; and after rolling quite thin, roll up like a jelly roll, and set in the ice-box several hours, or overnight. When ready to use, stand the roll on end, and roll to the desired thickness. Cover the outside of muffin rings with the pastry, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven until crisp and brown. Remove from the tins while hot, and set aside until ready to serve. Fill the bottom with sliced canned peaches, stand several slices around the side of pastry and fill the center with whipped cream, ice cream, or blanc mange.

PEACH SHORT CAKE

Two eggs, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful flour, one-half cupful corn-starch, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one-third cupful and one tablespoonful of boiling water, three drops each of vanilla and orange flavoring. Beat the egg yolks until lemon-colored, add the sugar a little at a time, then the boiling water, and continue beating until the sugar is completely dissolved. Sift the baking-powder and flour five times, then stir into the first mixture. Add the flavoring and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of

(Continued on page 50)



Chocolate Pudding Supreme!

THIS is Special Chocolate Pudding—a chocolate pudding supreme. You make it with Douglas Corn Starch, by the recipe given on this page. You serve it with pride, it is eaten with joy—the favorite dessert of man, woman and child.

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Douglas Corn Starch has been perfected by experts in the making of foods from corn. The Douglas Process is exclusive.

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Practical Uses of Douglas Corn Starch All Housewives Should Know

You should first learn the endless variety of delicious desserts to be made with Douglas Corn Starch. It makes a wonderful Lemon Cream Pie.

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Mix Douglas Corn Starch with the flour you use in making cake and pastry—it will make them extra fine and light. It improves the flavor and consistency of Chocolate Sauce and makes the Chocolate go farther.

Use it to thicken gravies and to make drawn butter sauce—use it to thicken soups. These gravies, sauces, and soups are far richer and smoother than the same dishes made with flour.

Order Douglas Corn Starch from Your Dealer

Your dealer should have it in stock; if not, he can get it for you. You will find a number of tried and tested recipes on the package. These cover the most general uses of Douglas Corn Starch.

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This book will also give you recipes and explain the value of Douglas Oil, for salads, shortening, and frying.



Douglas Chocolate Pudding

1 square chocolate. 3 cups milk. 1-3 cup Douglas Corn Starch.
1 teaspoon vanilla. 1-4 cup sugar.
1-2 cup cold milk. Few grains salt.

Melt chocolate, add scalded milk. Mix corn starch, sugar and salt, dilute with cold milk and add to the scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook fifteen minutes. Add flavoring. Mold. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

DOUGLAS COMPANY

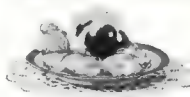
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New York, 15 Park Row Chicago, 363 W. Ontario Street
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(1211)

Douglas Corn Starch



Use Douglas Oil for Salads, Shortening and Frying

How Scientists Bake Beans



Doctors Said the Dish Was Unfit

Doctors said that old-style baking left Pork and Beans unfit. They were underbaked—very hard to digest. And everybody knew that.

Also, the dish was not dainty. Some beans were crisped, some mushy. The skins were tough. The sauce was seldom zestful.

in water freed from minerals, because hard water makes skins tough.

They are baked by live steam under pressure—baked for hours at 245 degrees. They are thus made easy to digest. Yet the beans are not crisped, not broken. They come out whole and mealy.



Tested 856 Sauces

In perfecting the sauce these experts tested 856 recipes, until they attained the utmost in tang and zest and flavor. And they bake that sauce with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares it.

Then Science Took It Up

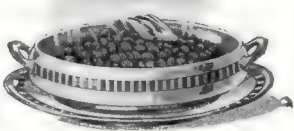
Then scientists in the Van Camp kitchens took up the study of this dish. They are culinary experts, college trained in scientific cookery.

They set out to create for us a perfect Pork and Bean dish.



Worked Four Years

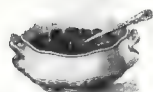
They worked four years on this single dish, and spent at least \$100,000. The result is Van Camp's Pork and Beans as millions now enjoy them. The beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled



VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products
Soups, Evaporated Milk, Spaghetti, Peanut Butter, Chili Con Carne, Catsup, Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups
18 Kinds

Based on famous Parisian recipes, but perfected here through countless tests by scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe, perfected in the same way by these culinary experts



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended peanuts, with every skin and every germ removed. A new-grade peanut butter

(602)



A Demonstration Luncheon

Food Plus Arithmetic Equals Much Fun

By Mrs. H. T. Dobbins

THOSE who are interested in serving appetizing luncheons at a low cost will be glad to know of a recent demonstration by some Western women. A luncheon was given to twelve members of a club at a total cost of four dollars and twenty cents, or thirty-five cents each. It was the first anniversary of the organization of the club, and even a few little frills were possible at this small expense. Here is the menu:

Cream of Corn Soup, Toasted Bread Sticks
Creamed Chicken in Patties, Browned Parsnips
Cornmeal Muffins, Orange Marmalade
Apple and Grapefruit Salad, Hoover Pudding (with whipped cream)
Coffee

Yellow spring blossoms formed a centerpiece decoration. There were yellow candles and yellow corn bonbons familiar to children patrons of the small shops. At each place cards on which sprightly green jowls with fresh green leaves were painted by hand, marked where each guest was to sit. In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, the backs of regulation visiting cards were used to good effect.

It is the rule of the club that every member shall pay her share of the cost of an entertainment. The luncheon was served by three members to the remaining nine, only the three being in the secret of the experiment in economy.

Immediately after the soup course had been served, each guest was handed a slip of yellow cardboard, upon which appeared these talismanic figures:

72+4

12

Each was told to cudgel her memory for the old rules of addition and division, and that by solving this simple problem she would know the amount of her portion of the cost of the first course.

With the second course of four articles of food came another piece of cardboard upon which were these figures:

125+12+18+15

12

the one hundred and twenty-five cents being for the cost of the chicken and patties, and the other three representing the cost of each of the remaining ingredients in that course. With the salad course came another yellow ticket, this time bearing these figures to represent a similar order of costs:

35+10

12

The dessert course brought this message on a yellow ticket:

54+20+7

12

The next slip which appeared represented, in the order given, the flowers, candles, cardboard and candies.

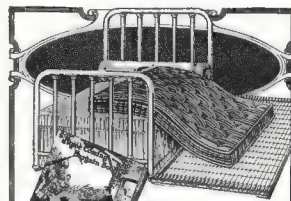
25+10+5+10

12

The comparatively small expenditure of four dollars and twenty or thirty cents for service for twelve people seems disproportionate to the high prices of the times. The chance that the cost of the luncheon may vary, depends greatly upon milk. If it has soared in your town, as it has in most of the larger cities, there is the possibility that your luncheon will cost a trifle more than the "demonstrated" one. More hopeful yet, if your own cow is the source of your milk supply, you'll be able to lessen the cost.

The four cents designated to pay for the bread sticks may seem incredibly inadequate, yet the actual tryout will convince you. Enough toasted sticks for twelve people can be made from a quarter of a loaf.

The novelty of the service, and the demand made upon the guests to figure their way through to a final realization of what the total cost to each would be, provided much merriment at the demonstrated luncheon. One of the club members said she was going to surprise her family with similar "guess slips" at their next Sunday dinner.



Keep the complete outfit and use it for 30 days. Set it up and sleep in it. Treat it just the same as if you owned it. After a month, if you wish to return it, no explanations or apologies are necessary. That's the way with everything here. And this is only one out of 8000 bargains from our new book.

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Send Only One Dollar Enclose this small deposit in a plain letter. That is all that is necessary. If you finally decide that the outfit is not worth it, this trifling deposit will be returned to you immediately; also all freight charges and handling expense.

Sturdy Steel Bed—New Colonial design in popular continuous post style. Standard full size, measuring 4 ft. 8 in. wide. The posts are 1 1/2 in. thick. Five in. filling rods are set into the top and lower rails with strong steel hooks. Stands 55 1/2 in. at head end and 59 1/2 in. at foot.

Colors—Pure white or popular all gold Verne Martin finish.

Guaranteed Spring—Splendidly made, unusually strong and will not sag. Angle link fabric secured to corners with steel bands. Patented to single steel frame with 27 coil springs. Fits bed.

Restwell Mattress—Filled with best combed wool, covered with clean, fine cotton on top and sides, closely tufted and firmly stitched. Best grade ticking. Order by

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Nothing for the home is left out or forgotten. You can get a wringer or new pan just the same as a beautiful davenport or handsome silverware. It is with the usual size, covering 11 1/2 inches. It costs us twice the mailing, about \$1.00 a copy. To you it is free. All you have to do is ask for it.

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Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



DAMPNESS IN CLOSETS, pantries and cupboards can be remedied by placing in them a bowl of quicklime. This not only removes dampness, but kills all odors.—Mrs. B. K., Newmans Grove, Nebraska.

WHEN SLICING CORN-MEAL MUSH to fry, use a piece of cord instead of a knife.—Mrs. B. C. W., Clifton, Illinois.

TO TAKE AWAY THE ODOR OF GASOLINE from the hands after washing ribbons, collars or gloves, rub a handful of table salt on them.—C. M., Battle Creek, Michigan.

BUTTER IS KEPT SWEET by dressing it thoroughly, packing into meat glasses, with a sprinkling of either salt or sugar, and sealing the top closely with a coating of paraffin.—Mrs. S. T. I., Spruce Creek, Pennsylvania.

A SIMPLE INDEX for talking-machine records is made by writing the name of the record on the corner of each paper cover, and keeping the records stacked so that the names are one above the other.—E. M. H., Vernon, New York.

A TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES held in place under a glass by a strip of adhesive plaster, and hung above the kitchen table, is a great time saver.—H. R. S., Ewart, Michigan.

WHEN MAKING A SILK-LINE COMFORTABLE, buy an extra yard of material. Hem raw edged, and use to cover quilt when folded and placed at the foot of the bed, day-times.—F. C. B., Newburgh, New York.

WHEN THE BRIM OF A STRAW HAT becomes flimsy, apply a solution of cold starch to the straw, and run a hot iron over it. Keep a piece of blotting paper between the iron and the straw.—D. B., Fayetteville, Arkansas.

A SMALL COIN is successfully sent in a letter, if it is first stitched by machine between two pieces of stiff paper.—Mrs. T. G. M., Abilene, Texas.

TO KEEP HOUSE PLANTS HEALTHY, soak twice a week, for an hour, in water that completely covers the pots. If this is done regularly, no other watering is necessary.—A. S. W., Denver, Colorado.

OATMEAL COOKIES are made more tempting when the oatmeal is put into the oven until it is crisped through, then crumbled between the hands before adding to the other ingredients. This gives the cookies a rich "nutty" flavor.—Mrs. S. W., Browns Flat, New Brunswick.

LETTERS FROM "OVER THERE" were often written in pencil. You can preserve them in their original state by this simple treatment. Boil a kettleful of water until the steam is pouring from the spout. Hold a sheet at a time, in the cloud of steam, turning it all ways, so that every part of the writing is well steamed. When the page feels quite limp, pin it up for a few minutes. Then mix milk and water in an egg cup, using half of each. Spread the letter on a flat surface, and with a small brush, wash the milk solution over each sheet. Hang the paper up until it is almost dry. Finally press flat between blotting paper on which books or weights are arranged.—S. L. B., Bournemouth, England.

OLD-FASHIONED SYRUP is delicious made from sugar beets. Grind the beets after washing and peeling them, and boil the pulp about four hours over a lively fire. Strain the pulp through a cloth, and boil the juice until it is about the same color and consistency as molasses. Four large beets make one pint of syrup.—Mrs. R. C. B., Fayette, Utah.

SCRUBBING BRUSHES can be used twice as long, if, after the bristles on the front end have worn short, the screw that holds the handle in place is removed and the brush reversed. Vegetable brushes can be renewed successfully in the same way.—Mrs. D. C. C., Westfield, New York.

THE COLORS OF FADED CARPETS can be restored by first going over the carpet with a cloth dipped in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, and then drying it by rubbing briskly with an old rough towel. Caution should be taken in using the acid. Buy the solution already made up at the drug store, as the acid is exceedingly dangerous to use in a raw state.—S. L. B., Bournemouth, England.

WHEN COVERING LARGE BUTTON MOLDS, insert a shoe button with the top toward the mold, and draw the covering about it by passing the thread through the eye several times. The button can then be easily sewed to the garment, and affords much ease in buttoning and unbuttoning.—L. B. H., Muskegon, Michigan.

THE SUEDE TOPS OF BOOTS frequently become so soiled that the shoes seem no longer presentable. To renew their freshness, go over the tops with a piece of number one sandpaper, rubbing the soiled parts quite hard. "Polish" a second time, with a scrap of number one-half sandpaper. You will obtain pleasing results.—A. D., East Newport, Maine.

WHEN BAKING BEANS, I cook more than we need for one meal. The surplus I put in pint jars, which I sterilize for about two hours while I am getting dinner the next day. When the summer months come, I have a supply of canned beans, for salads or for warming over, and so I save much time and fuel.—H. E. H., Montpelier, Vermont.

BEFORE CLEANING CLOTHES IN GASOLINE, mark each spot with a bit of light thread. Many of the smaller spots will vanish after the gasoline has been soaked in the gasoline, and the light thread will save time and labor in locating the spots that may need extra hard rubbing.—Mrs. A. J. H., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

VELVET OR VELVETEEN DRESSES can be thoroughly and easily steamed by this simple home device. Hang the garment on a coat hanger or dress form. Fit a piece of rubber tubing to the spout of a large kettle, and train the steam on the material. With a light brushing, many spots will be removed, and the freshness of the dress renewed.—A. S., Toronto, Canada.

YOUR CHICKENS will help in cleaning off dead wire-grass before seed sowing time, this spring, if you scatter enough grain for their breakfast on the lawn. They will scratch up the coarse grass. This will give you a good supply for making nests.—L. B. T., Fine Creek Mills, Virginia.



What 5c Buys For Breakfast

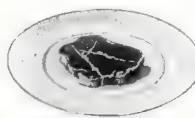
Ten dishes of Quaker Oats cost five cents—about one-half cent per dish.

Ten dishes—a liberal serving for ten people, of the greatest food that grows.

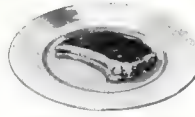
Below we picture what five cents buys in other breakfast dishes. Just a tiny serving for one person nowadays.

Compare in another way.

Food is largely measured by its energy value—by calories. Here is what five cents buys in energy at this writing.



A Bit of Steak Costs 5c



Half a Chop Costs 5c



2 Slices Bacon Costs 5c



3 Oz. Fish Cost 5c



A Dish of Prunes Costs 5c



A Bowl of Milk Costs 5c

What 5c Buys In Calories

In Quaker Oats -	1000 Cal.
In Round Steak -	125 "
In Veal Cutlets -	90 "
In Fresh Halibut -	95 "
In Hens' Eggs -	70 "
In Salt Codfish -	65 "
In Canned Peas -	95 "

This means that some foods cost you ten times Quaker Oats.

It means that breakfast cost can be vastly lessened by serving Quaker Oats.

And breakfast can be bettered. The oat is almost a complete food. It comes close to the ideal food.

It is the vim-food, the food for growth. Food which costs ten times as much cannot compare with oats.

And Nature has made few foods so inviting.

Quaker Oats

The Exquisite Vim-Food

Quaker Oats attained its fame through flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. It means the cream of oats without extra price. You should insist on this grade.

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Garden Diggings

By May Belle Brooks

WHEN we first moved to the suburbs and found ourselves possessed of a garden spot, our enthusiasm for "back to the land" philosophy was as great as was our ignorance of just how to manage that land after we had "gone back." With us city folks, gardening was more a pleasure of the imagination than a sturdy occupation of the hands, but we were humble enough to sit at the feet of our neighbors and imbibe wisdom born of experience. Consequently, we have now arrived at that egotistical stage where we, ourselves, may give advice.

First of importance to the suburban dweller is the matter of disposing of the waste products of his establishment: tin cans, broken crockery, furnace ashes, and the like. We used to see a little heap of such rubbish disfiguring the rear of our lots, but now, all is as spotless as a front lawn. There is even no garbage can, for what refuse the Plymouth Rocks do not consume, is buried in scattered holes throughout the garden, there to rot and enrich the ground. Old tin cans are also buried, for they rust and contribute their quota of soil food.

Some of the cans are saved to set in the ground close to each hill of cucumbers, melons or squashes. Several small holes are bored in the bottom and the can kept filled with water. In this way, the plants are watered more scientifically than by the usual method. For the rest of our garden and for the flower beds, we dig little trenches and let the hose play into these. This home-made irrigation device is an improvement on the sprinkling method.

We re-break all the broken crockery into uniform pieces and deposit it in the bottom of flower beds, or in holes to insure perfect drainage for the young fruit trees or shrubbery. Coarse oyster shells, such as we buy for the hens, are also useful in this connection, and we find it a good practice to mix some of the finer grade with the soil in the cheap form, besides making the soil more porous.

Much of the soil in our neighborhood is of stiff clay composition, but by mixing it with the sifted coal ashes, we raise just as fine vegetables as anyone. The ashes tend to break up the clay and render it porous enough to work easily. We dump on a little road dust whenever we can, and save all the straw and sweepings from the chicken house because of their value as fertilizers. One thing that we learned about the use of the latter was forced upon us after several disastrous experiments, in which whole beds of plants were burned beyond relief. The hen-house sweepings are too strong for injudicious use. The correct proportions are about one-tenth as much as barnyard manure. Perhaps the most convenient way of handling this fertilizer is to put it in a tight barrel with a spigot at the bottom. Cover the contents with water and drain off as required. A fine screen over the spigot will ward off flies.

Not a particle of wood ashes from the fire-place is ever thrown to the winds. We clear away all rubbish and makes our plot ready for next spring's planting.

of the best of fertilizers, but it also serves to discourage insects. For instance, when we sow our radishes, we always sprinkle a thin coating over the top of the bed, and are rewarded by sweet, firm radishes. They are never perforated with worm borings. Sweet peas we plant in the fall, and to keep the mice from destroying them, we mix wood ashes in the trenches.

A good way to keep moles and mice away is to soak corn-cobs in turpentine, and to bury them near the roots of the growing things. We tried this on a cherry sapling that had been attacked, and had no further trouble. A rather novel idea for forestalling moles was discovered by one of our women gardeners. She simply stuffs paper at intervals in their runways, and relies upon the rattling noise to frighten the moles back.

CUTWORMS on tomatoes are our worst trouble. We have found that by wrapping a small piece of paper around the stems, when setting out the plants, these pests are kept in abeyance. For cabbage worms, slug shot is to be preferred to the poisonous Paris green. To scatter it, and other insecticides evenly, without waste, we use a discarded scouring-powder can with several holes in the top.

Amateurs are always eager to be the first to exhibit a ripe tomato or cucumber. Anything which is guaranteed to hasten germination or fruition is always eagerly swallowed by our ambitious brotherhood. The use of nitrate of soda to force tomatoes, cucumbers and melons is one thing on which we, as well as professional gardeners, may speak about with some authority. This alkali does not cause them to bear so much earlier, but it increases the quantity of fruit. Nitrogen, the element it supplies, should be used sparingly, or the plants will be burned. Just before a rain, sprinkle a tablespoonful in a circle about eight inches from each plant. Don't let any touch the plant. If a rain is not imminent, use the sprinkler after application.

Soaking seeds overnight in warm water is an old standby for use when the seeds are very hard. Especially for late planting, it is advisable to add a scant half-teaspoonful of sulphur to a cup of water.

Even potatoes may be forced by planting them in large paper boxes a few weeks before the ordinary time for setting them out of doors. When the weather is warm enough, place the entire box in the ground. It will soon rot away, and a few hills treated in this way, will furnish potatoes until the others come on. Other vegetables may be treated in the same manner.

Bottomless tomato cans are also much used. They are especially good for tomatoes, since they may be slipped off as soon as set in the ground, leaving the plant undisturbed.

Egg-shells, too, are useful in this connection. In them we start many of our flowers—such as poppies, which will not bear transplanting.

Our garden has become such a pleasure to us, that we plan ahead for its well-being. In the fall, when there is nothing but the dead stalks left, we burn off the garden. This clears away all rubbish and makes our plot ready for next spring's planting.

OUR handy booklet, "Practical Gardening," tells you how to buy and sow seeds, how to start the seedlings, and how to tend your beds right up to the harvest time. Make your success certain by following this guide. Price, 10 cents.

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of our 1919 catalogue—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year—really a book of 184 pages, 8 colored plates and over 1000 photo-engravings, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the result of over seventy-two years of practical experience. To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following unusual offer:

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To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses 10 cents we will mail the catalogue.

And Also Send Free Of Charge

Our Famous "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

contains one pack each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invaluable Aster, Henderson's Brilliant Aster, Mixture Peppers and Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

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At the Sign of Ye Goode Cafeteria

Women Solve the Eating Problem for Workers and Make Money for Themselves

DOWN in Cuba and Mexico, a cafeteria is a lazy kind of place, where a dark-eyed cavalier languidly wraps up the blackest of coffee in small packages for the infrequent customer. It was California that first applied this Spanish term to her alert offspring, the American cafeteria. But there is nothing slow about the quick-lunch, self-serving restaurant, that Americans know by this name.

The American cafeteria has grown from an experiment to a real institution, with a solid place in the affections of the big, eating public. These self-serving restaurants solve the problem of where to eat in the shortest time at the cheapest price. They also solve the problem of how to make a living for the woman who knows how to manage a stove, plan well-balanced meals, and cater to the public appetite.

By providing a pleasant lunching place for girls and women in the wage-earning world, the woman who is looking for a way to earn a living, not only finds that, but she also renders the public a big service. A large well-aired dining-room, where first-rate, well-cooked food is served at reasonable prices will prove a money-making venture, if properly planned and equipped. All that is required is a sum large enough to cover the initial expense of rent, equipment, and advertising until a clientele is established, together with a practical knowledge of foodstuffs and their values, and a disposition guaranteed not to sour when the milk does.

The first point which the prospective director of a cafeteria must settle, is that of location. Upon the selection of a good site, as much as upon the choice of a good cook, will the success of the business depend. One manager of a very profitable cafeteria when asked to what she attributed her unusual success, replied without hesitation:

"To the attractive windows of the department store next door. The girl who has been indoors all day, welcomes the distraction of looking at pretty new dresses and hats at noon. Naturally she selects a near-by lunching place."

THE cafeteria which catches the business must be centrally located, near stores and offices. It should be easy of access.

Sometimes a seemingly unimportant detail like a difficult crossing, or a badly paved alley, will ruin an otherwise bright chance of success. An attractive sign with a spicy name is good business psychology. There is magic in names like "The Flying Fame," "The Copper Kettle," or "The Cozy Cafeteria."

It goes without saying that the ground floor, if the rent is not prohibitive, is the best choice. When, however, it comes to a question of choosing between steep rent or steep stairs, the latter is the wisest solution.

But upon the interior of the cafeteria, much more than upon the exterior, will the business stand or fall. A sunny, cheerful room, kept perfectly clean and in good order, with a clear atmosphere, free from

feeds, on an average, twenty-five hundred business women of the vicinity every day.

The walls throughout this building are of a smooth finish, and are in color, a deep, warm corn-yellow. The ceilings are white, and a touch of old blue in the furnishings adds just the needed note of contrast. Attractive hangings of brightly colored chintz, which harmonize with the color scheme, are used at all the windows. Beside the windows in the chintz room, where regular club lunches are served at small gray tables, trellises are built. Tropical-looking birds of wood, perched upon these slender lattices, lend an attractive and artistic note to the room. The woman who is planning a cafeteria, whatever its size, could follow this plan of decoration and carry out her color scheme further, in selecting her china. In choosing flowers for the table, she should also remember her color motif.

AND don't forget the flowers," is the advice of one Y. W. C. A. director. "Endow the tables with one blossom daily, and watch the result on faces and attendance!"

In selecting the equipment of the dining-room much care should be exercised. The usual size for a table for two is 2 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, and for four, 2 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 2 inches. Oblong ones can be placed to greater advantage when the cafeteria space must be made to feed the largest possible number. Leave 4 feet between tables for seating, and 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet between tables, for gangways. Tables with pedestals in the center are most convenient.

The table top should have a finish that will not be marred by hot dishes. If more expensive equipment can be chosen, white or black Carrara glass is good-looking and easy to keep clean. Each table should be supplied with a sanitary covered sugar bowl, and salt and pepper shakers of glass.

Chairs, a checker's table and chair, a cashier's table and chair, a water cooler, glass racks, baskets for soiled linen, candy counter and umbrella stands are other necessities. Chairs should be strong and of light weight. The checker's table should be large enough to take two trays at a time, located at the end of the service counter, at the point where the guest has found all that she needs for her tray. The water cooler is used if drinking water is not piped to the dining-room, and the glass racks or shelves are placed near the water supply. A counter for candy will be found a source of revenue, if an attractive supply of confections

is kept on display.

If the kitchen is on the same floor as the dining-room, the serving-room should be between the two. The kitchen should be directly back of the serving-counter, and that counter, back of the seating accommodation. The ideal counter layout should make it possible for the guest to supply herself in the following order with tray, silver, napkin, cold or hot bread, butter, soup, meat, entrée, salads, vegetables, gravies, desserts, (after passing the

check) with drinking water.

The dimensions of the counter are usually 3 feet wide, and should not be less than 18 inches long. This is very important, as the sales will be in proportion to the space that is available for display. The firmest of resolves to indulge in a slender lunch fades before the temptation of a delicious slice of pie, or an appetizing salad. The tray rail should run the full length of the counter at the height of the counter. This is intended to serve as a ledge on which guests may slide their trays along while passing in front of the service table. The contents of the counter should include a refrigerator for milk, shelving for plates and dishes, closets and drawers.

Oblong trays are the most convenient to use. The desirable size is 12 inches by 14 inches. Aluminum is more costly than paper-maché or black Japan, but is easily worth the additional expense. Invest in enough silverware for one-third of the total service, and buy twice as many teaspoons as forks. The best triple plate, preferably without any design, is a good kind to purchase. Paper napkins save a large laundry bill.

IN choosing the general kitchen utensils, four facts should be considered. First, the chemical reaction of foodstuffs upon the material; second, the weight; third, the durability; and fourth, the ease of cleaning. The weight of utensils is important since the energy utilized varies directly with the weight. Durability in the long run affects the price, while ease of cleaning affects the labor problem.

In most cafeterias the menu board is placed beside the entrance, so that the patrons can stop and decide what they want to eat before getting in line in front of the counter. If the board is placed in front of the counter, it is apt to delay the service. White cards are used, on which are printed in bold black lettering the items making up the menu for the day. Another good plan is to have a second menu board placed outside the street entrance to attract passers-by.

Menus should be planned so as to offer variety from day to day, with a sense of color schemes and salesmanship, and an eye to good business. For most cafeterias it is enough to offer one soup; hot roast, one cheaper dish, such as stew, liver and bacon, or hash; one kind of fish; potatoes in some form or their equivalent; two other vegetables; two or three kinds of salads—lettuce, vegetables, cheese or fruit—two kinds of pie; and one or two other desserts, such as puddings or stewed fruit. Ice cream will be a good seller during the summer months. Drinks will include buttermilk, cocoa, tea and coffee.

In the ever-growing list of opportunities open to women to-day, there is much to be said for the business of feeding the world's workers. The well-run cafeteria fills a very useful place in the life of any community in which there are "numbers of down-town" workers.



This cafeteria brings content to a long "bread line" every noon



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One Woman to Another

By "Bobby" Wyndham

Shall I tell you how I came to know about Amolin? It was last spring when I was visiting at Glen Cove. In the little cabinet of my bathroom I happened on a toilet preparation which was quite new to me. The label read Amolin, the Personal Deodorant Powder.

Helen, my hostess, told me how Amolin destroys body odors. She said it was the most wonderful preparation for keeping the body always above the suspicion of any odor.

Now, that may seem an extravagant remark. I thought so when I heard it. But after trying Amolin, as Helen advised—well, I don't think "wonderful" is anything more than the literal truth.

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From the underarms, face, neck or limbs. El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it. You can wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields after removing the hair with El-Rado. Entirely harmless. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin. Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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AMERICAN TRAINING SCHOOL, 1554 N. La Salle St., Chicago

The Day the Clock Was Set Ahead

(Continued from page 50)

He stood in his place staring up at the plane. . . . It soared like a great bird, and bent its wings and came nearer earth and seemed to hover above his head.

Cyrus snorted a little. He touched the steers with the whip. They plunged forward in surprise. The hired-man jounced and bounded and peered over the edge of the hay-rick at Cyrus' back.

He was striding along, his angry glance on the sky, and the whip in his hand seemed to shake a little. One could fancy Cyrus was shaking it at the clouds. The steers subsided to a sliding trot. The hay-rick jolted and bounced.

Cyrus looked again at the flying portent in the sky. He made up his mind to see his lawyer at once. He would not put it off even for a day. Asa had yielded this time. But suppose he had been older—suppose he had been twenty-one, and wanted to fly!

Asa might be up there above the clouds if he were twenty-one!

He cast another glance at the sky. There were thunder-heads to the south. It looked like rain, and there was a queer, oppressive feeling in the air—as if tingling forces were striving to break through.

He would get in the oats and then he would see Crampton. . . . If the boy was so anxious to get away from the land his fathers had made, let him get away from the land! The old man smiled grimly. Let him go up and stay up!

The Truefoot money could build an orphan asylum!

Cyrus worked more swiftly. He lifted the stacked bundles, one after the other, with long swinging thrusts of the great pitchfork that sent them high on the rick, where Carter stowed away and packed down with heavy-moving foot.

Above, the clouds gathered in billowing masses.

Cyrus cast a swift glance at the shifting clouds. Above them a tiny dot sailed and soared—a dot that might have been Asa! He glared at the sailing dot. What was the matter with the world and with his children?

He asked it angrily. But there was no answer from the clouds—only the queer tingling feeling about him of mighty forces that strove to break through.

Carter, stowing away on the rick, caught the bundles as they swung up to him. And as he trod them down he glanced at the thunder-heads to the south. And from the clouds he glanced to the backs of the steers. The backs were quiet, but the steers stood with noses pressed close together. And when a far-off rumble and flash gleamed at the oat-field they trembled a little and pawed, sniffing the air. Carter's eye from the high rick surveyed them dubiously.

"Think we better risk it?" he called down.

Cyrus threw another bundle to him. He touched the backs with the long lash of the whip.

"Gee!" he said authoritatively.

The steers moved forward slowly and the unwieldy rick lurched behind. Carter peered over uncertainly. He knew Cyrus would not stop till the last bundle was stowed away.

He wished he were on the ground and Cyrus on the load. Cyrus lifted another bundle at him and he caught it and threw it behind and trampled it down, one eye on the clouds. . . . The thunder was coming nearer now. Playful gleams of lightning crossed and recrossed the sky, and the steers lifted nose and snuffed and moved restively.

Cyrus paused, and slapped a sharp hand on the quivering flanks.

"Haw-ther! Ged-up!" he called out.

"They moved forward again. Then the heads in the heavy yoke swung around and they wheeled sharply to the right. The rick swayed. Cyrus sprang to their heads, the butt of the whip upraised. . . . There was a rending crack and flash from the sky—and hoofs plunging in wild terror.

The whip descended—once—twice—and disappeared beneath the hoofs. The unwieldy rick swayed on. It moved across the sky like some great ship that founders riding high before it goes down. Carter's face, a round disk of terror, peered over the edge of the rick and glared backward at a silent form that lay stretched on the ground behind. The face was upturned to the sky.

The storm broke and drenched the face.

Along the road a light carriage rolled swiftly. With the reins well in hand, the girl sat forward, watching the riotous sky. Her face glowed as the rain drenched upon it. She spoke soothingly to the colts, guiding them with sure hand.

She was at home in the storm. Generations of Truefoots glowed in her veins and refreshed themselves in the fluid, electric force that played and flashed in the air. She was a creature of the elements without

(Continued on page 54)

Colds burns Chaps and Chilblains

"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

BEFORE a cold "settles" on you—use Mentholatum. Apply it to the nostrils, inside and out, rubbing gently. Congestion subsides and free breathing is soon restored.

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The Day the Clock Was Set Ahead

[Continued from page 53]

care and without fear, racing through the storm.

The oat-field sped by and she gave a half-glance toward it as she guided the colts. Almost home now!

Then against the sky the great lurching hay-rick loomed up and plunged on, swinging behind maddened steers.

The girl gave a swift glance and a pull on the reins that brought the colts to a standstill. She leaped to the ground, tying the colts to the fence, quieting them with soothing words while her hands drew a quick knot and tested it. . . . Then she was flying across the stubble field to the form on the ground.

High above her, hovered a dot that swung and turned in hesitating circles and came nearer the ground. She did not turn or look up to the great bird coming nearer with each sweep of wide, outstretched wings. Her eyes were fixed on the ground ahead where the silent figure lay with its face to the sky.

She bent above him and scanned the face, and her hands loosened the wet clothing—stripping and tearing it away, down to a jagged wound below the hip where the blood spurted—bright red. She looked up with quick, desperate glance.

Across the field Asa was racing toward her, and the great bird was rising slowly, skimming from the ground.

She bent again to the figure.

"Take off your shirt!" she said, as he came up, and while she showed him hurriedly how to lift the leg and hold it in place, her fingers tore at the shirt, stripping and knotting it with swift skill. The rain drenched them. It washed the silent, up-turned face that her glance sought again and again as she knotted the strips and drew them tight and bound the leg. . . .

Her hand reached out to the whip clenched in the tense fingers and loosened it. A great shudder ran through Cyrus as the whip loosened in his grasp. Her face, watching him, lighted swiftly. She inserted the handle in the bandage and twisted it slowly. The blood ceased to flow.

She looked up and drew a long breath. "You must take the colts and go for Dr. Bell!" she said quickly. "Don't spare them!" The boy's face lighted to her through the rain.

"Danforth's gone!" he shouted. A crash bore down upon them, and lighted up the oat-field with blinding glare. Over by the fence the steers were huddled together and a little distance away the overturned rick tilted at the sky.

She moved toward it swiftly. From beneath the bundles a round face emerged in wonder.

"By gum! I'm all right!" said Carter. He got to his feet and shook his legs doubtfully. "I'm all right!" he announced solemnly.

"Knock off two of those boards while I get the carriage robe!" called the girl. And she was gone across the field.

Susan Truefoot, lifting the lid from the kettle to look at the dumplings, gave a glance at the storm outside. The lid dropped from her hand.

Through the bars to the oat-field came the strange procession, their heads bent to the rain. And in the improvised stretcher someone sagged heavily that sent a grim chill running through her. But the next instant she had thrown open the door to the best bedroom, drawn back the coverlet and stripped down the upper sheet.

She stood in the door as they came up, her eyes questioning the girl's face.

"It's Father," said the girl quietly. "Yes. The steers ran with him. But he is alive!" As they laid him on the best bed Susan, looking down at the heavy, inert figure, had a swift sense that it was impious to lay hand on him and place him where they would—without a gesture or sharp command from the grim silent lips.

"It's ten miles to Dr. Bell's!" she said half audibly. She was gazing, awed, at the strange toupie and the handle of the whip that protruded half across the bed.

Asa glanced hastily through the door at the clock in the adjoining room.

It pointed to eleven o'clock.

With a shock he remembered. His last act had been to oppose his will to the silent figure on the bed. His hand trembled as he bent over his father and drew the watch from his pocket—a quarter to twelve! He glanced at his sister.

"He ought to be here now if he's had good luck."

"The doctor may refuse to come with him," she said. There was a little catch in her voice. "He's not young, you know. He may be afraid to fly!"

"He's been up a dozen times!" said the boy with swift pride. "He's the squadron doctor. You can't scare him!"

Susan looked at them, uncomprehending. They talked of strange things, and she was dazed. She looked vaguely at the door. Dr. Bell stood in it regarding her with grave eyes.

He came forward with a quiet glance at the bed.

"Bad business!" he said. His eye touched the outstanding whip and tight-drawn bandage with approving glance and rested on the strange, unseeing look on the upturned face.

"I'll have the room clear for awhile!" he said brusquely. "You stay, Ellen. And send in Danforth. I may need someone with a steady hand to help."

So Cyrus Truefoot lay between life and death and an airplane ran errands for him.

He lay on his back, unable to speak or move, but the earth ran as smoothly as if Cyrus' guiding hand were not removed from affairs.

And Susan and Asa and Ellen, passing in and out of the room night and day, with no fear of his imperious will, attending to the slightest want of the strong, helpless man, grew to cherish him with a kind of fierce, devoted tenderness. They would not let him slip back into blankness.

The eyes opened, seeking. . . . Ellen was standing by the bed.

She turned away, the tears on her face, and hurried from the room. Her mother looked up.

"He is conscious!" said Ellen.

"And—himself?" asked the mother.

"I don't know!" said the girl. A sob broke from her.

Her mother went swiftly toward the other room.

"Cyrus?" She bent to him.

The eyes turned slowly and with difficulty toward her and regarded her a long minute. Cyrus came traveling back from vast spaces where his soul had been.

"Tuck in the clothes at the foot, can't you?" he said half-testily. "It seems strange nobody knows how to make a bed—the way Mother used to!"

The words trailed away in feeble speech and Susan obeyed with meekness. Her hands trembled. But there was a light in her face as she bent over his bed and drew in the clothes and tucked them firmly in place.

She glanced again at the motionless head on the pillow. He seemed asleep. She slipped from the room.

Ellen looked up with swift inquiry. Her mother nodded.

"Yes, he's come to," she said. "And he's himself!" She sat down weeping softly.

But if Cyrus was himself it seemed to be a different self from the one that drove the steers to the oat-field.

It was as if some dim-gone Truefoot had taken possession and determined thought and speech. Sometimes Cyrus' face held a look half-awed, half-ashamed, as if he did or spoke something against his will.

The airplane came less often now. Asa had learned to fly. But when John Danforth came to the farm, Susan sat with Cyrus while Ellen and the airman walked in the summer twilight. And Susan, sitting with Cyrus, remembered her own twilights and the soft sounds and scents of the dusk.

If Cyrus knew he gave no sign.

"I didn't save your life," the doctor said when Cyrus tried awkwardly to thank him. "Any doctor could have done what I did. It was Danforth got me here in time, and your family that nursed you back to life. But you owe it to Ellen that there was anything left to nurse."

Cyrus blinked a little.

That afternoon he sent for the lawyer.

The next day he was moved out into the sitting-room. He cast a swift look about him as they wheeled him through the door—at all his dear, familiar possessions—at the desk with his armchair and the old clock on the wall—

His glance halted.

The hands pointed blankly to eleven.

He looked up sharply to Asa who was wheeling his chair.

"Has the clock stopped?"

The boy's lip quivered.

"Yes, sir."

Cyrus' hand tugged at his watch and drew it out. It had been wound every night since he was ill and it was a good time-keeper. It pointed to eleven o'clock. "You better start the clock and set it going," he said casually as he replaced the watch. "It's just twelve—by the right time."

The boy walked over and opened the case and turned the hands slowly. His hand reached through the long, slender door and touched the pendulum and set it swinging slowly and gently back and forth—ticking as it had ticked for generations of Truefoots before him.

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"Isn't it a beauty? And, every bit paid for with my own money"

More-Money Club For Girls Who Want to Turn Spare Hours Into Gold

WHAT a reception McCall girls have given the More-Money Club! Last month when the More-Money Club was introduced to readers of McCall's, I watched the mails anxiously to see how many girls and women there would be who would welcome a chance to earn money of their own. I knew there would be a great many, but I never dreamed that the letters would come to my desk by hundreds and hundreds from eager girls anxious to make "real money." Almost before the magazine was out, the first request for membership came in, and Miss J. E. Cullen, of Connecticut, has the honor of being the first to respond.

To say that all these letters have made me happy is not enough. Really, I can't express in mere words the pleasure I feel when I realize that through the More-Money Club, I am going to help so many, many girls to turn their spare hours into gold and realize their ambitions!

Of course, nearly all the girls tell me just why they want to earn money, and it really gives me a sort of thrill when I find that so many of these new members are thinking of just the thing that I, myself, have been thinking about—a new spring outfit—and, first of all, a new spring hat.

"I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I read in McCall's," writes Marion Byrne, a Nebraska school girl, "that the More-Money Club had been organized. It is just the thing that I have so often wished for, and in just the last few days I have been trying to plan some way to earn the extra money I need to get the new spring suit and hat that I have so set my heart on. Can you help me?"

Indeed, the Club Will Help!

I wrote Miss Byrne at once that she could earn the money for her new spring outfit and have it just a little bit ahead of the time her girl friends would have theirs. All she had to do was to use those precious spare moments she formerly had not realized she possessed. Marion has her new spring outfit now. In just ten days after I wrote her, she had earned the money she wanted. "And," she writes, "I did it so easily."

Before me, right now, I have another letter I want you to read. I know that you will agree with me that this young married member of our More-Money Club, who has a little girl, and who lives in a small Pennsylvania town, deserves great admiration for her desire "to help."

"Dear McCall's:— I have been a subscriber to McCall's for the past two years and find it very useful. Just now it seems that my husband's salary doesn't go around for all the things we would like to do. I would like so much to help. Won't you please write at once and tell me how I can do this?"

Girls! If you really want to earn money of your own, no matter what you want it for, do write and ask for the secret of our More-Money Club. It is all so easy, once you know how, and the results so gratifying! The members are enthusiastic, and I want you to join right away. It isn't necessary to write a long letter, just say, "I want to join the More-Money Club," and sign your full name and address. I will answer immediately.

Joan Brewster

Secretary, More-Money Club,
McCall's Magazine,
236 West 37th Street,
New York City.



Ruth Roland,
One of Pathe's
Stars



Ethel Clayton,
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Famous Beauties of the Screen Give 5 Aids to Beauty

HERE is the opportunity perhaps you have been seeking. These five beauty aids given by these five famous queens are, above all, simple and economical. Make them your "stand-bys" and they will stand by you.

Lillian Walker Has Complexion Secret.

There is a way, a quite-certain way, to make the skin clear and uniform, indescribably lovely, free from freckles, and spots, muddiness, or blemishes. If you will simply mix the contents of a one-ounce package of zintone—which any druggist can supply you—with water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine as directed on the package, it will form a deliciously satiny cream, ready for use. This makes over a pint of the cream. It is economical and can be used liberally. I can render you no better service than to make this suggestion.

Marguerite Clayton Says Shampoos Are as Different as Night from Day.

"Most people, apparently, do not realize that there are accumulations constantly forming on the scalp and which hold on very tenaciously. Washing with ordinary soaps or shampoos does not seem to dislodge this film. A very effective way to remove it is by dissolving them with eggol. A teaspoonful of this dissolved in a half cup of water makes a most luxurious head-wash, and dissolves every bit of foreign accumulation on the scalp. You will find it leaves the scalp cleaner than you ever thought it possible to have it. It leaves the hair silky, and, I am sure, helps the hair to more vigorous growth. For a quarter, one can get enough eggol for over a dozen of these shampoos."

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"Here is a way to remove superfluous hair which is as pleasant and easy, and free from irritation, as the use of any ordinary face lotion. In fact, it now becomes a toilet pleasure instead of a dread. You wet the hairs to be removed with just a few drops of sulfo solution, which you can secure at any drug store. You can apply it with the fingers. The hairs will quickly shrivel up, dissolve away, so that you can rub them right off with your fingers. The best part of it is that it leaves the skin in a glorious condition, free from any spotting or irritation. Every hair is gone and no one can tell that you had superfluous hairs at all. It is as safe as any face cream."

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Marguerite Clayton,
With Ziegfeld's
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Muriel Ostriche,
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Ethel Clayton: "Make Skin Pores Smaller to Remove Wrinkles."

"It is well known that a coarse skin, or one with large pores, usually shows the most flabbiness and the most wrinkles. By making the pores smaller, an important result is produced on wrinkles. The pores 'brace up' and the skin becomes finer in texture. It is possible to brace up the pores, to give the skin a finer texture, to make it more plump and youthful. Result, fewer wrinkles."

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Muriel Ostriche says: "Hair Growth Can Easily Be Forced."

"Personal experience is more eloquent than any written word. Just measure the length of your hair today, use the method I suggest here, and then measure your hair again in a few weeks. That will tell the story. Just get from the drug store an ounce package of beta-nolol, and mix this with a half pint of bay rum and a half pint of water, or else with a full pint of witch-hazel. Then the hair-grower is ready. It certainly is a delight to use, and contains no oil. It is very economical."

In case your druggist cannot supply you with the articles mentioned above, arrangements have been made so that the same will be sent you by the Cooper Pharmacal Co., 528 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, on receipt of price, postpaid, as follows: zintone, eptol, and beta-nolol each, 50c; sulfo solution, \$1.00. But first ask your druggist for it.



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THE OMO MANUFACTURING CO.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Youth for Youth

[Continued from page 41]

Jane said to me, quite simply, it seemed, "I've wanted to meet Mr. Baldwin's mother ever since you introduced me to him." And Letty, sublimely mendacious, indicated the mutuality of the wish.

Now Jane's letter to Arthur lay there in plain sight on my desk, as clearly a part of the issue between us, as if it had been marked "Plaintiff's Exhibit A." I don't know whether Jane's eye fell upon it or not, but she said, just impulsively enough, while Letty was putting it back in her bag and holding out a leave-taking hand to me, "I've asked Arthur up to lunch to-morrow. I wish you'd come too."

The unexpectedness of that invitation must have been overwhelming, especially in connection with the tone in which Jane had pronounced the boy's name.

To give Letty time to get her breath, in case she needed it (she betrayed no such distress), I said hastily, "That's a capital idea. If you'll invite me too, I'll add my persuasions to yours."

Jane said, turning to me, but still speaking to Letty, "Hubert knows he doesn't need any invitation. He's invited—always. I hope you will both come."

"Thank you," Letty said with a barely perceptible hesitation, "I—I think I should like to come very much, if Hubert will take me." She made Jane a sufficiently gracious little bow of farewell, and moved, but more suddenly, toward the door.

I escorted her, of course, through the office hours and all the way to the elevator. But she didn't say a word, nor did she give me a chance to see her face. It was only after I had pressed the signal for a down car, that she cried in a fiercely strangled little voice:

"Oh, don't wait! Go back to her!"

Miserably, I did.

[Continued in the April McCall's]

SYNOPSIS.—Hubert Janney returns from a fortnight's vacation to find that a client, Mrs. Letitia Hornsby, has been telephoning him daily since his departure. Mrs. Hornsby is still wonderfully pretty, though forty and a widow. He recalls his twenty-five-year friendship with Letitia Hornsby. He met her while in college and fell a victim to her charms, but relinquished her to his room-mate, Woody Baldwin. Her marriage to Baldwin was short-lived. He died, leaving her, with her little son, dependent upon his autocratic father. Her relationship with the Baldwin family was most unhappy and she married an old and wealthy man, who eventually died, leaving her comfortably well-off. When the story opens, her son has grown into his early twenties. He has a rarely sensitive nature, and has inherited his mother's beauty and his grandfather's mind. He believes himself a coward, having always been shielded from everything by his mother. Hubert Janney goes to see her. She wants to give him her fortune of a quarter of a million dollars, in order that she may seem dependent upon her son, so that he may not be drafted. He refuses. He is visited by her son, Arthur Baldwin, who tells him that he has been accepted by the examination board. Arthur is dismayed, as he considers himself a coward and has thought he was "physically unfit." Janney promises to try to think of a way to help them both.

Before Fresh Fruits Come

[Continued from page 47]

eggs. Pour into two shallow cake-tins, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown. When baked, invert the tins and let stand until cold. When the pastry is cool and ready to serve, drain off the juice from a can of peaches. Cover both of the layers with whipped cream, or a thick custard. Place one layer over the other, and garnish with a few peach halves. The juice from the peaches will make another dessert.

STRAWBERRY SNOW

Whites of three eggs, one cupful thick strawberry preserves, and whipped cream to garnish. Beat the whites of eggs very dry and stiff, then add the preserves a teaspoonful at a time, beating until all are in. Place on ice until cold, then serve in tall glasses with a little sweetened whipped cream on top of each. This does not keep long, so should be made just in time to cool before serving.

RHUBARB BAVARIAN CREAM

Two teaspoonfuls gelatine, two tablespoonfuls cold water, one cupful cooked rhubarb sweetened to taste, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and four eggs. Soak the gelatine in cold water for a few minutes. Combine the rhubarb, lemon juice and sugar, if needed. Heat, and pour into the beaten yolks of eggs, beating briskly until well blended. Add the gelatine, and place in a double boiler. Cook as for custard, stirring all the while, until the eggs are cooked. Set in a cold place, and when it begins to congeal, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, and beat until thoroughly mixed. Turn into a cold wet mold lined with lady fingers. Serve ice cold; heap whipped cream on top and around sides of dish.

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MUTUAL FABRIC COMPANY, Dept. 592, Rockton, N. Y.

Fashions



Sports Coat or
Pea-Jacket 8783
For 34-44 bust

Pleated Skirt 8320
For 22-32 waist

Coatee 8777
For 34-42 bust

Skirt 8693
For 22-34 waist

Coat 8787
For 34-46 bust

Dress 8685
For 34-44 bust

Dolman 8795

Coat Suit 8752
For 34-48 bust

Coat Suit 8570
For 34-48 bust

Spring Whispers New Fads and Fancies

COSTUME Nos. 8783-8320.—36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and 2¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8783, LADIES' SPORTS COAT OR PEA-JACKET; 31- or 26-inch length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for coat and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8320, LADIES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; high waistline; 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. The width is 2¾ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 8777-8693.—36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8777, LADIES' COATEE OR DOLMAN; dropped shoulder or raglan sleeves. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. This design requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard 36-inch contrasting for the collar.

No. 8693, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Rounded edges at side seams.

COSTUME Nos. 8787-8685.—36 requires 5¾ yards of 36-inch material and 1¾ yards of 21-inch contrasting.

No. 8787, LADIES' COAT, in 32- or 27-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch and 1¾ yards of 21-inch contrasting.

No. 8685, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8795, LADIES' DOLMAN; plain or with applied cape section; 49-inch length. This design requires 6 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 8752, LADIES' COAT SUIT; collarless coat or with vest and collar; with or without sleeves; two-piece skirt; high waistline; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires, 40-inch length, 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8570, LADIES' COAT SUIT; coat in 35- or 30-inch length; four-gored skirt, in 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material for the coat and skirt and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. The back and front seams of the coat are left open below the hip and the coat hangs in loose panel effect. The skirt, though narrow and straight in line, has ample fullness for comfort in walking. Smart shawl collar of white silk.

No. 8783 8320 8777 8693 8787 8795 8752 8570 8752 8777 8693

8783 8320 8777 8693 8787 8795 8752 8570 8752 8777 8693

Generous Bits of Embroidery and Braid



Dress 8317
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 863

Waist 8361
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 890

Two-Piece Skirt
8789
For 22-34 waist

Semi-Fitted Dress
8791
For 34-44 bust

Coat 8623
For 34-42 bust
Embroidery Design No. 924

Three-Piece Skirt
8769
For 22-36 waist

Waist 8387
For 34-42 bust
Embroidery Design No. 848

Three-Piece Skirt
8773
For 22-36 waist

No. 8517, LADIES' DRESS with varied accessories; set-in sleeves in kimono style. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width is 1½ yards. Front panel finds effective trimming in braid Design No. 863.

No. 8361, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Beads of white take the form of an oval motif, Design 890.

No. 8799, LADIES' STEP-IN CHEMISE; cut in one piece. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The medium requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The leg opening is wide enough, so no buttoning is necessary. The side seams are rounded at the lower edge and left open for several inches for freedom. If a square neck is desired, the round neck may be cut straight across and shoulder straps of ribbon used. Fragile and demure, these sprays, Design No. 695, give a touch of delicate stateliness to this chemise.

No. 8411, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS; one-piece coat, to be slipped on over the head; trousers gathered or plain. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. The medium requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material for the pajamas and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the bands. The coat has the body and sleeve in one and may be slashed in front or made with round low neck, as shown in the illustration. Lazy-daisy-stitch is used in the development of spray, Design No. 848, which appears on the sleeves and lower edge of the coat.

No. 8789, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires, 40-inch length, 2½ yards 40-inch, ½ yard 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8791, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 8623, LADIES' COAT. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch, ¾ yard of 36-inch. The braid Design No. 924 makes a pleasing decoration.

No. 8769, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires, 40-inch length, 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.

No. 8387, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 45-inch handkerchief linen for the blouse and 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting. Dainty embroidered sprays, Design No. 646, finish the collar.

No. 8773, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires, 40-inch length, 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 8531, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. The medium requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Simple in line and easy to make at home. Developed in nainsook or crêpe de Chine and embroidered in silk of a contrasting color if desired. As but an afterthought, these decorative sprays, Design No. 646, appear on the front of the nightgown.

No. 8635, LADIES' COMBINATION CORSET COVER AND OPEN OR PETTICOAT DRAWERS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material and 5½ yards of lace edging. The front-closing corset cover is attached to open drawers which are plain at the waistline, or petticoat drawers which are full and in envelope style. This is a convenient motif to slip into, and the beading with ribbon slipped through holds it well in place at the waistline. Developed in nainsook. If a finer combination is desired, crêpe de Chine ororgette might be used. Pink and blue beads make the artistic basket design on corset cover. The same Design No. 583, used on drawers.



8799 8411 8531 8635 8387 8773

Chemise 8799
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 695

Pajamas 8411
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 848

Nightgown 8531
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 854

Combination 8635
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 583



8361 8789 8791 8769 8623 8517

New Modes And Their Underlying Principles



Waist 8535 For 34-44 bust
Two-Piece Skirt 8781 For 22-32 waist
Embroidery Design No. 379

Dress 8613 For 34-44 bust

Chinese Blouse 8794 For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 851

Tucked Skirt 8661 For 34-44 waist

Suit Dress 8798 For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 314

Waist 8763 For 34-44 bust
Skirt 8518 For 22-34 waist

No. 8535, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 5-inch edging. The back comes forward on shoulder and forms yoke which hold the front fullness.

No. 8781, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 50-inch material. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The side seams are prettily finished with embroidery Design No. 379.

No. 8441, LADIES' UNDERGARMENT; one-piece straight lower section. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 6-inch banding, and 1 yard of ribbon for the straps. This garment may be made from one straight length of 36-inch material folded underneath and the two ends gathered to the waist section.

No. 8771, LADIES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN OR BREAKFAST COAT WITH CAP. This design is suitable for 34 to 40 bust. Design requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for the coat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon for the cap and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lace banding. A pretty finish is the spray, Design No. 356, on the front and sleeves of jacket.

No. 8797, LADIES' TWO-PIECE PETTICOAT; plain or trimmed with straight gathered flounce; 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Developed in taffeta silk or heavy cotton backed satin.

No. 8613, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece skirt with circular pleurms; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 8794, LADIES' AND MISSES' CHINESE BLOUSE. Designed for small, 32; medium, 34 to 36; large, 38 to 40 bust. Medium requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A Chinese blouse must have embroidery, so Design No. 851 is developed in contrasting floss.

No. 8661, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT TUCKED SKIRT; with or without back panel and drapery pleated or gathered; high waistline; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 8798, LADIES' SUIT DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch for folds. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Stunning in its simplicity is the Design No. 314, on the blouse.

No. 8763, LADIES' WAIST; button-on or set-in vest; two styles of sleeve. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch novelty material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the vest, collar and cuffs.

No. 8518, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Overlapping seams, back and front.

No. 7867, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. The medium requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. The roomy pockets are finished with a frill of gathered material. Corresponding frills are formed at the ankles, where the elastic draws in the fullness of the pajamas. A cross-stitch is most effective, especially when used in rose motifs, Design No. 869.

No. 8345, LADIES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 1 yard of 40-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of beading and 3 yards of edging and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of ribbon. No seams are required in this corset cover.

No. 8580, LADIES' KNICKERBOCKERS; open or closed. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of beading. These knickers have fullness across the back which in case of the open style is tied with a tape or ribbon. Developed in flesh-colored satin.



Undergarment 8441 For 34-42 bust

One-Piece Negligee with Cap 8771 For 34-40 bust
Embroidery Design No. 356
Petticoat 8797 For 22-34 waist

Pajamas 7867 For small, medium, large,
Embroidery Design No. 869

Corset Cover 8345 For 34-42 bust
Knickers 8580 For 22-34 waist

8580 8345 7867 8771 8797

8781 8613 8794 8661 8798

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All the little refinements of style that you love—all that could be desired to assure a perfect fit—all the reliability that comes only with the finest of materials—at a price which enables you to have the best.

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Advance Footwear Fashions

DURING the early Spring gray kid shoes will continue as the dominant note in footwear fashions. "F. B. & C." Gray Kid, No. 24, is the leather designated by the Style Committee. Another popular "F. B. & C." Kid leather is Field Mouse, No. 88.

The accepted mode for Southern resort wear is found in shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid, No. 81—the leather which "Fits on the Foot like a Glove on the Hand," and requires no muss dressing.

NOTE

"F. B. & C." Kid is increasing daily in scarcity. It is made from imported kid skins. Shipping facilities are still impeded, and the demand is greater than ever. Buy early to avoid disappointment.



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tags or stamped in
shoes are your guide
in buying "The Best
There Is" in leather
MADE IN U.S.A.

FASHION PUBLICITY CO.
of New York

F.B. & C. Kid



Suit Dress 8779
For 34-46 bust

No. 8500, LADIES' DRESS; body and sleeve in one or dropped shoulder; can be made for morning, afternoon or evening wear; loose panels; high or low neck, or with overdress; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material for the dress and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the panel and belt. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8779, LADIES' SUIT DRESS; two styles of vest; two-piece skirt; straight lower edge; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 40-inch length, 3¼ yards of 54-inch material for the dress and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and band, back band, vest and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

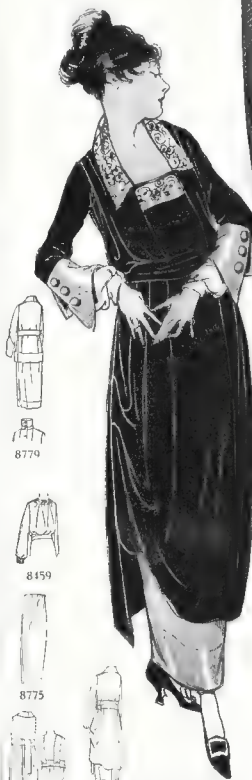


Dress 8500
For 34-44 bust

Empire Dress 8761
For 34-42 bust

Kalrolottery Design No.

No. 8761, LADIES' EMPIRE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Darning-stitch Design No. 737 finds part of itself wandering about the lower edge of the skirt and the motif at front of blouse.



8775

8459

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Blouse 8459
For 32-42 bust
Two-Piece Skirt, 8775
For 22-32 waist

Dress 8653
For 34-46 bust

No. 8459, LADIES' AND MISSES' PEASANT BLOUSE; back closing or to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 32 to 42 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Simple blouse that gathers up on cords around neck and at wrist.

No. 8775, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge; empire waistline, with suspender straps or tie-on bib to be slipped on over the head; 40- or 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 8653, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of back; two-piece tunic and foundation skirt; one-piece circular lower section; 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 45-inch material for the waist, tunic and sleeves and 1½ yards of 45-inch contrasting for the sleeves and lower section. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 8767, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; two-piece straight draped tunic; two-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; instep length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch satin for the waist, tunic and skirt and 1½ yards of 45-inch contrasting for the sleeves, cuffs and straight section. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8793, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch and 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.



Semi-Fitted Dress 8793
For 34-44 bust

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Street Frocks and a Sports Costume



Middy Blouse 8796
For 34-42 bust
Pleated Skirt 8320
For 22-32 waist

Dress 8313
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery
Design
No. 822

No. 8796, LADIES' MIDDY BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve; with or without yoke, and band at lower edge. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch fabric for blouse and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar.

No. 8320, LADIES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; high waistline; 38-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 8313, LADIES' DRESS. 39-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Attractive darning-stitch motifs. Design No. 822, are worthy of their distinctive position on m-ladi's pockets.

No. 8305, LADIES' Dress; side or surplice closing; with or without vest; two-piece foundation, lengthened by one-piece straight section; 39-inch length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 50-inch material for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



Dress 8305
For 34-44 bust



Dress 8759
For 34-44 bust

Semi-Fitted Dress 8785
For 34-42 bust
Embroidery Design No. 782

No. 8759, LADIES' DRESS; low-waistline basque; two-piece straight skirt attached to underbody; no placket opening required; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the basque and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards.

No. 8785, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; one-piece draped skirt; instep length. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The somberness of the frock is quite forgotten in the gay darning-stitch embroidery motif and edging, Design No. 782, at the neck.

No. 8757, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for the dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The lower edge of panel insisted upon an equal share of distinction as that part which forms the vest and promptly became allied with the darning-stitch, Design No. 851.

No. 8025, LADIES' DRESS; two styles of sleeve; three-piece skirt; high waistline; in 39-inch length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and pocket flaps. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Simplicity is the feature of this little frock. Buttoned down the front and buttoned on the pockets and cuffs. This model deserves the attention of the smart woman.



8313 8796 8320



8759 8025

Dress 8025
For 34-48 bust



Norma Talmadge

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For the Slender Maid of Sixteen

No. 8766, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; vest with right or left closing; two-piece skirt in two lengths; high waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch material for the suit and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The double-breasted vest is featured in this suit, and it may be lapped over either way. The vest is attached to the front of the coat. The vest would also be very attractive if developed in cream-colored brocaded satin.

No. 8772, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS; suitable for small women; closing side-front, or on shoulder and at underarm; sleeves attached to waist or lining; one-piece straight skirt, in two lengths, attached to lining. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the panel and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The horizontal tucks give the tiered effect and preserve the straight silhouette. The printed Georgette is one of the newest and most attractive materials that one may use for an afternoon frock.

No. 8790, MISSES' SUIT DRESS; suitable for small women; with slip-on blouse or button-on vest; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt, in two lengths; high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 42-inch material for the dress and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting for blouse and collar. The blouse has tiny tucks at the neckline which hold the fullness of the front. Developed in dark blue serge with black silk soutache braiding. A band, Design No. 819, developed in soutache braid, makes an attractive border.

No. 8664, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; one-piece straight skirt, in two lengths, with or without tucks, attached to body lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of pleating for the collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The bell sleeve may be turned into a tight dart-fitted affair by taking in the darts at the seams. Youthful in line, and smart in style, this model is a favorite with the Miss. Developed in figured silk or crepe de Chine it is suitable for party or afternoon wear.

No. 8792, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; body and sleeve in one; one-piece skirt, with straight lower edge, in two lengths; attached to body lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This model shows the drapery forming two horizontal tucks with two to correspond on the basque. The back of the basque and skirt are plain. The lower edge is finished with the embroidery that appears at the neckline. Developed in a contrasting silk floss is this embroidery, Design No. 782, at the neck and lower edge of the skirt.

No. 8800, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of front, surplice or closing on shoulder and at underarm; sleeves attached to waist or lining; one-piece skirt; straight lower edge, in two lengths, draped at side-front or at back with panel. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch material for the sleeves. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The draped skirt is featured in misses' frocks, just as in the models for the privileged matron class. Although there is no trimming, this dress needs none, for the lines alone are necessary to insure its success.

No. 8788, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; minaret tunic in one piece; one-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece section; straight lower edge in two lengths. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of chiffon for the sleeves, vest and tunic. The ever-popular darning-stitch, Design No. 851, appears on the tunic directly above the trimming band and is repeated on the chemisette. If a dark neutral color is used for the frock, such as midnight, the embroidery gives a chance for the artist to bring real harmony into warring colors. The minaret tunic is featured, which lends itself very well to a band of contrasting material as trimming. The tunic and foundation skirt are attached to the body lining, which closes at the center-back. The button-on basque has a deep opening in the front which gives an opportunity for the appearance of a dainty little chemisette.



Empire Dress
8772
For 14-20 years

Dress
8664
For 16-20 years

Coat Suit 8766
For 16-20 years

Suit Dress 8790
For 14-20 years
Embroidery
Design
No. 819

Dress 8792
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 782

Empire Dress 8800
For 16-20 years

Dress 8788
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 851



8664 8790 8772 8766 8788 8800 8792

Silk and Wool Fashion These Chic Designs

No. 8666, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; straight skirt, in two lengths, with or without tucks. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch satin for the dress and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch satin for the panels and sash. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The narrow tucks are placed wide apart and the whole cluster gives the effect of a wide band at the bottom of the very narrow skirt. The waist, which fastens in the front, has panels back and front, meeting on the shoulders in a point.

No. 8564, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; straight gathered skirt, in two lengths, with or without tucks. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material for the dress and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the yoke and gathered sleeves. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This charming model is suitable for afternoon or evening wear, for the short sleeve may be lengthened by a flaring sleeve gathered in to a cuff at the wrist.

No. 8780, MISSES' THREE-PIECE SUIT; suitable for small women; box coat; slip-on blouse, opening on shoulder; and two-piece skirt, in two lengths; high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for the coat and skirt, 2 yards of 40-inch for the blouse and collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This model is very effective. The vest is finished at the lower edge with an attractive embroidered band, Design No. 782.

No. 8708, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing center-back or on shoulder and at underarm; two styles of sleeve attached to waist or lining; straight skirt, in two sections; two lengths. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch plain material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. For the bead design on the front of the blouse, the pleasing Design No. 890 is used. The tucks in the skirt are repeated in the waist and sleeves.

No. 8602, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; one-piece mandarin blouse, closing center-back or on shoulder; straight lower edge; one-piece skirt, in two lengths, and sleeves attached to underbody. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch satin for the dress, 1 yard of 54-inch serge for the overblouse and cuff facing, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for the puff sleeves. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The puff sleeve offers an opportunity for an excellent contrast of materials. The mandarin jacket is worn over a tight one-piece straight skirt which is attached to lining. If mandarin sleeves are used they, too, are attached to lining. The illustration shows the sleeve turned back on itself, forming a cuff which permits the wearing of a tiny puff sleeve underneath.

No. 8662, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; double or single breasted; two styles of sleeve; one-piece straight skirt, in two lengths; high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for the suit and 1 yard of 27-inch for the collar facing. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The straight lines of this suit conform to the spring modes and the coat may be either single breasted with shawl collar, or double breasted with stand up turn-over collar.

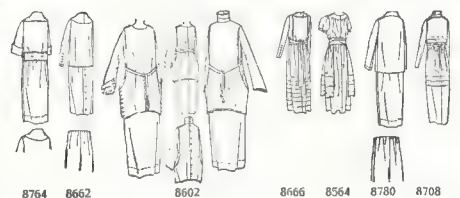
No. 8764, MISSES' MIDDY DRESS WITH HAT; suitable for small women; blouse with or without yoke, to be worn inside or outside of skirt; two styles of sleeve; detachable belt; two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch serge for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch satin for the hat. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This design features the low Balkan waistline, which appears in the sports as well as more dressy designs. The lower edge of the waist is finished with a narrow belt which opens at the side seam and buttons snugly around the hip. The wide belt is snapped to the waist, the snaps being sewed to the upper edge of the belt. Peter Thompson sleeves may be used if desired. The two-piece skirt buttons at the side seam and is full enough to allow freedom in walking. This is an ideal costume for sports wear, especially tennis, for it is kept in place and one may remain quite neat looking through the most active game. Dark blue serge or white serge would be pretty and for very warm weather, summery materials might be used. All the charm of youth is retained in this charming and dignified sports costume, and its many attributes are consolidated in one of the season's smartest creations.



Dress 8602
For 14-20 years

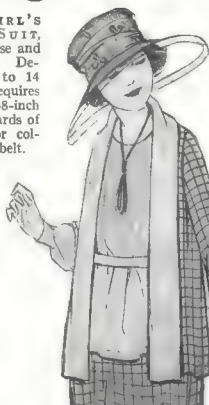
Coat Suit 8662
For 14-20 years

Middy Dress
with Hat
8764
For 14-20 years



Spring's New Conceptions

No. 8778, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SUIT, coat, slip-on blouse and two-piece skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 48-inch plaid, and 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch plain for collar, blouse and belt.



8778

No. 8762, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS, closing at underarm with guimpe; two-piece skirt; straight lower edge. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 6 years requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch plain and 3/4 yard of 40-inch figured.

No. 8760, GIRL'S DRESS; Chinese blouse, straight lower edge; straight pleated skirt attached to lining. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. French knots are used to develop the Design No. 840, on the front of blouse and pockets.



8762



8760

Three-Piece Suit 8778 For 6-14 years Jumper Dress 8762 For 4-14 years



8760

Middy Suit 8776 For 2-6 years Embroidery Design No. 833

Dress 8760 For 6-14 years Embroidery Design No. 849



8760

Dress 8786 For 1-6 years



8786

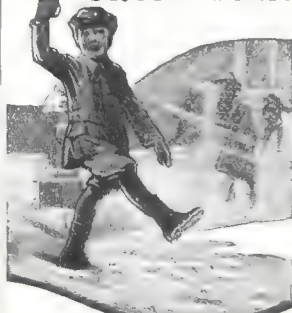
Empire Coat 8782 For 2-12 years Embroidery Design No. 851



8770

Empire Dress 8770 For 4-14 years Embroidery Design No. 890

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A little Kondon's snuffed up each nostril night and morning, will do wonders in preventing or remedying winter colds and contagions.

Encourage your children to clear their heads with Kondon's, as regularly as they brush their teeth.

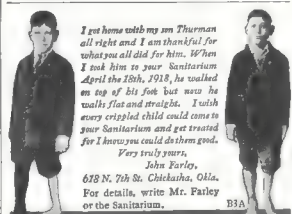
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Free "20-Treatment" Coupon

A tin (large enough for 20 applications) will be mailed to you free of charge on receipt of your name and address.



Deformed By Infantile Paralysis

Thurman Farley, Chickasha, Okla., walked on the side of his left foot when he came to the McLean Sanatorium for treatment of Infantile Paralysis. His father's letter above tells the result of that treatment. The photographs prove his statements.

For Crippled Children

The McLean Sanatorium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis" — also "Book of References", sent free.

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Send for Free Sample Case containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 20 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infant's Outfits (\$5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Strollers and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby. No advertising on wrappers. For 25 cents we will add a complete set of our Non-Nettle flannels. Write to us now to receive this advertisement.

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Mellin's Food Company Boston, Mass.

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The original knit waist—not woven—the elastic knit fabric "gives." Tapes correctly placed to support weight of outer-garments direct from shoulders. Sizes 1 to 13 years.

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76 Pages

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Write TO DAY

For other descriptions, see page 67

For the Young Folks

No. 8692, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 6 months to 4 years. 2 years requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material and 1¾ yards of insertion. This very simple little baby dress features the one-piece yoke. A baby's dress is dainty with embroidery, so Design No. 884 is used.

No. 8756, GIRL'S CONVERTIBLE DRESS; overdress to be slipped on over the head, closing on shoulder; straight skirt, pleated or gathered, attached to waist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the overdress and 2¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the dress. In worsted is the design, No. 782, developed on the overdress.

No. 8768, GIRL'S BUTTONLESS DRESS, to be slipped on over the head, with guimpe. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the guimpe. Simplicity and charm delightfully combined.



Dress 8692
For 6 months to 4 years
Embroidery Design No. 884

Dress 8756
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 782



Dress 8758
For 6-14 years

Slip-On Romper
with Hat
8774
For 6 months
to 3 years

Dress 8768
For 4-14 years

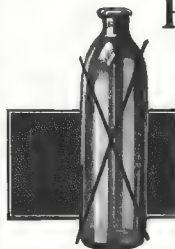


Empire Dress 8646
For 4-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 811

Dolman 8784
Small, medium, large

For other descriptions,
see page 67

Which Bottle Will Your Baby Nurse?



This one which was
the cause of the child
nearly dying?



Look for the name
"Hygeia" on package,
breast and food-cell



Or this one—invented
by a Physician for his
own baby?

The Old-Fashioned Nursing Bottle has a choked neck.

The choked neck of this bottle collects germs and seriously interferes with getting bottle clean—and safe.

If a brush on a wire be used to swab out the inside of a small neck—what keeps the brush clean?

Even mother's care in washing these bottles fails too often to prevent baby's illness. Nobody recommends this bottle. Ignorance, carelessness or a false economy alone accounts for it selling at all.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle has no neck at all.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle is as easily cleaned as a glass tumbler. It is safe for baby.

Hygeia needs no brush to clean inside—but you can get your fingers and a cloth in if you want to.

The average servant can be trusted to keep a Hygeia clean. Physicians, nurses, druggists, thinking mothers recommend the Hygeia Nursing Bottle. Always ask your druggist for the Hygeia by name.

Many physicians believe that the sole cause of summer complaint is the dirty nursing bottle.

Milk is one of the quickest known germ breeders. Millions of disease germs can develop in an hour in the tiniest milk-fleck. This pin-point of infection will instantly poison a bottle of the purest, cleanest, and highest grade milk.

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Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE



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GOOD
SENSE
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Baby's Start in Life

BABY'S start in life depends on how the prospective mother guards her sacred charge.

At this time the proper corset is of vital importance. No ordinary corset will answer, and many corsets sold as Maternity garments are far from scientifically designed.

The Ferris Maternity Corset is the result of forty years' experience in corset manufacture—it gives just the proper support to mother and child, hygienic comfort and graceful, concealing lines.

For baby's sake and your own—see that the name "Ferris" is on your maternity corset. The better stores sell them.

An interesting and instructive booklet "Good Sense Rules for Prospective Mothers" will be mailed in a plain envelope without charge on request. Our complete catalog showing Corded Corsets, Sport Corsets, Corset Waists and Maternity Corsets will be sent also.

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Ferris Maternity Corsets

Colorite Your Hat



A SLOGAN originated by millions of thrifty women throughout the country who have made old straw hats look just as good as new with

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COLORS OLD & NEW STRAW HATS

Fine for coloring your hat just the shade to match a new dress or to re-color this year's hat that has begun to look faded. There is nothing just as good as Colorite.

It is a liquid sold in a bottle with a brush for applying. It is waterproof and durable. Easily applied by anyone. Dries in thirty minutes. Also fine for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas Slippers, Basketry, Leather Hand Bags and Belts. Sold by Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a bottle of Colorite postpaid upon receipt of 30 cents. Be sure to name color you want.

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Jet Black	Navy Blue	Cerise	Lavender
Dull Black	Cadet Blue	Burnt Straw	Old Rose
Cardinal Red	Victory Blue	Brown	Gray
Yellow	Sage Green	Violet	Natural

Directions on each box for mixing to obtain most any desired shade.

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Write for your FREE copy of this Booklet. It gives 250 uses for elastic.



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THE AMERICAN MILLS COMPANY OF NEW YORK
395 Broadway Originators and Sole Producers NEW YORK

Old Clay for New

[Continued from page 15]

"Don't you get the gay, blithe spirit of it?" March mocked. "Slain says it's there, so it must be. But I'll admit it's over my head."

"Same here. Tell you what—let's beat it when no one's looking. I want to go home."

"Motion carried. We'll see if we can get away with it."

So it was still early when Walter, his spirits curiously high, turned the key in his own door. He was whistling one of the airs from the show; so much of it he had carried away with him. There was no light in the place when he went in.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "Edna must be out!"

He could look into the studio. Moonlight was pouring in through the great windows; the room was bathed in a soft, faint light. He took off his coat, still whistling. Then, in the middle of a note, the air was silenced. He stood, like one of his own figures, a dancer, tense. He was listening.

The sound of strangled sobbing came to his ears. It rose and fell, not regularly, but in a strange, terrible, unrhymic measure. The sobs rose agonizingly, and then were caught and held, choked down.

"Edna!" he cried. He dropped his coat, and ran into the studio. She lay on the floor, her head buried in her arms. Her body rose and fell with the sobs that shook her. He had eyes for nothing else. He ran to her, lifted her, stared, incredulous, at her white face. It was ugly. It was disfigured. It was furrowed by her tears, and streaked. Her hair was disordered. A curious instinct made him brush it from her forehead as he held her, and at the touch of his hand she broke into a new paroxysm of sobbing.

"Oh, Walter!" she said, chokingly. "You—you ought to kill me!"

"What is it?" he asked. "Edna—my dear—Why, I've never seen—you've never been like this! Even when Bobby was coming—and we were so poor—I've never seen you cry like this! My dear—my dear!"

She broke away from him.

"Walter!" she cried. "Can't you see? Look!"

She flung out her arm. It was white in the moonlight. He turned and stared, his eyes following hers. For the first time he was conscious of something that had troubled him when he first glanced into the moonlit room. Something was wrong with the great statue that had filled and dominated the room. A mass still loomed there, but it was a shattered, formless thing.

"—Joffre and Bobby and I—" Edna was fighting for breath, struggling to force her words to some semblance of coherence. "I was playing with them. It was my fault. We were running. I bumped into him—oh, Walter—kill me!"

"My dear—you didn't mean to—" Sheer tenderness, pity, ruled him. He tried to draw her to him. But she slipped from his arms.

"But—oh, Walter—that statue! The greatest thing anyone had ever done! You—my husband—my man—your work—the one thing you've done since you've had to think of me and care for me that's been worth while! The thing all your work and your success have made it possible for you to do! Oh, I've been so proud! Walter—"

I've come here while you were out and worshiped that statue! I've acted and felt in here as people do in church. It made this room a shrine for me! It was a temple of beauty and truth—and I've ruined it!"

"Edna!" Walter's voice rang out, joyous, triumphant. "Oh—you did know! You did understand!"

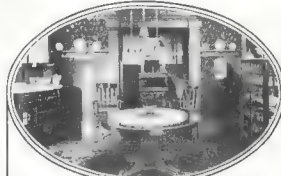
Amazed, she stood still. He caught her quickly to him. His lips found hers and clung to them. In that embrace they raced back through the years to emotions and sensations almost forgotten, almost renounced. . . . Reluctantly, at last, he let her go. But he caught her to him, once again. He laughed. His laugh rang out through the great, high-ceilinged room.

"Walter!" she cried, her voice edged with her pain. "Don't! I can't bear it!" "You don't know!" he cried. "Oh, Edna—I've been such a fool—such a blind fool! Mike!" Contemptuously he kicked a fragment of the huge torso. "What I've found out to-night is worth a dozen of him! Listen to me!"

In a swift rush of words he told her of the thoughts, the doubts, that had tormented him that afternoon after he had stopped work, and of the agony of these months of fear that the twilight of their marriage had come.

"I thought you didn't understand!" he cried. "And all the time you knew! Oh, my dear—Edna—my wife! Mike! I'm glad he's gone—the statue I'm going to do to take his place will be so much better—as much better as that broken thing was better than the Faun!"

For just a moment, before she slipped into his arms again, he saw her eyes, shining in the moonlight. . . .



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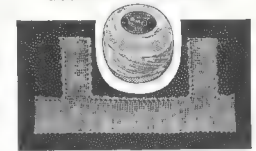
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LEPAGE'S GLUE

WILL MEND IT

The Gay New Embroideries

That Kiddies Like

By
Helen Thomas



Child's Hat
948

Noah's Ark
Animals
950

947.—Embroidery Design for Rose Motifs and Border. A gay and charming trimming in outline- and single-stitch for a simple little frock like No. 6430 shown above.

948.—Embroidery Design for Child's Hat. A sweet and practical style for a 3- to 6-year child. Matches design No. 947 for dress.

949.—Embroidery Design for Outlining. These little geese make the cunningest possible decoration on rompers, designed like the one pictured—No. 7790.

950.—Embroidery Design for Noah's Ark figures. 4 inches high. Designed in a quaint fashion these are of unending interest to the kiddies when outlined on crib cover, play mat, etc.

Fashion Descriptions

Descriptions for page 64

No. 8786, CHILD'S DRESS; body and sleeve in one; two-piece skirt section. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch for the waist and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the skirt and collar. Just as fascinating as the dimpled knees that show beneath it is this frock of combined material. Suitable for school.

No. 8776, BOY'S MIDDY SUIT; middy to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 4 years requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material for the middy, ¾ yard of 50-inch contrasting for the trousers, collar and cuffs. Middy suit must have an emblem, so Design No. 883 is put on the sleeve.

No. 8782, CHILD'S EMPIRE COAT; three-piece or straight gathered skirt section. Designed for 2 to 12 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 48-inch material for the coat and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. The three-piece skirt section with the seams at the underarms is set under the yoke plain. The collar and cuffs just had to be embroidered, so this darning-stitch, Design No. 851, is used.

No. 8770, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; straight skirt. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The belt and straps are separate and the waist and skirt are attached; or, if desired, the skirt may be attached to the belt and the straps. French knots are used to develop embroidery, Design No. 890, on the straps and belt.



Suit 8018
For 2-6 years

Set of Short Clothes 8732
For 6 months to 3 years

Suit 8704
For 6-14 years

No. 8018, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material for blouse and 1½ yards of 44-inch contrasting.

No. 8732, BOY'S SET OF SHORT CLOTHES. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 3 years requires 2 yards of 32-inch, 1 yard of 48-inch, ¾ yard of 27-inch for collar.

No. 8704, BOY'S SUIT; with or without yoke and straps; knickerbocker and knee trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires 2½ yards of 54-inch serge.

Descriptions for page 65

No. 8758, GIRL'S DRESS, with panel vest; straight tunic attached to waist; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, vest and girdle. Suitable for party wear or any other dressy occasion. Featuring the collar.

No. 8774, CHILD'S SLIP-ON ROMPER WITH HAT, suitable for boy or girl. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 3 years requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material for the suit and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. The hat is in three pieces; oval crown, circular brim, and headband.

No. 8646, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; two styles of sleeve; straight skirt, pleated or gathered. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch material for the dress and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The deep yoke opens at the center-back as far as the skirt portion. Soutache braiding in white is used to develop the Design No. 811 at the bottom of the skirt.

No. 8784, GIRL'S DOLMAN; with or without inverted pleat at the center-back. Designed for small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years. The medium requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material for the coat and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. This model features the smart lines of the dolman wrap coat. The body and sleeve are in one.

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Send for Spring Circular of 59 New Designs



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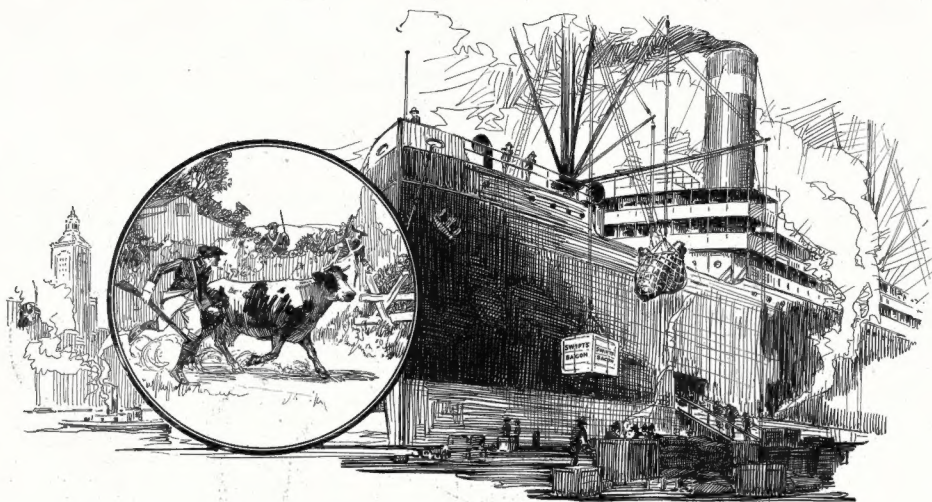
which is suitable for all kinds of Lace Making, Crochet, Tatting and Macramé. Colors: Sizes 3, 10, 20, 30, 50, 75. White and Ecru Sizes 1 to 100. Directions for Mosaic Filet, plain and fancy knitting, Arablan Crochet, etc., are in

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Meat, the fighting man's most important ration then as now, was especially hard to obtain. Much of the time his soldiers had to depend for sustenance on what they could get by foraging.

* * *

America's job of meat supply, in the great war just ended, was a thousandfold bigger than Washington's. It was a job of feeding not only our own huge forces here and abroad but the Allied armies as well.

America succeeded because she had at her command what Washington didn't have—thousands of prosperous farms and *centralized large-scale organizations like that of Swift & Company for the production and distribution of meat.*

How well America succeeded, how well her meat machinery

stood the test, is evidenced by a French military authority who not only said that France could not have held out without our support, but asserted that "the men over there in the French trenches are the best-fed men in Europe."

To give some idea of the immensity of the food problem—Swift & Company in one single month shipped 2,012 carloads of provisions overseas, valued at \$21,268,000.

If America had been dependent on the meat supply methods of Washington's time, or even of Civil War time, it is not difficult to imagine what would have happened.

Speaking along this line, an American official said that it would have been a super-human task to gather and handle the meat necessary to feed the people during this great war if conditions had been the same as they were "during the Civil War, when the meat industry was scattered all over the country."

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ARGO

CORN STARCH



Cooking—Pastries—Bread and Cakes—Puddings

THOUSANDS of good cooks will tell you that they never knew the full possibilities of Corn Starch until they chanced on Argo Corn Starch—so very pure and delicate. These three recipes suggest the range of uses for Argo—crisp, flaky pastry; delicious rolls, bread and biscuits; rich, tender cakes; and dozens of unusual desserts.

Banana Fritters

Two bananas, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of flour, two tablespoonsful Argo Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, yolk of one egg, white beaten stiff, one teaspoonful Mazola oil, one tablespoonful milk, one teaspoonful Karo Syrup. Sift flour, salt and baking powder in a bowl, add yolk of egg and milk, mix, add beaten white, beat with egg beater till smooth. Skin and split two bananas lengthwise, cut each in halves (this gives eight pieces) dip each piece separately in the above batter and fry in hot Mazola to a nice brown color. Remove, drain and serve with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE—One lemon, one level tablespoonful Argo Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cold water, one tablespoonful Karo. Place water in a saucepan with grated lemon rind, corn starch and Karo, set over fire and boil five minutes (counting from the time it begins to boil), add juice of lemon, mix and serve.

Argo Cream Puffs and Eclairs

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, 1 tablespoonful Argo Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 full tablespoonful Mazola, 2 whole eggs and 1

yolk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt. Sift flour, corn starch and salt in a deep bowl. Place water, with Mazola over the fire. As soon as it boils add flour, corn starch and salt. Stir with a wooden spoon and boil to a rounded ball of paste. Transfer to bowl again and let stand to cool—about ten minutes; then add 1 egg, beat 5 minutes, add second egg, beat again 5 minutes, next add yolk, and again beat mixture 5 minutes. (The more the mixture is beaten the lighter it is.) Put mixture in a pastry bag with a No. 2 plain tube, press onto greased tin in rounds for Cream Puffs and in finger lengths for Eclairs. (Not too close together.) Brush each over with the white left from third egg, place in a medium hot oven, and bake till done—when they loosen from pan when cold. Fill with following Argo cream filling:

ARGO CREAM FILLING— $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonful Argo Corn Starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, two tablespoonsful Karo, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt, yolk of one egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla. Place milk, salt, corn starch and Karo over the fire, boil five minutes (counting from time it begins to boil) then add yolk of egg, boil up, add vanilla. Let cool and then it is ready to fill Cream Puffs or Eclairs.

Ask your grocer for our Cook Book—or write us direct. And send us your favorite Corn Starch Recipes. Thousands of Argo Users would be glad to know them.

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